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LATE HEAD MASTER OF IPSWICH SCHOOL

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

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The occasion of the several Exercises was before explained by notices attached to them: it has been thought sufficient to substitute for these a general Table of Reference. An Index of Authors is added to that of first lines.

In acknowledgement of the favourable reception which this Collection has met with at the sister University, the Compiler has allotted a place in it to several pieces proposed in the Ireland and other Oxford Scholarship Examinations, most of which were furnished by his friend, the REV. GEORGE BUTLER M.A. late Fellow of Exeter College, (now Principal of Liverpool College).

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IN the Third Edition upwards of three hundred and fifty new passages have been interspersed among those contained in the Second.

A few illustrative Notes and a complete Index of Subjects have been added; while to each Extract a descriptive Heading has been prefixed.

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The Editor desires to thank MESSRS MOXON for permitting him to introduce several passages selected from books of which they possess the Copy-right.

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PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION
INTO LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE

I *HAPPY INSENSIBILITY*

THE lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food
and licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

A. POPE

2 *CHARMS AND KNOTS*

I

WHO read a chapter when they rise
shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

II

A poor man's rod, when thou dost ride,
is both a weapon and a guide.

III

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold,
who opens it hath it twice told.

IV

Who goes to bed and does not pray
maketh two nights to every day.

V

Who by aspersions throw a stone
at the head of others, hit their own.

VI

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
finds himself there and seeks to rise.

VII

When the hair is sweet through pride or lust,
the powder doth forget the dust.

VIII

In shallow waters heaven doth show:
but who drinks on to hell may go.

G. HERBERT

EPIGRAMS

I

IN the lines you have sent are the Muses and Graces,
you've the Nine in your wit and the Three in your
faces.

II

FRIEND, for your epitaphs I'm grieved.
where still so much is said;
one half will never be believed,
the other never read.

III

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song
as had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along;
but such is thy avarice and such is thy pride, [died.
that the beasts must have starved and the poet have
A. POPE

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

ON parent knees a naked newborn child
weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
so live, that, sinking to thy life's last sleep,
calm thou may'st smile, whilst all around thee weep.
SIR W. JONES

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade
death came with friendly care,
to heaven the opening bud conveyed
and bade it blossom there.

S. T. COLERIDGE

THE ENVIOUS SNOWS

THE envious snows came down in haste
to prove her breast less fair—
but when they found themselves surpassed
dissolved into a tear.

EPIGRAM

THE adorning thee with so much art
is but a barbarous skill;
'tis like the poisoning of the dart,
too apt before to kill.

A. COWLEY

8

TO SLEEP

THOUGH death's strong image in thy form we trace,
 come sleep! and fold me in thy soft embrace;
 come genial sleep! that sweetest blessing give
 to die thus living and thus dead to live.

9

LOVE

SWEET is Love and sweet is the Rose,
 each has a flower and each has a thorn;
 roses die when the cold wind blows,
 love, it is killed by lady's scorn!

LORD STRANGFORD

10

EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON

NATURE and nature's laws lay hid in night;
 God said 'Let Newton be;' and all was light.

A. POPE

11

THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE

ΠΑΙΤΝΙΟΝ ἔστι τύχης μερόπων βίος, οἰκτρός, ἀλήτης,
 πλούτου καὶ πενίης μεσσόθι ῥεμβόμενος,
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατάγουσι πάλιν σφαιρηδὸν αἶρει,
 τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς Αἴδην κατὰγει.

PALLADAS

12

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows
 is like the dewdrop on the rose;
 when next the summer breeze comes by
 and waves the bush, the flower is dry.

SIR W. SCOTT

13

FILIAL PIETY

ME let the tender office long engage
 to rock the cradle of reposing age,
 with lenient art extend a mother's breath,
 make languor smile and smoothe the bed of death,
 explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 and save awhile one parent from the sky.

A. POPE

14

APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS

COLD on Canadian hills or Minden's plain
 perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
 bent o'er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew,
 the big drops mingling with the milk he drew
 gave the sad presage of his future years—
 the child of misery baptized in tears.

J. LANGHORNE

15

*EPITAPH ON JAMES CRAGGS IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY*

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere;
 in action faithful and in honour clear:
 who broke no promise, served no private end;
 who gained no title and who lost no friend;
 ennobled by himself, by all approved;
 praised wept and honoured by the Muse he loved.

A. POPE

16

*EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE
SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY*

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
 lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 learned and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

B. JONSON

17

LOVE OUTLIVES TIME

DEVOURING Time with stealing pace
 makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 and marble towers and gates of brass
 in his rude march he levels low:
 but Time destroying far and wide
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

B. BOOTH

18

SPIRIT OF PLATO

EAGLE, why soarest thou above that tomb?
 to what sublime and star-y-paven home
 floatest thou?
 I am the image of swift Plato's spirit
 ascending heaven: Athens does inherit
 his corpse below.

P. B. SHELLEY

19

WOMAN'S LOVE

O WOMAN in our hours of ease
uncertain coy and hard to please
and variable as the shade
by the light quivering aspen made,
when pain and anguish wring the brow,
a ministering angel thou.

SIR W. SCOTT

20

VENICE

WHEN Neptune towering o'er her Adrian wave
saw Venice rise and Ocean's rage enslave,
'Boast as thou wilt of Rome' to Jove he cried
'her rock Tarpeian and thy Mars her guide,'
yet own, though Tiber lure thee from the seas,
that mortals reared those walls, immortals these.

E. A. SMEDLEY

21

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS

LIVE while you live' the Epicure would say
'and snatch the pleasures of the present day;'
'Live while you live' the sacred preacher cries
'and give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my view let both united be!—
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee!

J. DODDRIDGE

22

EPIGRAM ON MILTON

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece Italy and England did adorn:
the first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
the next in majesty, in both the last:
the force of nature could no further go;
to make a third she joined the other two.

J. DRYDEN

23

THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
and the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
see to the last, last verge her infant steals!
O fly!—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
Far better thought,—she lays her bosom bare,
and the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

S. ROGERS

24

ON THOMAS MOORE'S DAUGHTER

SWEET child, when on thy beauteous face
 the blush of innocence I view,
 thy gentle mother's features trace,
 thy father's look of genius too;
 if envy wake a moment's sigh,
 thy face is my apology.

25

INSCRIPTION ON AN AEOLIAN HARP

HAIL heavenly harp where Memnon's skill is shewn,
 that charm'st the ear with music all thine own,
 which though untouched canst rapturous strains impart,
 O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
 Such the wild warblings of the sylvan throng,
 so simply sweet the untaught virgin's song.

C. SMART

26

THE DEW-DROP

A PEARLY dew-drop see some flower adorn
 and grace with tender beam the rising morn;
 but soon the sun permits a fiercer ray,
 and the fair fabric rushes to decay:
 lo, in the dust the beauteous ruin lies;
 and the pure vapour seeks its native skies.
 a fate like this to thee, sweet boy, was given:
 to sparkle, bloom and be exhaled to heaven.

LORD BYRON

27

LOVE

LOVE he comes, and Love he tarries,
 just as fate or fancy carries;
 longest stays, when sorest chidden;
 laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.
 Love's a fire that needs renewal
 of fresh beauty for its fuel:
 love's wing moults when caged and captured;
 only free, he soars enraptured.

T. CAMPBELL

28 TO HIS DEPARTED FRIEND HERACLITUS

ΕΙΠΕ τις Ἡράκλειτε τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
 ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσάκις ἀμφοτέροι
 ἤελιον λέσχη κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν που
 ξεῖν Ἀλικαρνησσεῦ τέφρα πάλαι σποδίῃ·
 αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζῶουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦσιν ὁ πάντων
 ἄρπακτὴρ Αἰδῆς οὐκ ἔπι χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

CALLIMACHVS

29 TO MENANDER

ΑΥΤΑΙ σοι στομάτεσσιν ἀνηρέψαντο μέλισσαι
 ποικίλα Μουσάων ἄνθεα δρεψάμεναι·
 αὐταὶ καὶ χάριτές σοι ἔδωρήσαντο Μένανδρε
 στώμυλον εὐτυχίην, δράμασιν ἐνθέμεναι.
 ζῶεις εἰς αἰῶνα· τὸ δὲ κλέος ἐστὶν Ἀθήναις
 ἐκ σέθεν οὐρανίων ἀπτόμενον νεφέων.

ANON.

30 TO A BEE SETTLING ON A LADY'S CHEEK

ἌΝΘΟΔΙΑΙΤΕ μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἡλιοδώρας
 ψαύεις ἐκπρολιποῦς· εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας;
 ἦ σὺ γε μηνύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύποιστον
 πικρὸν αἰὲ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἔχει;
 ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας· ἰὼ φιλέραστε παλίμπους
 στεῖχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἶδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

MELEAGER

31 STEDFASTNESS

ΜΗΤΕ βαθυκεάνοιο τύχης κουφίζεο ῥοίζῳ
 μήτε σέο γνάμψῃ φροντὶς ἐλευθερίῃ
 πᾶς γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσταθέεσσι βίος πελεμίζεται αὔραις
 τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμινῶς ἀντιμεθελκόμενος.
 ἦ δ' ἀρετὴ σταθερόν τι καὶ ἄτροπον, ἧς ἐπὶ μούνης
 κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βίотου.

PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS

32 *THAT DEATH IS NOT SO MUCH TO BE FEARED
AS DAILY DISEASES ARE*

ΤΟΝ θάνατον τί φοβείσθε, τὸν ἡσυχίης γενετήρα,
τὸν παύοντα νόσους καὶ πενίης ὁδύνας;
μῦνον ἅπαξ θνητοῖς παραγίγνεται, οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτὸν
εἰδέν τις θνητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον·
αἱ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον
ἐρχόμεναι θνήτων καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι.

AGATHIAS

33 *THE GARLAND*

ΠΕΜΠΩ σοι Ῥοδόκλεια τόδε στέφος ἄνθεσι καλοῖς
αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.
ἔστι κρίνον Ῥοδῇ τε κάλυξ νοτερή τ' ἀνεμώνη
καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς καὶ κυνανυγὲς Ἴον.
ταῦτα στεψαμένη λήξον μέγαλαυχος ἑοῦσα·
ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

RVFINVS

34 *ON A STATUE OF VENUS*

ΤΑΝ ἀναδυομένην ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσας
Κύπριν Ἀπελλείου μόχθον ὄρα γραφίδος,
ὥς χερὶ συμμάρψασα διάβροχον ὕδατι χαίταν
ἐκθλίβει νοτερῶν ἀφρὸν ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.
αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρέουσιν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη
'οὐκέτι σοι μορφῆς εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.'

ANTIPATER SIDONIVS

35 *ON A REED*

*ΗΜΗΝ ἀχρεῖον κάλαμος φυτόν· ἐκ γὰρ ἐμῆιο
οὐ σῦκ' οὐ μῆλον φύεται οὐ σταφυλή.
ἀλλὰ μ' ἀνὴρ ἐμύησ' ἐλικωνίδα λεπτὰ τορήσας
χείλεα καὶ στεινὸν ῥοῦν ὀχετευσάμενος.
ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εὔτε πίοιμι μέλαν ποτόν, ἔνθεος οἶα,
πάν ἔπος ἀφθέγκτω τῷδε λαλῶ στόματι.

MENEKRATES

36

CUPID ASLEEP

ΑΛΣΟΣ δ' ὡς ἰκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὖρομεν ἔνδον
 πορφυρέοις μῆλοισιν ἰοικότα παῖδα Κυθήρης·
 οὐδ' ἔχεν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην οὐ καμπύλα τόξα·
 ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπετάλοισι κρέμαντο,
 αὐτὸς δ' ἐν καλύκεσσι ῥόδων πεπεδημένος ὕπνῳ
 εὔδεν μειδιῶν· ξουθαὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε μέλισσαι
 κηροχυτοῦς ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι βαῖνον.

PLATO

37

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN

ΛΑΜΠΑΔΑ θεὸς καὶ τόξα βοηλάτιν εἴλετο ῥάβδον
 οὐλος Ἑρως πῆρην δ' εἶχε κατωμαδίην·
 καὶ ζεύξας ταλαεργὸν ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αὐχένα ταύρων
 ἔσπειρεν Διούς αὐλακα πυροφόρον.
 εἶπε δ' ἄνω βλέψας αὐτῷ Διὶ 'πλήσον ἀρούρας,
 μή σε τὸν Εὐρώπης βοῦν ὑπ' ἄροτρα βάλῃ.'

MOSCHVS

38

EPITAPH ON SOPHOCLES

ἮΡΕΜ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἡρέμα κισσὲ
 ἐρπύλοισι χλοερούς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,
 καὶ πέταλον πάντῃ θάλλοι ῥόδου ἧ τε φιλορρῶξ
 ἄμπελος ὕγρα πέριξ κλήματα χευομένη,
 εἵνεκεν εὐεπίης πινυτόφρονος ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς
 ἤσκησεν Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

SIMMIAS

39

RESURGAM—WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS
DEATH

EVEN such is Time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 and pays us but with age and dust;
 who in the dark and silent grave,
 when we have wandered all our ways,
 shuts up the story of our days.
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 my God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR W. RALEIGH

40

A SIMILE

FADE, flowers, fade; nature will have it so;
 'tis but what we must in our autumn do;
 and as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
 the loss alone by those that loved them found,
 so in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
 missed by some few that loved our company.
 But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
 that none for them can when they perish grieve.

E. WALLER *from the French*

41

EPITAPH ON ANACREON

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσὸς
 ἄβρᾶ τε λειμώνων πορφυρέων πέταλα·
 πηγαὶ δ' ἀργινέεντος ἀναθλίβονται γάλακτος,
 εὐῶδες δ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἡδὺ χέοιτο μέθυ,
 ὄφρα κέ τοι σποδιῇ τε καὶ ὀστέα τέρψιν ἄρῃται,
 εἰ δὴ τις φθιμένοις χρίμπτεται εὐφροσύνα,
 ὦ τὸ φίλον στέρξας φίλε βάρβιτον, ὦ σὺν αἰοιδᾷ
 πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

ANTIPATER SIDONIVS

42

ON THE MEDEA OF TIMOMACHUS

TAN ὀλοὰν Μῆδειαν ὅτ' ἔγραφε Τιμομάχου χεῖρ
 ζάλῃ καὶ τέκνοις ἀντιμεθελκομένην,
 μύριον ἄρατο μόχθον, ἵν' ἦθεα δισσὰ χαράξῃ
 ὦν τὸ μὲν εἰς ὄργαν νεῦε τὸ δ' εἰς ἔλεον.
 ἄμφω δ' ἐπλήρωσεν· ὄρα τύπον· ἐν γὰρ ἀπειλᾷ
 δάκρυον ἐν δ' ἐλέῳ θυμὸς ἀναστρέφεται·
 ἀρκεῖ δ' αἱ μέλλησις, ἔφα σόφος· αἷμα δὲ τέκνων
 ἔπρεπε Μηδείᾳ κού χερὶ Τιμομάχου.

ANTIPHILVS

43

CUPID STUNG BY A BEE

TON κλέπταν ποκ' Ἐρωτα κάκα κέντασε μέλισσα
 κηρίον ἐκ σίμβλων συλεύμενον, ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν
 δάκτυλα πάνθ' ὑπένυξεν· ὁ δ' ἄλγεε καὶ χέρ' ἐφύση
 καὶ τὰν γὰν ἐπάταξε καὶ αλατο, τᾷ δ' Ἀφροδίτῃ
 δεῖξεν τὰν ὀδύναν καὶ μέμφετο ὅττι γε τυτθὸν
 θηρίον ἐντὶ μέλισσα καὶ ἀλικά τραύματα ποιεῖ.

χὰ μάτηρ γελάσασα 'τὺ δ' οὐκ ἴσον ἔσσι μελίσσαις;
χω' τυτθὸς μὲν ἔης τὰ δὲ τραύματα ἀλικά ποιεῖς.'

THEOCRITVS

44

TO A MEADOW CRICKET

ἌΚΡΙΣ, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,
ἀκρίς, ἀρουραίη μούσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,
αὐτοφυὲς μίμημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινὸν
ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,
ὥς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,
ἀκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγον ἐρωτόπλανον.
δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον αἰείθαλες ὀρθρινὰ δώσω
καὶ δροσεραὺς στόμασι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

MELEAGER

45

ADVICE TO LOVERS

Εἰ φιλέεις, μὴ πάμπαν ὑποκλασθέντα χαλάσσης
θυμὸν ὀλισθηρῆς ἔμπλεον ἱκεσίης·
ἀλλὰ τι καὶ φρονέοις στεγανώτερον, ὅσσον ἐρύσαι
ὀφρύας, ὅσσον ἰδεῖν βλέμματι φειδομένῳ.
ἔργον γάρ τι γυναιξὶν ὑπερφιάλους ἀθερίζειν,
καὶ κατακαγχάζειν τῶν ἄγαν οἰκτροτάτων.
κείνος δ' ἐστὶν ἄριστος ἐρωτικός, ὃς τάδε μίξει
οἶκτον ἔχων ὀλίγη ξυνὸν ἀγνηορίη.

AGATHIAS

46

THE MEMORY OF PLEASURE

LIKE the gale that sighs along
beds of Oriental flowers
is the grateful breath of song,
that once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm the gale sighs on,
though the flowers have sunk in death;
so, when pleasure's dream is gone,
its memory lives in music's breath.

T. MOORE

47

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

LOVE is like the shadow seen
when the sun first lights the skies,
stretching then o'er all the green
but dwindling as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow thrown
 when the day its noon hath past,
 increasing as life's sun goes down,
 ev'n till it has looked its last.

C. H. TOWNSHEND

48

EVENING

HOW dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 and sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
 for then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 and memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee!
 and, as I watch the line of light that plays
 along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 and think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

T. MOORE

49

TO HIS LADY THEN MISTRESS CARY

RETIRED with purpose your fair worth to praise
 'mongst Hampton shades and Phœbus' grove of
 bays,

I pluck'd a branch: the jealous god did frown
 and bade me lay th' usurp'd laurel down;—
 said 'I wronged him and which was more his love.'
 I answered 'Daphne now no pain can prove.'
 Phœbus replied 'Bold head, it is not she;
 Cary my love is, Daphne but my tree.'

B. JONSON

50

ASSUMED GAIETY

ODISMAL dole, when the secret soul
 is mocked by the outward showing;
 when we dress the eyes in a gay disguise,
 while the tears are inward flowing;
 when groans and grief would be a relief
 but with carols we keep them under,
 and a laugh we start when the throbbing heart
 is ready to burst asunder.

51

HOPE

THE wretch condemned with life to part,
 still, still on hope relies,
 and every pang that rends the heart
 bids expectation rise.

Hope like the glimmering taper's light
adorns and cheers the way;
and still as darker grows the night,
emits a brighter ray.

O. GOLDSMITH

52

THE GRACE OF GOD

THE mistie clouds that fall sometime
and ouercast the skyes
are like to troubles of our time
which do but dymme our eyes.
But as suche dewes are dryed vp quite
when Phœbus shewes his face,
so are sad fansies put to flighte
where God doth guide by grace.

G. GASCOIGNE

53

EPITAPH

FORGIVE, blest shade, the tributary tear
that mourns thy exit from a world like this;
forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
and staid thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confined to groveling scenes of night,
no more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
now should we rather hail thy glorious flight
and trace thy journey to the realms of day.

ANON.

54

TO MEMORY

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
still importunate and vain,
to former joys recurring ever
and turning all the past to pain:
thou like the world th' oppress'd oppressing,
thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
and he who wants each other blessing
in thee must ever find a foe.

O. GOLDSMITH

55

MODESTY OF GENIUS

AS streams that run o'er golden mines
with modest murmur glide,
nor seem to know the wealth that shines
within their gentle tide, Mary!

So veiled beneath a simple guise
thy radiant genius shone,
and that which charmed all other eyes
seemed worthless in thy own, Mary!

T. MOORE

56

LOSS OF FRIENDS

AS those we love decay, we die in part;
A string after string is severed from the heart;
till loosened life no more than breathing clay
without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
still lingering on from partial death to death,
till dying all he can resign is breath.

J. THOMSON

57

COLUMBUS

STILL steer on, brave heart! though wittlings laugh
at thy emprise,
and though the helmsmen drop weary and nerveless
their hands;
westward, westward still! there land must emerge to
the vision;
there it lies in its light, dear to the eye of thy mind;
trust in the power that guides: press on o'er the con-
vex of ocean:
what thou seekst—were it not—yet it would rise from
the wave.
Nature with Genius holds a pact that is fixt and eternal:
all which is promised by *this, that* never fails to
perform.

W. WHEWELL from Schiller

58

TRUE RICHES

ΠΛΟΥΤΟΣ ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλούτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθής·
τὰλλα δ' ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.
τὸν δὲ πολυκτέανον καὶ πλούσιόν ἐστι δίκαιον
κλῆζειν, ὅς χρησθαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.
εἰ δέ τις ἐν ψήφοις κατατῆκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
σωρεῖν αἰεὶ πλούτον ἐπειγόμενος,
οὗτος ὁποῖα μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις
μοχθήσει ἐτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλι.

LVCIANVS

59 UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY SHE WAS
MARRIED

ΟΥ γάμον ἀλλ' Ἀΐδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
δέξατο παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα·
ἄρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχεν
λωτοὶ καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῖντο θύραι·
ῥῆοι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον ἐκ δ' Ὑμέναιος
σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο.
αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδαδούχουν παρὰ παστῶ
πῦκα καὶ φθιμένα νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

MELEAGER

60 A REFLECTION AT SEA

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
yon little billow heaves its breast,
and foams and sparkles for a while
and murmuring then subsides to rest!
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
rises on time's eventful sea,
and having swell'd a moment there
thus melts into eternity.

T. MOORE

61 PEACE

WHILE hunters bold ride homeward with the spoil;
while bugles ring and forest echoes cry;
while mowers laugh, while reapers sing and toil;
while vintage bands go, like a revel, by;
while bridals pass, while poor men bless,
while Yule is blithe, while Summer fair,
O, would'st thou change the flowing songs of peace
for triumphs and despair?

F. TENNYSON

62 THE DEATH-BED

WE watched her breathing through the night,
her breathing soft and low,
as in her breast the wave of life
kept heaving to and fro.
So silently we seemed to speak,
so slowly moved about,
as we had lent her half our powers
to eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 our fears our hopes belied;
 we thought her dying when she slept,
 and sleeping when she died.
 But when the morn came dim and sad
 and chill with early showers,
 her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 another morn than ours.

T. HOOD

63

LOVE AND FOLLY

LOVE and Folly were at play,
 when a quarrel chanced to rise;
 blows ensued, and in the fray
 hapless Cupid lost his eyes.
 Venus loudly then from Jove
 claiming vengeance, he replied
 ‘since mad Folly blinded Love,
 let her serve him as a guide.’

E. QUILLINAN

64

GOD FORGETS NOT HIM WHO FORGETS NOT GOD

BOY! ere the cares of life lie dim
 on thy young spirit's wings,
 now in thy morn forget not Him
 from whom each pure thought springs.
 So, in the onward vale of tears
 where'er thy path may be,
 when strength hath bowed to evil years
 He will remember thee.

65

LOCAL ATTACHMENT

AS the fond bird through night and morn
 still flutters round the rifled nest,
 and loves the scene, though now forlorn,
 where once her brooding heart was blessed:
 so do I love to hover here
 where dreams of bliss I once enjoyed,
 and haunt the spot, though fate severe
 has all my brood of hope destroyed.

66

THE HARM OF LIBERTY

BIRDS that are long in cages aw'd,
if they get out, awhile will roam;
but straight want skill to live abroad,
then pine and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run
from being pent in banks of flowers;
not knowing that the exhaling sun
will send them back in weeping showers.

SIR W. D'AVENANT

67

TO GOD ON HIS SICKNESSE

WHAT though my harp and viol be
both hung upon the willow-tree?
what though my bed be now my grave,
and for my house I darknesse have?
what though my healthfull days are fled,
and I lie numbred with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
to spring, though now a withered flower.

R. HERRICK

68

MISFORTUNE THE SCHOOL OF FORTITUDE

HE shall not dread Misfortune's angry mien,
nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,
whose soul hath learned, through many a trying scene,
to smile at fate and suffer unsubdued.

In the rough school of billows, clouds and storms,
nursed and matured the pilot learns his art:
thus Fate's dread ire by many a conflict forms
the lofty spirit and enduring heart.

F. HEMANS

69

THE OAK

UNBENDING 'midst the wintry skies
rears the firm oak his vigorous form,
and stern in rugged strength defies
the rushing of the storm.

Then severed from his native shore,
o'er ocean worlds the sail to bear,
still with those winds he braved before
he proudly struggles there.

F. HEMANS

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly
 and finds too late that men betray,
 what charms can soothe her melancholy,
 what art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 to hide her shame from every eye,
 to give repentance to her lover
 and wring his bosom is—to die.

O. GOLDSMITH

EVENING now from purple wings
 sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
 brilliant drops bedeck the mead;
 cooling breezes shake the reed,
 shake the reed and curl the stream
 silvered o'er with Cynthia's beam;
 near the chequered lonely grove
 hears and keeps thy secrets love.

S. JOHNSON

WHEN thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
 thy meek submission to thy God expressed;
 when thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
 a mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
 what to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
 its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
 The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,
 the still inspiring voice of innocence and truth!

S. ROGERS

WHEN from the heart, where Sorrow sits,
 her dusky shadow mounts too high,
 and o'er the changing aspect flits,
 and clouds the brow or fills the eye:
 heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink;
 my thoughts their dungeon know too well:
 back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
 and droop within their silent cell.

LORD BYRON

74

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS

AS slow our ship her foaming track
against the wind was cleaving,
her trembling pennant still looked back
to that dear isle 'twas leaving,
so loth we part from all we love,
from all the links that bind us,
so turn our hearts as on we rove
to those we leave behind us.

T. MOORE

75

TRUE PLEASURE

NOR on beds of fading flowers
shedding soon their gaudy pride,
nor with swains in siren bowers,
will true Pleasure long reside.
On awful Virtue's hill sublime
enthronéd sits the immortal fair:
who wins her height must patient climb;
the steps are Peril, Toil and Care.
So from the first did Jove ordain
eternal bliss for transient pain.

DR DARLTON

76

TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
which star-like sparkle in their skies;
nor be you proud, that you can see
all hearts your captives; yours, yet free;
be you not proud of that rich haire,
which wantons with the love-sick aire;
when as that rubie, which you weare
sunk from the tip of your soft eare,
will last to be a precious stone,
when all your world of beautie's gone.

R. HERRICK

77

A SAD SONG

WEEP no more nor sigh nor groan;
sorrow calls no time that's gone;
violets plucked the sweetest rain
makes not fresh nor grow again:

trim thy locks, look chearfully;
 fate's, hid ends eyes cannot see:
 joys as wingéd dreams fly fast;
 why should sadness longer last?
 Grief is but a wound to woe;
 gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

J. FLETCHER

78

HAPPINESS MUST BE SOCIAL

THERE'S not a blessing individuals find,
 but some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
 no bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 no cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
 who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 seek an admirer or would fix a friend:
 abstract what others feel, what others think,
 all pleasures sicken and all glories sink:
 each has his share: and who would more obtain
 shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

A. POPE

79

INGRATAM VENERI PONE SUPERBIAM

Ἡ ρά γε καὶ σύ, Φίλινα, φέρεις πόθον; ἥ ρα καὶ αὐτὴ
 κάμνεις ἀναλέοις ὄμμασι τηκομένη;
 ἢ σὺ μὲν ὕπνον ἔχεις γλυκερώτατον, ἡμετέρης δὲ
 φροντίδος οὔτε λόγος γίνεται οὔτ' ἀριθμός;
 εὐρήσεις τάχ' ὅμοια, τεὴν δ', ἀμέγαρτε, παρειὴν
 ἀθρήσω θαμινοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγομένην.
 Κυπρὶς γὰρ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα παλίγκοτος· ἐν δέ τι καλὸν
 ἔλλαχεν, ἐχθαίρειν τὰς σοβρευομένας.

AGATHIAS

80

THE CICALA'S COMPLAINT

ΤΙΠΤΕ με τὸν φιλήρημον ἀναιδέϊ, ποιμένες, ἄγρη
 τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἔλκετ' ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
 τὴν Νυμφέων παροδῖτιν ἀηδόνα, κῆματι μέσσω
 οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξουθὰ λαλεῦντα νάπαις;
 ἡνίδε καὶ κίχλην καὶ κόσσυφον, ἡνίδε τόσσους
 ψᾶρας ἀρουραίης ἄρπαγας εὐπορίας.
 καρπῶν δηλητῆρας ἐλεῖν θέμις· ὅλλυτ' ἐκείνους.
 φύλλων καὶ χλοερῆς τίς φθόνος ἐστὶ δρύσων;

ANON.

I

THE ARMS OF THE WARRIOR

ΤΟΞΑ τάδε πτολέμοιο πεπαυμένα δακρυόεντος
 νηῶ Ἀθηναίης κείταί ὑπωρόφια,
 πολλάκι δὴ στονόοντα κατὰ κλόνον ἐν δαῖ φωτῶν
 Περσῶν ἵππομάχων αἵματι λουσάμενα.

SIMONIDES

II

THE POET'S LYRE

ΤΗΝ κιθάρην Εὐμολπος ἐπὶ τριπόδων ποτὲ Φοίβῳ
 ἄνθετο, γηραλέην χεῖρ' ἐπιμεμφόμενος,
 εἶπε δέ 'μὴ ψεύσαιμι λύρης ἔτι μῆδ' ἐθελήσω
 τῆς πάρος ἁρμονίης ἐμμελέτημα φέρειν.
 ἥϊθέοις μελέτω κιθάρης μίτος· ἀντὶ δὲ πλήκτρον
 σκηπανίῳ τρομερὰς χεῖρας ἐρεισάμεθα.'

MACEDONIVS

III

THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK

ΔΑΦΝΙΣ ὁ συρικτὰς τρομερῶ περὶ γήραϊ κάμνων
 χειρὸς ἀεργηλᾶς τάνδε βαρνομένας
 Πανὶ φιλαγραύλῳ νομίαν ἀνέθηκε κορύναν
 γήραϊ ποιμενίων παυσάμενος καμάτων.
 εἰσέτι γὰρ σύριγγι μελίσδομαι, εἰσέτι φωνὰ
 ἄτρομος ἐν τρομερῷ σώματι ναιετάει.
 ἀλλὰ λύκοις σίντησιν ἄν' οὖρεα μὴ τις ἐμείο
 αἵπολος ἀγγείλῃ γήραος ἀδρανίην.

MACEDONIVS

IV

THE MAIDEN'S DISTAFF

ΚΕΡΚΙΔΑ τὰν ὀρθρινὰ χελιδονίων ἅμα φωνᾷ
 μελοπομέναν, ἰστών Παλλάδος ἀλκίονα,
 τόν τε κερηβαρέοντα πολυρροΐβδητον ἄτρακτον,
 κλωστήρα στρεπτᾶς εὐδρομον ἀρπεδόνας,

καὶ πῆνας καὶ τόνδε φιληλάκατον καλαθίσκον
 στάμονος ἀσκητοῦ καὶ τολύπας φύλακα,
 παῖς ἀγαθοῦ Τελέσιλλα Διοκλέος, ἃ φιλοεργὸς
 εἰροκόμων Κούρα θήκατο δεσπότιδι.

ANTIPATER

V

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S OFFERING

ΣΚΗΠΩΝΑ προποδαγὸν ἱμάντα τε, καὶ παρακείμεν
 νάρθηκα κροτάφων πλάκτορα νηπιάχων,
 κίρκον τ' εὐόλπαν φιλοκαμπέα καὶ μονόπελμον
 συγχίδα καὶ στεγάναν κρατὸς ἐρημοκόμου,
 Κάλλων Ἑρμεία θέτ' ἀνάκτορι σύμβολ' ἀγωγᾶς
 παιδείου, πολιῷ γυῖα δεθεῖς καμάτῳ.

PHANIAS

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

ΑΙΕΙ μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἦχος Ἑρως,
 ὄμμα δὲ σῖγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει.
 οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
 ἤδη πον κραδία γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.
 ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μὲν, Ἑρωτες,
 οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε;

MELEAGER

PICTURE OF MAN'S LIFE

ΠΩΣ τις ἄνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε; μυρία γάρ σε
 λυγρά, καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρὲς οὔτε φέρειν.
 ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλά, γαῖα, θάλασσα,
 ἄστρο, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἡελίου·
 τᾶλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κῆν τι πάθῃ τις
 ἐσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

AESOPVS

DEDICATORY INSCRIPTIONS

A BRAZEN FROG

ΤΟΝ Νυμφῶν θεράποντα, φιλόμβριον, ὑγρὸν αἰοιδόν,
 τὸν λιβάσιν κούφαις τερπόμενον βάτραχον

χαλκῷ μορφώσας τις ὁδοιπόρος εὖχος ἔθηκεν,
 καύματος ἐχθροτάτην δίψαν ἀκεσσάμενος.
 πλαζομένῳ γὰρ ἔδειξεν ὕδωρ, εὐκαίρον αἰείσας
 κοιλάδος ἐκ δροσερῆς ἀμφιβιβύ στομάτι·
 φωνὴν δ' ἠγήτειραν ὁδοιπόρος οὐκ ἀπολείπων
 εὔρε πόσιν γλυκερῶν ὧν ἐπόθει λιβάδων.

II

THE CICALA

TON χαλκοῦν τέττιγα Λυκωρεῖ Λοκρὸς ἀνάπτει
 Εὐνομος, ἀθλοσύνας μνάμα φιλοστεφάνου.
 ἦν γὰρ ἀγὼν φόρμιγγος· ὁ δ' ἄντιος ἵστατο Πάρθις·
 ἀλλ' ὅκα δὴ πλάκτρῳ Λοκρὶς ἔκρεξε χέλυσ,
 βραγχὸν τετριγυῖα λύρας ἀπεκόμπασε χορδὰ·
 πρὶν δὲ μέλος σκάζειν εὐποδος ἀρμονίης,
 ἄβρον ἐπιτρύζων κιθάρας ὑπερ ἔζετο τέττιξ,
 καὶ τὸν ἀποιχομένου φθόγγον ὑπῆλθε μίτου·
 τὰν δὲ πάρος λαλαγεῦσαν ἐν ἄλσεσιν ἀγρότιν ἀχῶ
 πρὸς νόμον ἀμετέρας τρέψε λυροκτυπίας.
 τῷ σέ, μάκαρ Λητῶε, τεῷ τέττιγι γεραίρει
 χαλκέον ἰδρύσας ὦδὸν ὑπὲρ κιθάρας.

PAVLVS SILENTIARIVS

III

THE SHIP

ΝΗΑ σοι, ᾧ πόντου βασιλεῦ καὶ κοίρανε γαίης,
 ἀντίθεμαι Κράντας, μηκέτι τεγγομένην
 νῆα, πολυπλανέων ἀνέμων πτερόν, ἧς ἐπὶ δειλὸς
 πολλάκις ὠϊσάμην εἰσελάαν Ἀΐδην·
 πάντα δ' ἀπειπάμενος φόβον, ἐλπίδα, πόντον, ἀέλλας,
 πιστὸν ὑπὲρ γαίης ἵχνιον ἠδρασάμην.

MACEDONIVS

EPITAPHS

ON ANACREON

ἩΜΕΡΙ πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μήτερ ὀπώρας,
 οὐλῆς ἧ σκολιὸν πλέγμα φύεις ἔλικος,
 Τηίου ἠβήσειας Ἀνακρείοντος ἐπ' ἀκρῇ
 στήλῃ, καὶ λεπτῷ χώματι τοῦδε τάφου,
 ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητός τε καὶ οἰνοβαρὴς φιλόκωμος,
 παννύχιος κρούων τὴν φιλόπαιδα χέλυν,

κῆν χθονὶ πεπτηῶς κεφαλῆς ἐφύπερθε φέροιτο
 ἀγλαὸν ὠραίων βότρυν ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
 καί μιν αἰεὶ τέγγοι νοτερὴ δρόσος, ἧς ὁ γεραιὸς
 λαρότερον μαλακῶν ἔπνεεν ἐκ στομάτων.

SIMONIDES CEVS

II

ON HELIODORA

ΔΑΚΡΥΑ σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἥλιοδώρα,
 δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον, εἰς Ἀΐδαν,
 δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
 σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων, μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.
 οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαγρος
 αἰῶζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
 αἶ αἶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν Ἀϊδας,
 ἄρπασεν, ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.
 ἀλλὰ σε γουνοῦμαι, γὰ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
 ἡρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μάτερ, ἐναγκαλίσαι.

MELEAGER

III

ON CRETHON

ΑΥΤΑ ἐπὶ Κρήθωνος ἐγὼ λίθος, οὖνομα κείνου
 δηλοῦσα, Κρήθων δ' ἐν χθονίοις σποδιά.
 ὁ πρὶν καὶ Γύγῃ παρισεύμενος ὄλβον, ὁ τὸ πρὶν
 βουπάμων, ὁ πρὶν πλούσιος αἰπολίοις,
 ὁ πρὶν...τί πλείω μυθεῖται; ὁ πᾶσι μακαρτός,
 φεῦ γαίης ὅσσης ὅσσον ἔχει μόριον.

LEONIDAS TARENTINVS

IV

ON ANTICLES

Ἄ δεῖλ' Ἀντίκλεις, δειλὴ δ' ἐγὼ ἢ τὸν ἐν ἡβῃς
 ἀκμῇ καὶ μῶνον παῖδα πυρῳσαμένη,
 ὀκτωκαιδεκετῆς ὅς ἀπώλεο, τέκνον· ἐγὼ δὲ
 ὀρφάνιον κλαίω γῆρας ὀδυρομένη.
 βαῖν' εἰς Ἀῖδος σκιερὸν δόμον· οὔτε μοι ἡὺς
 ἡδεῖ' οὔτ' ἀκτὶς ὠκέος ἡελίου.
 ἂ δεῖλ' Ἀντίκλεις, μεμορημένε, πένθεος εἷης
 ἱγήρ, ζωῆς ἔκ με κομισσάμενος.

LEONIDAS TARENTINVS

86

PICTURE OF MAN'S LIFE

ΠΟΙΗΝ τις βίοτοιο τάμοι τρίβον; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
 νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
 φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς καμάτων ἄλις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσῃ
 τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ', ἣν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·
 ἣν δ' ἀπορῆς, ἀνιηρόν· ἔχεις γάμον; οὐκ ἀμέριμος
 ἔσσεαι· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος.
 τέκνα πόνοι· πῆρως ἅπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
 ἄφρονες· αἱ πολιαί δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.
 ἦν ἄρα τοῖνδε δυοῖν ἑνὸς αἵρεσις ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτ' ἢ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον.

POSIDIPPVS

87

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE

ΠΑΝΤΟΙΗΝ βίοτοιο τάμοις τρίβον· εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν
 κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις
 ἄμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσῃ
 κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἣν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·
 ἣν δ' ἀπορῆς, μόνος οἶδας· ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος
 ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερον·
 τέκνα πόθος· ἀφροντίς ἅπαις βίος· αἱ νεότητες
 ῥωμαλέαι· πολιαί δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.
 οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσων ἑνὸς αἵρεσις, ἢ τὸ γενέσθαι
 μηδέποτ' ἢ τὸ θανεῖν· πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίω.

METRODORVS

88

THE HEROES OF THERMOPYLÆ

ΤΩΝ ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων
 εὐκλέης μὲν ἂ τύχα, καλὸς δ' ὁ πότμος,
 βωμός δ' ὁ τάφος, πρὸ γόνων δὲ μνᾶστις, ὃ δ' οἶκτος ἔπαινος·
 ἐντάφιον δὲ τοιοῦτον οὐτ' εὐρὺς
 οὐθ' ὁ πανδαμάτωρ ἀμαυρώσει χρόνος.
 ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ὅδε σακὸς οἰκέταν εὐδοξίαν
 Ἑλλάδος εἴλετο· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ καὶ Λεωνίδας
 ὁ Σπάρτας βασιλεὺς, ἀρετᾶς μέγαν λελοιπῶς
 κόσμον ἀέναόν τε κλείος.

SIMONIDES CEVS

89

THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE

WHAT though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 nor polished marble emulate thy face,
 what though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
 yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
 and the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 there shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 there the first roses of the year shall blow;
 while angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 the ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

A. POPE

90

PROTESTATION OF CONSTANCY

NOONE-DAY and midnight shall at once be seene;
 trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene;
 fire and water shall together lye
 in one self-sweet conspiring sympathie;
 Summer and Winter shall at one time show
 ripe eares of corn and up to th' eares in snow:
 seas shall be sandlesse; fields devoid of grasse;
 shapelesse the world, as when all Chaos was,
 before, my deare Perilla, I will be
 false to my vow, or fall away from thee.

R. HERRICK

91

A CHRISTIAN HOME

AND now in faith our nest we've made,
 to naked twigs we've bound it,
 for soon we know the leaves will braid
 their shining tresses round it.
 O, thus each christian home should be
 above the earth suspended,
 and built upon the heavenly tree
 by its sure shade defended.
 Truth's faultless belt around it tie,
 with love's strong tendrils bind it:
 and place it high, where sin's dark eye
 can ne'er look up and find it.

W. E. EVANS

92

ARCITE'S WELCOME TO MAY

FOR thee, sweet May, the groves green liveries wear,
if not the first, the fairest of the year:
for thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
and Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
when thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
the sultry tropic fears and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
as thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
the fragrant greens I seek my brows to bind.

J. DRYDEN

93

TO LAURELS

A FUNERALL stone
or verse I covet none,
but onely crave
of you, that I may have
a sacred laurel springing from my grave:
which being seen
blest with perpetual greene
may grow to be
not so much called a tree
as the eternall monument of me.

R. HERRICK

94

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

THE sea hath its pearls,
the heaven hath its stars;
but my heart, my heart,
my heart hath its love.
Great are the sea and the heaven;
yet greater is my heart
and fairer than pearls and stars
flashes and beams my love.
Thou little youthful maiden,
come unto my great heart;
my heart and the sea and the heaven
are melting away with love.

H. W. LONGFELLOW *from* HEINE

95

ON A FADED VIOLET

THE colour from the flower is gone,
 which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
 the odour from the flower is flown,
 which breathed of thee and only thee!

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
 it lies on my abandoned breast,
 and mocks the heart which yet is warm
 with cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not:
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
 its mute and uncomplaining lot
 is such as mine should be.

P. B. SHELLEY

96

VENUS AND ADONIS

THE night of sorrow now is turned to day:
 her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 like the fair sun when in his fresh array
 he cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth:
 and as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 so is her face illumined with her eye:
 whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
 as if from thence they borrowed all their shine;
 were never four such lamps together mixed,
 had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
 but hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 shone like the moon in water seen by night.

W. SHAKESPEARE

97

SIC VITA

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 or as the flights of eagles are;
 or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue;
 or silver drops of morning dew;
 or like a wind that chafes the flood;
 or bubbles which on water stood;
 even such is man, whose borrowed light
 is straight called in and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
 the spring entombed in autumn lies;
 the dew dries up; the star is shot;
 the flight is past, and man forgot.

H. KING

98

CHATTERTON

A DYING swan of Pindus sings,
in wildly mournful strains;
as Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
his suffering lyre complains.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
with his expiring art,
sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
the shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
and hover o'er his head,
her pinions are too weak to fly,
or Hope ere now had fled.

99 Rash minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
nor seek to share thy fire?
who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave
when bursting into bloom,
that lyre, the power to Genius gave
to blossom in the tomb.

Yes, till his memory fail with years,
shall Time thy strains recite;
and while thy story swells his tears,
thy song shall charm his flight.

J. MONTGOMERY

100

TO A SKYLARK

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
to Daphne's window speed thy way
and there on quivering pinions rise,
and there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
and if she praise thy matin song,
tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear
to Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes arrayed
the bird from Indian groves may shine:
but ask the lovely partial maid,
what are his notes compared to thine?

W. SHENSTONE

101

RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
 but one dead lamb is there!
 there is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 but has one vacant chair!
 The air is full of farewells to the dying
 and mournings for the dead;
 the heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 will not be comforted!
 Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
 not from the ground arise,
 but oftentimes celestial benedictions
 assume this dark disguise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

102 ON THE VOTIVE OFFERING OF A NAUTILUS

ΚΟΓΧΟΣ ἐγώ, Ζεφυρίτι, παλαιότερος· ἀλλὰ σὺ νῦν με,
 Κύπρι, Σεληναίης ἄνθεμα πρῶτον ἔχεις
 ναύτιλον· ὃς πελάγεσσιν ἐπέπλεον, εἰ μὲν αἴηται,
 τεῖνας οἰκείων λαῖφος ἀπὸ προτόνων·
 εἰ δὲ γαληναίη, λιπαρὴ θεός, οὖλος ἐρέσσω
 ποσσὶ νιν, ὥστ' ἔργῳ τοῦνομα συμφέρεται.
 ἔκ τ' ἔπεσον παρὰ θῖνας Ἰουλίδος, ὄφρα γένωμαι
 σοί τι περίσκεπτον παίγνιον, Ἀρσινόη,
 μηδέ μοι ἐν θαλάμῃσιν ἔθ', ὥς πάρος (εἰμὶ γὰρ ἄπνους)
 τίκτηται νοτερῆς ὤον ἀλκυόνης.
 Κλεινίου ἀλλὰ θυγατρὶ δίδου χάριν· οἶδε γὰρ ἐσθλὰ
 ῥέζειν, καὶ Σμύρνης ἐστὶν ἀπ' Αἰολίδος.

CALLIMACHVS

103

ON A STATUE OF TIME

ΤΙΣ πόθεν ὁ πλάστης; Σικυνώνιος. οὖνομα δὴ τίς;
 Λύσιππος. σὺ δὲ τίς; Καιρὸς ὁ πανδαμάτωρ.
 τίπτε δ' ἐπ' ἄκρα βέβηκας; αἰὲ τροχάω. τί δὲ ταρσοῦς
 ποσσὶν ἔχεις διφυεῖς; ἵπταμ' ὑψηνέμιος.
 χεῖρὶ δὲ δεξιτερῇ τί φέρεις ξύρον; ἀνδρασι δεῖγμα,
 ὥς ἀκμῆς πάσης ὀξύτερος τελέθω.
 ἦ δὲ κόμη τί κατ' ὄψιν; ὑπαντιάσαντι λαβέσθαι
 νῆ Δία. τάξόπιθεν δ' ἐς τί φαλακρὰ πέλει;

τὸν γὰρ ἅπαξ πτηνοῖσι παραθρέξαντά με ποσσὶν
οὕτις ἔθ' ἱμείρων δράζεται ἐξόπιθεν.
τοῦνεχ' ὁ τεχνίτης σε διέπλασεν; εἵνεκεν ὑμέων,
ξεῖνε, καὶ ἐν προθύροις θῆκε διδασκαλίην.

POSIDIPPVS

104 ON A SUBURB OF AMASIA CALLED EROS

ΔΕΥΡ' ἴθι, βαιόν, ὀδίτα, πεσὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ἄλσος
ἄμπαυσον καμάτου γυνῖα πολυπλανέος,
χωρὸν ὅπου πλατάνων αὐτόρῳτον ἐς μέσον ὕδωρ
καλὰ πολυκρύνων ἐκπρορέει στομάτων·
ὀπτόθι πορφυρέης ὑπὲρ αὐλακος εἶαρι θάλλει
ὑγρὸν ἶον ῥοδέῃ κιρνάμενον κάλυκι.
ἡνίδε πῶς δροσεροῖο πέδον λειμῶνος ἐρέψας
ἔκχυτον εὐχαίτης κισσὸς ἔπλεξε κόμην.
ἐνθάδε καὶ ποταμὸς λασίην παραμείβεται ὄχθην,
πέζαν ὑποξύων αὐτοφύτοιο νάπης.
οὗτος Ἔρως· τί γὰρ ἄλλο καὶ ἔπρεπεν οὐνομα χώρῳ
πάντοθεν ἱμερτῶν πληθομένῳ Χαρίτων;

MARIANVS SCHOLASTICVS

105 THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
from the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
in their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
the sweet buds every one,
when rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
as she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
and whiten the green plains under,
and then again I dissolve it in rain,
and laugh as I pass in thunder.
106 I am the daughter of earth and water,
and the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
the pavilion of heaven is bare,

and the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 and out of the caverns of rain,
 like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. SHELLEY

107

EARLY DEATH

SHE pass'd away, like morning dew,
 before the sun was high;
 so brief her time, she scarcely knew
 the meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,
 sweet love around her floated;
 admired she grew—while mortal doom
 crept on unfeared, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,
 but love to death resigned her;
 tho' love was kind, why should we fear
 but holy death is kinder?

H. COLERIDGE

108

AFTER THE BATTLE

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 and lightnings showed the distant hill,
 where those who lost that dreadful day
 stood few and faint, but fearless still.

The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 for ever dimmed, for ever crost,—
 O! who shall say what heroes feel
 when all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
 and valour's task moved slowly by
 while mute they watched, till morning's beam
 should rise and give them light to die.

T. MOORE

109

AUTUMN

THE Autumn skies are flushed with gold,
 and fair and bright the rivers run;
 these are but streams of winter cold,
 and painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
in secret boughs no bird can shroud;
these are but leaves that take to wing,
and wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
that on the cheerless valleys fall,
the flowers are in their grassy tombs,
and tears of dew are on them all.

T. HOOD

110

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O HUSH thee, my babie! thy sire was a knight,
thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
the woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
they all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
it calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
ere the step of a foeman draw near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come,
when thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
for strife comes with manhood and waking with day.

SIR W. SCOTT

111

LOCAL ATTACHMENT

I T was a barren scene and wild
where naked cliffs were rudely piled,
but ever and anon between
lay velvet tufts of loveliest green:
and well the lonely infant knew
recesses where the wall-flower grew,
and honey-suckle loved to crawl
up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
the sun in all its round surveyed;
and still I thought that shattered tower
the mightiest work of human power.

SIR W. SCOTT

112

SIREN ISLES

CEASE, Stranger, cease those piercing notes,
 the craft of Siren choirs;
 hush the seductive voice that floats
 upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given
 not to dissolve our clay,
 but draw Promethean beams from heaven,
 and purge the dross away.

Weak self! with thee the mischief lies,
 those throbs a tale disclose:
 nor age nor trial have made wise
 the Man of many woes.

Lyra Apostolica

113

EPITAPH

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 a youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 and Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
 he gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 he gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose
 or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (there they alike in trembling hope repose)
 the bosom of his Father and his God.

T. GRAY

114

TO A FLY

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 drink with me and drink as I;
 freely welcome to my cup,
 couldst thou sip and sip it up;
 make the most of life you may;
 life is short and wears away.
 Both alike are, thine and mine,
 hastening quick to their decline:
 thine's a summer, mine's no more,
 though repeated to threescore;
 threescore summers, when they're gone,
 will appear as short as one.

W. OLDYS

115

MARIANA

HER tears fell with the dews at even;
her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
she could not look on the sweet heaven,
either at morn or eventide.
Upon the middle of the night,
waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
the cock sung out an hour ere light:
from the dark fen the oxen's low
came to her: without hope of change,
in sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
about the lonely moated grange.

A. TENNYSON

116

MUTABILITY OF LOVE

LOVE is an April's doubtful day:
awhile we see the tempest lower;
anon the radiant heaven survey,
and quite forget the flitting shower.
The flowers, that hung their languid head,
are burnished by the transient rains;
the vines their wonted tendrils spread,
and double verdure gilds the plains.
The sprightly birds, that drooped no less
beneath the power of rain and wind,
in every raptured note express
the joy I feel,—when thou art kind.

W. SHINSTONE

117

AUTUMN

OPENSIVE Autumn! how I grieve
thy sorrowing face to see,
when languid suns are taking leave
of every drooping tree.
Ah, let me not, with heavy eye,
this dying scene survey!
haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky,
complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
 yon sickening leaves retain,
 that speak at once of pleasures past,
 and bode approaching pain.

W. SHENSTONE

118 *TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS*

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkinde,
 that from the nunnerie
 of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
 to warre and armes I flee.
 True, a new mistresse now I chase,
 the first foe in the field;
 and with a stronger faith imbrace
 a sword, a horse, a shield.
 Yet this inconstancy is such
 as you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, Deare, so much,
 loved I not Honour more.

R. LOVELACE

119 *THE LOST LOVE*

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 beside the springs of Dove;
 a maid, whom there were none to praise,
 and very few to love.
 A violet by a mossy stone
 half-hidden from the eye;
 —fair as a star, when only one
 is shining in the sky.
 She lived unknown, and few could know
 when Lucy ceased to be;
 but she is in her grave, and O
 the difference to me!

W. WORDSWORTH

120 *THE SWEET NEGLECT*

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 as you were going to a feast:
 still to be poud'red, still perfum'd:
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 though art's hid causes are not found,
 all is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
that makes simplicity a grace;
robes loosely flowing, hayre as free:
such sweet neglect more taketh me,
than all th' adulteries of Art;
they strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON

121 *THE SPIRIT IN 'PROMETHEUS UNBOUND'*

MY coursers are fed with the lightning,
they drink of the whirlwind's stream,
and when the red morning is bright'ning
they bathe in the fresh sunbeam;
they have strength for their swiftness I deem,
then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.
I desire: and their speed makes night kindle;
I fear: they outstrip the Typhoon;
ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle
we encircle the earth and the moon:
we shall rest from long labours at noon:
then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

P. B. SHELLEY

122

ITALY

FAR to the right, where Apennine ascends,
bright as the summer Italy extends:
its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
while oft some temple's mouldering tops between
with venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
the sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
that proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
whose bright succession decks the varied year;
whatever sweets salute the northern sky
with vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
these here disporting own the kindred soil,
nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
while sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
to winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

O. GOLDSMITH

123

THE TAKING OF QUEBEC

A MIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
 which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
 grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
 and quells the raptures which from pleasures start.
 O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
 sighing, we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
 Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
 whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.
 Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
 and saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
 yet shall they know thou conquerest, though dead!
 since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise!

O. GOLDSMITH

124

ASTROPHEL

F OR he could pipe and daunce and caroll sweet
 emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
 as Somers larke that with her song doth greet
 the dawning day forth comming from the East:
 and layes of love he also could compose;
 thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose!

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
 them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 or make for them, as he was wont to doo
 for her that did his heart with love inflame:
 for which they promised to dight for him
 gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

125 And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
 soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
 to heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
 and brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
 ne for their gifts, unworthie of his wit,
 yet not unworthie of the countries store:
 for one alone he cared, for one he sight,
 his lifes desire and his deare loves delight.

E. SPENSER

126

LIFE

OUR life is but an idle play
and various as the wind:
we laugh and sport our hour away,
nor think of woe behind.

See the fair cheek of beauty fade,
frail glory of an hour;
and blooming youth with sickening head
droops as the dying flower.

Our pleasures like the morning sun
diffuse a flattering light;
but gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
and soon they sink in night.

127

PRIMAVERA

ZEFIRO già di bei fioretti adorno
avea da' monti tolta ogni pruina:
avea fatto al suo nido già ritorno
la stanca rondinella peregrina;
risonava la selva intorno intorno
soavemente all' ora mattutina;
e l' ingegnosa pecchia, al primo albore,
giva predando or uno or altro fiore.

A. POLIZIANO

128

THE SNOW-DROP

BENEATH the chilling air when I behold
thee, lovely flower, recline thy languid head:
when I behold thee drooping, pale and cold,
and sorrowing for thy vernal sisters dead;
methinks I mark in thee the child of woe,
exposed to hardship from his earliest birth,
bending beneath the wintry storms that blow,
his only portion a rude spot of earth;
yet sure, like thine, meek flower, his spring draws near,
and heaven's sweet sunshine shall inhale each tear.

W. SCROPE

129

THE HEART FLED AGAIN

EVEN so the gentle Tyrian dame,
 when neither grief nor love prevail,
 saw the dear object of her flame,
 th' ungrateful Trojan, hoist his sail:
 aloud she called to him to stay;
 the wind bore him and her lost words away
 The doleful Ariadne so
 on the wide shore forsaken stood:
 "False Theseus, whither dost thou go?"
 Afar false Theseus cut the flood.
 But Bacchus came to her relief;
 Bacchus himself's too weak to ease my grief.

A. COWLEY

130

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL

HARK! to the shrill trumpet calling,
 it pierceth the soft summer air!
 Tears from each comrade are falling,
 for the widow and orphan are there!
 The bayonets earth-ward are turning,
 and the drum's muffled breath rolls around,
 but he hears not the voice of their mourning,
 nor awakes to the bugle's sound.
 Sleep, Soldier! tho' many regret thee
 who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
 soon shall the kindest forget thee
 and thy name from the earth pass away.

C. NORTON

131

UNFADING BEAUTY

DO not say that life is waning,
 or that hope's sweet day is set,
 while I've thee and love remaining,
 life is in the horizon yet.
 Do not think those charms are flying,
 tho' thy roses fade and fall;
 beauty hath a grace undying,
 which in thee survives them all.
 Not for charms the newest, brightest,
 that on other cheeks may shine,
 would I change the least, the slightest,
 that is lingering now on thine.

T. MOORE

132

VISIONS OF FRENZY

I'VE hung upon the ridgy steep
of cliffs, and held the rambling brier;
I've plunged below the billowy deep
where air was sent me to respire;

I've been where hungry wolves retire;
and (to complete my woes) I've ran
where Bédiam's crazy crew conspire
against the life of reasoning man.

I've furled in storms the flapping sail,
by hanging from the top-mast head,
I've served the vilest slaves in jail,
have picked the dunghill's spoil for bread.

133 Those fiends upon a shaking fen
fixed me in dark tempestuous night;
there never trod the foot of men,
there flocked the fowl in wintry flight.

They hung me on a bough so small
the rook could build her nest no higher;
they fixed me on the trembling ball
that crowns the steeple's quivering spire.

On sand, where ebbs and flows the flood,
midway they placed and bade me die;
propt on my staff, I stoutly stood
when the swift waves came rolling by;

and high they rose, and still more high,
till my lips drank the bitter brine;
I sobbed convulsed, then cast mine eye
and saw the tide's re-flowing sign.

G. CRABBE

134

CHERRY-RIPE

THERE is a garden in her face
where roses and white lilies blow;
a heavenly paradise is that place,
wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
there cherries grow that none may buy,
till Cherry ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
 her brows like bended bows do stand;
 threatening with piercing frowns to kill
 all that approach with eye or hand
 these sacred cherries to come nigh,
 —till Cherry ripe themselves do cry!

ANON.

135

YOUTH AND AGE

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
 so calm are we when passions are no more!
 for then we know how vain it was to boast
 of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 conceal that emptiness which age descries:
 the soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 lets in new light through chinks that time hath made.
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 as they draw near to their eternal home,
 leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
 that stand upon the threshold of the new.

E. WALLER

136

*TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS OWN
COMPOSING*

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
 when you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
 that like a spirit with this spell
 of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
 which on the shaft, that made him die,
 espied a feather of his own
 wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
 Narcissus' loud complaints returned,
 not for reflexion of his face
 but of his voice the boy had burned.

E. WALLER

137

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
 shall now my joyful temples bind:
 no monarch but would give his crown
 his arms might do what this has done.
 It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
 the pale which held that lovely deer:
 my joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 did all within this circle move.
 A narrow compass! and yet there
 dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
 give me but what this ribband bound,
 take all the rest the Sun goes round.

E. WALLER

138

RETURN OF SPRING TO THE LOVER

NOW May with life and music
 the blooming valley fills,
 and rears her tender arches
 o'er all the little rills.
 The minstrel bird of evening
 comes back on joyous wings,
 and, like the harp's soft murmur,
 is heard the gush of springs;
 the rugged trees are mingling
 their flowery sprays in love,
 the ivy climbs the laurel
 to clasp the boughs above—
 they change; but thou Lisena
 art cold when I complain:
 why to this lover only
 does Spring return in vain?

W. C. BRYANT

139

COMFORT TO A LADY UPON THE DEATH OF
 HER HUSBAND

DRY your sweet cheek long drown'd with sorrow's
 raine;
 since clouds disperst, suns guild the aire again.
 Seas chafe and fret and beat and overboile,
 but turne soon after calme, as balme or oile.

Winds have their time to rage; but, when they cease,
 the leavie trees nod in a still-born peace.
 Your storme is over: Lady, now appeare
 like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare.
 Off then with graveclothes; put fresh colours on;
 and glow and flame in your vermillion:
 upon your cheek sate ysicles awhile:
 now let the Rose raigne like a queene and smile.

R. HERRICK

140

OENONE'S COMPLAINT

MELPOMENE, the muse of tragic songs,
 with mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
 assist a silly nymph to wail her woe,
 and leave thy lusty company behind.
 Thou luckless wreath! becomes not me to wear
 the poplar tree, for triumph of my love:
 then as my joy, my pride of love, is left,
 be thou unclothéd of thy lovely green;
 and in thy leaves my fortune written be,
 and them some gentle wind let blow abroad,
 that all the world may see how false of love
 false Paris hath to his CEnone been.

G. PEELE

141

BASHFUL LOVE

THE dewdrop, that at first of day
 hangs on the violet flower,
 although it shimmereth in the ray
 and trembleth at the Zephyr's power,
 shews not so fair nor pleasantly,
 as love that bursts from beauty's eye.
 The little bird that clear doth sing
 in shelter of green trees,
 when flowrets sweet begin to spring
 in dew-besprengéd leas,
 is not so pleasant to mine ear
 as love that scantly speaks for fear.

142 The rose when first it doth prepare
 its ruddy leaves to spread,
 and kisséd by the cold night air
 hangs down its coyen head,

is not so fair as love that speaks
in unbid blush on beauty's cheeks.

The pains of war, when streams of blood
are smoking on the ground
where foemen breme of lustihood
ymixed in death are found,
yea, death itself is lightlier borne
than cruel beauty's smiling scorn.

G. GASCOIGNE

143 *KINDRED OBJECTS KINDRED THOUGHTS INSPIRE*

AND hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
A we gaze in every feature till it lives!
still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
and the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
when on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
the father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
won by the raptures of a game at play;
he bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

S. ROGERS

144 *A CONTENTED MIND*

I WEIGH not Fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not statè, I reckon not stile,
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star:
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

145 I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.

I neither want, nor yet abound:
 enough's a feast: content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
 I flatter not on the great in show,
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,
 neither too lofty nor too low;
 this, this is all my choice, my cheer,
 a mind content, a conscience clear.

J. SYLVESTER

146 **N**OW fades the last long streak of snow,
 now burgeons every maze of quick
 about the flowering squares, and thick
 by ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 the distance takes a lower hue,
 and crown'd in yonder living blue
 the lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and led,
 the flocks are whiter down the vale,
 and milkier every milky sail
 on winding stream or distant sea.

A. TENNYSON

147

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

BUT, why, alas do mortal men in vain
 of fortune, fate or Providence complain?
 God gives us what He knows our wants require,
 and better things than those which we desire.
 Some pray for riches: riches they obtain,
 but watch'd by robbers for their wealth are slain.
 Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
 when guilty of their vows, to fall at home,
 murdered by those they trusted with their life,
 a favoured servant or a bosom-wife.
 Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
 because we know not for what things to pray.

J. DRYDEN

148

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

SHE is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be;
 her loveliness I never knew
 until she smiled on me.
 O then I saw her eye was bright,
 a well of love, a spring of light.
 But now her looks are coy and cold,
 to mine they ne'er reply,
 and yet I cease not to behold
 the love-light in her eye:
 her very frowns are fairer far
 than smiles of other maidens are.

H. COLERIDGE

149

CUPID'S HIDING-PLACE

ΚΗΡΥΣΣΩ τὸν Ἔρωτα, τὸν ἀγνῶν ἄρτι γάρ, ἄρτι
 ὁμῆραυς ἐκ κούρας ἤχει' ἀτυττάμενος
 ἔστι δ' ὁ τοῖς γλυκεῖσιν ἀέθαις, ὡκίς, ἀθαμβήεις
 σιμὰ γελῶν, πτερόεις νῦτα, φανεροφύρος
 πατρός δ' οὐκέτ' ἔχω φριζέειν τάνος οὔτε γὰρ αἰτήρι
 οὐ χθών φησι τεκεῖν τὸν ἥρασιν, οἱ τέλαγος
 πάτη γὰρ καὶ τῶσιν ἀτέχεται. ἀλλ' ἐσφύριτε,
 μή τοι νῦν ψιχαῖς ἄλλα τίθησι λῆα·
 καίτοι κείνος, ἰδοί, περὶ φυλεόν. οἱ με λελήθας,
 τυζύτα, Ζαρυφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

MELEAGER

150

ON IBYKE'S

'IBYKE, ληίσταί σε κατέκταναν ἐκ τότε νήσου
 βίωσ' ἐς ἐρημαῖαν ἄστιβαν ἥϊνα,
 ἀλλ' ἐπιβωσάμενος γερῶν κέφος, αἶ ται ἔκοντο
 μάρτυρες ἀλγιστῶν ὀλλυμένων θύνατων.
 οὐδὲ μάτην ἰάχρητος, ἐπεὶ τυαήτης Ἐρωτὶς
 τῶνδε διὰ κλαγγὴν τίσαστο σεῖο φάινον
 Σισυφίην κατὰ γαῖαν. Ἰὼ φιλοκερδέα φῖλα
 ληϊστέων, τί θεῶν σὲ τεφροδυστέα χόλον;
 οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ προτάρυθε κακῶν Διγμοσῖος αἰνῶν
 ὄμμα μελαμτέπλων ἐσφίγει· Εὐμενίδων.

ANTIPATER SIDONENS

151

ON ORPHEUS

ΟΥΚΕΤΙ θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας
 ἄξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέλας·
 οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμον, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν,
 οὐ νιφετῶν συρμούς, οὐ παταγεῦσαν ἄλα.
 ὦλεο γάρ· σὲ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο θυγάτρες
 Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.
 τί φθιμένοις στοναχεῦμεν ἐφ' υἰάσιν, ἀνὶκ' ἀλαλκεῖν
 τῶν παίδων Ἀΐδην οὐδὲ θεοῖς δύναμις.

ANTIPATER SIDONIVS

152

THE DEATH OF NIOBE'S CHILDREN

TANTΑΛΙ παῖ, Νιόβα, κλύ' ἐμὰν φάτιν, ἄγγελον ἄτας·
 δέξαι σῶν ἀχέων οἰκτροτάταν λαλιάν·
 λῦε κόμας ἀνάδεσμον, ἰώ, βαρυνενθέσι Φοῖβον
 γευναμένα τόξοις ἀρσενόπαιδα γόνον·
 οὐ σοι παῖδες ἔτ' εἰσίν· ἄταρ τί τόδ' ἄλλο; τί λεύσω;
 αἶ, αἶ, πλημμυρεῖ παρθενικαῖσι φόνος·
 ἃ μὲν γὰρ ματρός περὶ γούνασιν, ἃ δ' ἐνὶ κόλποις
 κέκλιται, ἃ δ' ἐπὶ γᾶς, ἃ δ' ἐπιμαστίδιος·
 ἄλλα δ' ἀντωπὸν θαμβεῖ βέλος· ἃ δ' ἐπ' οἴστοις
 πτώσσει· τὰς δ' ἔπνουν ὀμμ' ἔτι φῶς ὀράα·
 ἃ δὲ λαλὸν στέρξασα πάλαι στόμα, νῦν ὑπὸ θάμβευς
 μάτηρ σαρκοπαγῆς οἶα πέπηγε λίθος.

MELEAGER

153

HYMN TO HEALTH

ὙΓΙΕΙΑ, πρεσβίστα μακάρων,
 μετὰ σεῦ ναίοιμι
 τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτῆς·
 σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύννοικος εἶης·
 εἰ γάρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις ἢ τεκῶν,
 ἢ τὰς ἰσοδαίμονος ἀνθρώποις
 βασιληίδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων
 οὓς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδιτᾶς ἄρκυσιν θηρεῖομεν,
 ἢ εἴ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποισι τέρψις
 ἢ πόνων ἀμπνόα πέφανται,
 μετὰ σεῖο, μάκαιρ' Ὑγίεια,
 τέθαλε πάντα καὶ λάμπει Χαρίτων ἔαρι,
 σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς οὔτις εὐδαίμων ἔφυ.

ARIPHON

154

A SONG

O DO not wanton with those eyes,
lest I be sick of seeing;
nor cast them down but let them rise
lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
for then their threats will kill me;
nor look too kind on my desires,
for then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in my tears,
for so will sorrow slay me;
nor spread them as distract with fears:
mine own enough betray me.

B. JONSON

155

IN FLAGELLA PARATVS

FIX me on some bleake precipice,
where I ten thousand yeares may stand:
made now a statue of ice,
then by the sommer scorcht and tan'd!

Place me alone in some fraile boate
'mid th' horrors of an angry sea:
where I, while time shall move, may floate,
despairing either land or day:

or under earth my youth confine
to th' night and silence of a cell:
where scorpions may my limbes entwine,
O God! so thou forgive me hell.

W. HABINGTON

156

SYMPATHY IN DEFECTION

AND wilt thou weep, when I am low?
sweet lady! speak those words again:
yet if they grieve thee, say not so—
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
my blood runs coldly through my breast;
and when I perish, thou alone
wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
doth through my cloud of anguish shine;
and for awhile my sorrows cease,
to know thy heart hath felt for mine

LORD BYRON

157

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door;

whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:

O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak;
these hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
and many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
has been the channel to a flood of tears.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
then like the lark I sprightly hailed the morn;
but ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
my cattle died and blighted was my corn.

T. MOSS

158

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
the thunders breaking at her feet:
above her shook the starry lights:
she heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
but fragments of her mighty voice
came rolling on the wind.

Then stopt she down thro' town and field
to mingle with the human race,
and part by part to men revealed
the fullness of her face—

159 Grave mother of majestic works
from her isle-altar gazing down,
who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
and, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years
is in them. May perpetual youth
keep dry their light from tears;

that her fair form may stand and shine,
make bright our days and light our dreams,
turning to scorn with lips divine
the falsehood of extremes!

A. TENNYSON

THE MERMAID'S SONG

NOW the dancing sunbeams play
on the green and glassy sea;
come, and I will lead the way
where the pearly treasures be!
come with me and we will go
where the rocks of coral grow!

Come! behold what treasures lie
far beneath the rolling waves;
riches hid from human eye
dimly shine in Ocean's caves!
Ebbing tides bear no delay;
stormy winds are far away.

ANON

THE BANYAN TREE

THEY tell us of an Indian tree,
which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
may tempt its boughs to wander free
and shoot and blossom wide and high,
far better loves to bend its arms
downwards again to that dear earth,
from which the life, that fills and warms
its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends
and fed with fame (if fame it be),
this heart, my own dear mother, bends
with love's true instinct back to thee!

T. MOORE

162

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,
 when piping winds are hushed around,
 a small note wakes from underground
 where now his tiny bones are laid.

No more in lone and leafless groves
 with ruffled wing and faded breast
 his friendless, homeless spirit roves;
 —gone to the world where birds are blest!

Where never cat glides o'er the green,
 or schoolboy's giant form is seen:
 but Love and Joy and smiling Spring
 inspire their little souls to sing!

S. ROGERS

163

THE DYING SWAN

ON glassy stream, by greenwood bower,
 his voice was rarely heard:
 why sings he thus in dying hour,
 yon fair majestic bird?

There's many a pleasant sight on earth,
 although they last not long;
 nor marvel I that thoughts of mirth
 should issue forth in song.

Nay! sorrow's self, while hope remains,
 beneath the twilight dim
 may chant her own half-soothing strains,
 a dirge-entangled hymn.

J. E. BODE

164

FASCINATION

PREPARED to rail, resolved to part,
 when I approach the perjured maid,
 what is it awes my timorous heart?
 why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind,
 such wondrous power have Myra's charms,
 she calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
 and all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows
when gazing on that form divine,
her injured vassal trembling bows,
nor dares her slave repine.

LORD LANSDOWNE

165

TO THE RAINBOW

HOW glorious is thy girdle cast
o'er mountain, tower and town,
or mirrored in the ocean vast,
a thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
as young thy beauties seem,
as when the eagle from the ark
first sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
nor lets the type grow pale with age
that first spoke peace to man.

T. CAMPBELL

166

ILLUSORY APPEARANCES

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
not seldom Evening in the west
sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
to the confiding Bark untrue,
and, if she trusts the stars above,
they can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
full oft, when storms the welkin rend
draws lightning down upon the head
it promised to defend.

W. WORDSWORTH

167

A LOVER'S MISGIVINGS

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
ere the spring he would return—
ah! what means yon violet flower!
and the bud that decks the thorn!

'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
 'twas the nightingale that sung!
 Idle notes! untimely green!
 why this unavailing haste?
 western gales and skies serene
 speak not always winter past.
 Cease, my doubts, my fears to move—
 spare the honour of my love.

T. GRAY

THEY rear'd no trophy o'er his grave,
 they bade no requiem flow;
 what left they there to tell the brave
 that a warrior sleeps below?

A shiver'd spear, a cloven shield,
 a helm with its white plume torn,
 and a blood-stain'd turf on the fatal field
 where a chief to his rest was borne.

• He lies not where his fathers sleep,
 but who hath a tomb more proud?
 For the Syrian wilds his record keep,
 and a banner is his shroud.

F. HEMANS

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 by all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold
 returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 she there shall dress a sweeter sod
 than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 by forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 there Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 to bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 and Freedom shall awhile repair
 to dwell a weeping hermit there.

W. COLLINS

170

INSENSIBILITY TO LOVE

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
a stranger to that mind,
which pity and esteem can move,
which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
the ills that love molest;
the jealous doubt, the tender care,
that rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
we every bliss must gain;
the heart can ne'er a transport know,
that never feels a pain.

LORD LYTTELTON

171

IMPATIENT LOVE

TO him, who in an hour must die,
not swifter seems that hour to fly,
than slow the minutes seem to me,
which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
another day or year to live,
than I to shorten what remains
of that long hour which thee detains.

O, come to my impatient arms,
O, come with all thy heavenly charms;
at once to justify and pay
the pain I feel from this delay.

LORD LYTTELTON

172

JEALOUS LOVE

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before,
I say to my heart 'Be at rest, and believe
that whom once she has chosen, she never will leave.'

But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
that plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
my heart beats again; I again apprehend
some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
 but doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame,
 for they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

SAID a people to a poet 'Go out from among
 us straightway!

while we are thinking earthly things, thou singest
 of divine.

There's a little fair brown nightingale, who sitting in
 the gateway

makes fitter music to our ear, than any song of
 thine.'

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased
 chanting;

'Now wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy
 sweetness done?'

'I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet
 wanting,

whose highest harmony includes the lowest under
 sun.'

The poet went out weeping—and died abroad bereft
 there,—

the bird flew to his grave and died amid a thou-
 sand wails!—

yet, when I last came by the place, I swear the mu-
 sic left there

was only of the poet's song, and not the nightin-
 gale's.

E. B. BROWNING

THE violet in her greenwood bower,
 where birchen boughs with hazel mingle,
 may boast herself the fairest flower
 in glen, in copse or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue
 beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,
 I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
 more sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry
ere yet the day be past its morrow;—
nor longer in my false love's eye
remained the tear of parting sorrow.

SIR W. SCOTT

175

JEREMIAH

'WOE'S me!' the peaceful prophet cried
'spare me this troubled life;
to stem man's wrath, to school his pride,
to head the sacred strife!
'O, place me in some silent vale
where groves and flowers abound;
nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues that rail,
vex the truth-haunted ground!
If his meek spirit erred, opprest
that God denied repose,
what sin is ours to whom heaven's rest
is pledged to heal earth's woes?

LYRA APOSTOLICA

176

TO HIS FORSAKEN MISTRESS

I DO confesse thou'rt smooth and faire,
and I might have gone near to love thee,
had I not found the slightest prayer
that lips could move, had power to move thee;
but I can let thee now alone
as worthy to be loved by none.

I do confesse thou'rt sweet; yet find
thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
thy favours are but like the wind
that kisseth everything it meets.
and since thou canst with more than one,
thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

177

The morning rose that untouched stands
armed with her briars, how sweet she smells!
but plucked and strained through ruder hands,
her sweets no longer with her dwells:
but scent and beautie both are gone,
and leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide
 when thou hast handled been awhile,
 with sere flowers to be throwne aside;—
 and I shall sigh, while some will smile,
 to see thy love to everyone
 hath brought thee to be loved by none.

SIR R. AYTON

178

A VOW TO LOVE

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light,
 the seas be robbéd of their waves;
 the day want sun, and sun want bright,
 the night want shade, the dead men graves;
 the April flowers and leaves and tree,
 before I false my faith to thee.

First time shall stay his stayless race,
 and winter bless his brows with corn,
 and snow bemoisten July's face,
 and winter spring, and summer mourn,
 before my pen by help of fame
 cease to recite thy sacred name.

T. LODGE

179

THE WINTER THRUSH

SWEET bird! up earliest in the morn
 up earliest in the year,
 far in the quiet mist are borne
 thy matins soft and clear.

The first snow wreaths are scarcely gone,
 (they stayed but half a day)
 the berries bright hang lingering on;
 yet thou hast learned thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
 has hardly brushed thy wing;
 yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
 good-morrow to the spring!

LYRA APOSTOLICA

180

CHASTISEMENT

MORTAL! if e'er thy spirits faint,
 by grief or pain opprest,
 seek not vain hope, or sour complaint,
 to cheer or ease thy breast;

but view thy bitterest pangs as sent
a shadow of that doom,
which is thy soul's just punishment
in its own guilt's true home.

Be thine own judge: hate thy proud heart:
and while the sad drops flow,
e'en let thy will attend the smart,
and sanctify thy woe.

LYRA APOSTOLICA

181

THE VILLAGE EXILES

GOOD Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that part-
ing day
that called them from their native walks away;
when the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
hung round the bowers and fondly look'd their last—
and took a long farewell and wished in vain
for seats like these beyond the western main—
and, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
to new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe—
but for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
he only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

O. GOLDSMITH

182

ON THE CAPRICES OF FORTUNE

WHY should I blush that Fortune's frown
dooms me life's humble paths to tread?
to live unheeded and unknown?
to sink forgotten to the dead?

'Tis not the good, the wise, the brave,
that surest shine, or highest rise;
the feather sports upon the wave,
the pearl in ocean's cavern lies.

Each lesser star that studs the sphere
sparkles with undiminished light:
dark and eclipsed alone appear
the lord of day, the queen of night.

J. D. CARLYLE

183

ADVICE TO PLAYERS

ἜΖΟΜΕΝΟΣ μὲν τῇδε παρ' εὐλαΐγῃ τραπέζῃ
παίγνια κινήσεις τερπνὰ βολοκτυπῆς.
μήτε δὲ νικήσας μεγαλίζεο μήτ' ἀπολειφθεὶς
ἄχνυσο τὴν ὀλίγην μεμφόμενος βολίδα.
καὶ γὰρ ἐπὶ σμικροῖσι νόος διαφαίνεται ἀνδρός·
καὶ κύβος ἀγγέλλει βένθος ἐχεφροσύνης.

AGATHIAS

184

ON AN AGED FISHERMAN

ΘΗΡΙΝ τὸν τριγέροντα, τὸν εὐάγων ἀπὸ κύρτων
ζῶντα, τὸν αἰθυίης πλείονα νηξάμενον,
ἰχθυσιληϊστῆρα, σαγηνέα, χηραμοδύτην,
οὐχὶ πολυσκάλμου πλώτορα ναυτιλίας,
ἔμψης οὐτ' Ἀρκτοῦρος ἀπώλεσεν οὔτε καταιγὶς
ἤλασε τὰς πολλὰς τῶν ἐτέων δεκάδας·
ἀλλ' ἔθαν' ἐν καλύβῃ σχοινίτιδι, λύχνος ὅποια,
τῷ μακρῷ σβεσθεὶς ἐν χρόνῳ αὐτόματος.
σῆμα δὲ τοῦτ' οὐ παῖδες ἐφήρμοσαν οὐδ' ὁμόλεκτρος,
ἀλλὰ συνεργατίνης ἰχθυβόλων θίασος.

LEONIDAS TARENTINVS

185

FROM AN ELEGY ON A SHIPWRECK

ΚΗΔΕΑ μὲν στονόεντα, Περικλέες, οὔτε τις ἀστῶν
μεμφόμενος θαλῆς τέρψεται οὔτε πότοις.
τοίους γὰρ κατὰ κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
ἔκλυσεν, οἰδαλέους δ' ἀμφ' ὀδύνης ἔχομεν
πνεύμονας· ἀλλὰ θεοὶ γὰρ ἀνηκέστοισι κακοῖσιν,
ὦ φίλ', ἐπὶ κρατερὴν τλημοσύνην ἔθεσαν
φάρμακον· ἄλλοτε δ' ἄλλος ἔχει τόδε· νῦν μὲν ἐς ἡμέας
ἐτράπεθ', αἱμάτοεν δ' ἔλκος ἀναστένομεν,
ἐξαυτὶς δ' ἐτέρους ἐπαμείψεται· ἀλλὰ τάχιστα
τλήτε γυναικίον πένθος ἀπωσάμενοι.

ARCHILOCHVS

186

THE LOVER'S DEVICE

ΣΠΕΥΔΩΝ εἰ φιλεῖ με μαθεῖν εὐώπιδι Ἐρευθώ,
 πείραζον κραδίην πλάσματι κερδαλέῳ
 'βήσομαι ἐς ξείνην τινά που χθόνα. μῖμνε δὲ κούρη
 ἀρτίπος, ἡμετέρου μνήστιν ἔχουσα πόθου.'
 ἡ δὲ μέγα στονάχῃσε καὶ ἤλατο καὶ τὸ πρόσωπον
 πληῆξε καὶ εὐπλέκτου βότρυν ἔρηξε κόμης,
 καὶ με μένειν ἱκέτευσεν· ἐγὼ δέ τις ὥς βραδυπειθὴς
 ὄμματι θρυπτομένῳ συγκατένευσα μόνον·
 ὄλβιος ἐς πόθον εἰμί· τὸ γὰρ μενέαινον ἀνύσσαι
 πάντων, εἰς μεγάλην τοῦτο δέδωκα χάριν.

AGATHIAS

187 THE MURDERER'S FANCIED ESCAPE FROM DEATH

ἌΝΔΡΟΦΟΝΩ σαθρὸν παρὰ τειχίον ὑπνώοντι
 νυκτὸς ἐπιστῆναί φασι Σάραπιν ὄναρ
 καὶ χρησμοδῆσαι 'κατακείμενος οὗτος, ἀνίστω
 καὶ κοιμῶ μεταβάς, ὦ τάλας, ἀλλαχόθι.'
 Ὅς δὲ διϋπνισθεὶς μετέβη· τὸ δὲ σαθρὸν ἐκείνο
 τειχίον ἐξαίφνης εὐθὺς ἔκειτο χαμαί·
 σῶστρα δ' ἔωθεν ἔθνε θεοῖς χαίρων ὁ κακοῦργος,
 ἥδεσθαι νομίσας τὸν θεὸν ἀνδροφόνοισ·
 ἀλλ' ὁ Σάραπις ἔχρησε πάλιν διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπιστάς
 'κῆδεσθαί με δοκεῖς, ἄθλιε, τῶν ἀδίκων;
 εἰ μὴ νῦν σε μετῆκα θανεῖν, θάνατον μὲν ἄλυπον
 νῦν ἔφυγες, σταυρῷ δ' ἴσθι φυλαττόμενος.'

PALLADAS

188 THE DYING SHEPHERD TO HIS COMPANIONS

ΠΟΙΜΕΝΕΣ, οἱ ταύτην ὄρεος ῥάχιν οἰοπολεῖτε,
 αἶγας κεύειρους ἐμβατέοντες οἷς,
 Κλειταγόρῃ πρὸς Γῆς ὀλίγην χάριν ἀλλὰ προσηνῇ
 τίνετε, χθονίης εἵνεκα Φερσεφόνης.
 βληχῆσαιντ' ὀῖές μοι, ἐπ' ἀξέστοιο δὲ ποιμῆν
 πέτρης συρίζοι πρηέα βοσκομέναις,
 εἶαρι δὲ πρώτῳ λειμώνιον ἄνθος ἀμέρσας
 χωρίτης στεφέτω τύμβον ἐμὸν στεφάνῳ,

καί τις ἀπ' εὐάρνοιο καταχραίνοιτο γάλακτι
οἴος, ἀμολγαῖον μαστὸν ἀνασχόμενος,
κρηπὶδ' ὑγραίνων ἐπιτύμβιον· εἰσὶ θανόντων,
εἰσὶν ἀμοιβαῖαι καὶ φθιμένοις χάριτες.

LEONIDAS TARENTINVS

189 THE ASTROLOGER'S ANSWER TO THE FARMER

ΚΑΛΛΙΓΕΝΗΣ ἀγροῖκος, ὅτε σπόρον ἔμβαλε γαίῃ,
οἶκον Ἀριστοφάνους ἦλθεν εἰς ἀστρολόγου,
ἦτεε δ' ἐξερέειν, εἶπερ θέρος αἴσιον αὐτῷ
ἔσται καὶ σταχύων ἄφθονος εὐπορίῃ.
ὅς δὲ λαβὼν ψηφίδας, ὑπὲρ πίνακός τε πυκάζων,
δάκτυλά τε γνάμπτων, φθέγξατο Καλλιγένει
· εἶπερ ἐπομβρηθῇ τὸ ἀρούριον ὅσσον ἀπόχρη,
μηδὲ τιν' ὑλαίην τέξεται ἀνθοσύνην,
μηδὲ πάγος ῥήξῃ τὴν αὐλακα, μηδὲ χαλάξῃ
ἀκρόν ἀποδρυφθῇ δράγματος ὀρνυμένον,
μηδὲ νεβροὶ κείρωσι τὰ λήϊα μηδὲ τιν' ἄλλην
ἥρος ἢ γαίης ὄψεται ἀμπλακίην,
ἔσθλόν σοι τὸ θέρος μαντεύομαι, εὖ δ' ἀποκόψεις
τοὺς στάχους· μούνας δείδιθι τὰς ἀκρίδας.

AGATHIAS

190 THE LAMENT OF ANDROMACHE BEFORE THE
STATUE OF THETIS

ἼΔΙΩ αἰπείνῃ Πάρις οὐ γάμον, ἀλλὰ τιν' ἄταν
ἠγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν.
ᾧς ἔνεκ', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηιάλωτον
εἶλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκὺς Ἄρης
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἑκτορα, τὸν περὶ τείχῃ
εἵλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς αἰλίας Θετίδος·
αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμαν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλάσσας
δουλοσύναν στυγεράν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρῃ.
πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυά μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνὶκ' ἔλειπον
ἄστυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις.
ᾧμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὀράσθαι,
Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν; ᾧς ὑπο τειρομένα
πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς ἰκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα
τάκομαι, ὥς πετρίνα πιδακόεσσα λιβάς.

EURIPIDES

191

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN LIFE

ΟΥΔΕΝ ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεΐ,
 ἐν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίος ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ·
 'οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν'.
 παῦροι μὴν θνητῶν οὔασι δεξάμενοι
 στέρνοις ἐγκατέθεντο· πάρεστι γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐκάστω,
 ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε νέων στήθεσιν ἐμφύεται.
 θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχῃ πολυήρατον ἡβης,
 κούφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ·
 οὔτε γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχει γηρασσέμεν οὔτε θανεῖσθαι,
 οὐδ' ὑγιῆς ὅταν ᾖ, φροντίδ' ἔχει καμάτου.
 νήπιοι, οἷς ταύτῃ κείται νόος, οὐδέ τ' ἴσασιν
 ὥς χρόνος ἔσθ' ἡβης καὶ βίотου ὀλίγος
 θνητοῖς· ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μαθὼν βίотου ποτὶ τέρμα
 ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDES

192 ON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE AND THE
MISERIES OF OLD AGE

ἩΜΕΙΣ δ' οἶά τε φύλλα φύει πολυανθέος ὦρη
 ἔαρος, ὅτ' ἄψ' αὐγὴ αὖξεται ἡελίου,
 τοῖς ἱκελοι πῆχυιον ἐπὶ χρόνον ἄνθεσιν ἡβης
 τερπόμεθα, πρὸς θεῶν εἰδότες οὔτε κακὸν
 οὔτ' ἀγαθόν· Κῆρες δὲ παρεστήκασι μέλαιναι,
 ἡ μὲν ἔχουσα τέλος γήραος ἀργαλέον,
 ἡ δ' ἐτέρη θανάτοιο· μίνυνθα δὲ γίγνεται ἡβης
 καρπός, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ γῆν κίδνεται ἡέλιος.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν δὴ τοῦτο τέλος παραμείψῃαι ὥρης,
 αὐτίκα τεθνᾶναι βέλτιον ἢ βίотος·
 πολλὰ γὰρ ἐν θυμῷ κακὰ γίγνεται· ἄλλοτε οἶκος
 τρυχοῦται, πενίης δ' ἔργ' ὀδυνηρὰ πέλει·
 ἄλλος δ' αὖ παιδῶν ἐπιδεύεται, ὧν τε μάλιστα
 ἱμεῖρων κατὰ γῆς ἔρχεται εἰς Αἶδην·
 ἄλλος νοῦσον ἔχει θυμοφθόρον· οἷδέ τις ἔστιν
 ἀνθρώπων, ᾧ Ζεὺς μὴ κάκα πολλὰ διδοῖ.

MIMNERMVS

193

WHY LOVE IS BLIND

I 'VE heard of reasons manifold
 why Love must needs be blind;
 but this the best of all I hold—
 his eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
 he guesseth but in part;
 but what within is good and fair
 he seeth with the heart.

194

EPITAPH

FAIR marble, tell to future days
 that here two virgin sisters lie,
 whose life employed each tongue in praise,
 whose death gave tears to every eye.
 In stature, beauty, years and fame,
 together as they grew, they shone;
 so much alike, so much the same,
 that death mistook them both for one.

195

REQVIESCAT

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
 where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides;
 it sees itself from thatch to base
 dream in the sliding tides.
 And fairer she, but ah how soon to die!
 her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
 Her peaceful being slowly passes by
 to some more perfect peace.

A. TENNYSON

196

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN

JOY to the fair!—thy knight behold,
 return'd from yonder land of gold;
 no wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
 save his good arms and battle-steed;
 his spurs to dash against a foe,
 his lance and sword to lay him low;
 such ail the trophies of his toil,
 such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
her favour fired to feats of might;
unnoted shall she not remain
where meet the bright and noble train;
minstrel shall sing, and herald tell—
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'tis she for whose bright eyes was won
the listed field of Ascalon!'

SIR W. SCOTT

197

THE WISH OF DR CYRIL JACKSON

O MIGHT I gently wear my life away,
not moiled by wealth or power's imperial sway!
but rather in some sweet sequestered nook,
uttering plain comments on the Holy Book:
with modest glebe and tithes paid uncompelled,
and not in title only 'reverend' held!
And O the Greek, the Roman Muse be mine!
and mine a wife, worth more than all the nine!
what more? I bid Hope, Care and Fear good bye;
remains but—last great task—to learn and die.

F. WRANGHAM

198

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY

THIS humble grave though no proud structure grace,
yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
yet blameless virtue that adorned thy bloom,
lamented maid, now weeps upon thy tomb:
escaped from life, O, safe on that calm shore
where sin and pain and passion are no more!
what never wealth could buy nor power decree,
regard and pity wait sincere on thee:
lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear
and holy friendship sits a mourner here.

D. MALLET

199

EUTHANASIA

WHEN Time or soon or late shall bring
the dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion, may thy languid wing
wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
 to weep or wish the coming blow:
 no maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
 to feel or feign decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth
 with no officious mourners near:
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,
 nor startle friendship with a tear.

LORD BYRON

200

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us!
 blue is the firmament, green is the earth:
 grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus;
 nature is ringing with music and mirth:
 enter the treasures pleasure uncloses;
 list, how she thrills in the nightingale's lay:
 breathe, she is wafting the sweets from the roses:
 feel, she is cool in the rivulet's play:
 taste, from the grape and the nectarine gushing
 flows the red rill in the beams of the sun:
 green in the hills, in the flower-groves blushing,
 look! she is always and everywhere one.

201

THE HARPER

ALAS! the fervent harper did not know
 that for a tranquil soul the lay was framed,
 who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
 was softened into feeling, soothed and tamed.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
 his daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 the silence that is in the starry sky,
 the sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
 revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
 nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
 the wisdom which adversity had bred.

202

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE

I ENVY not the mighty great,
 those powerful rulers of the state

who settle nations as they please,
and govern at the expense of ease.
Far happier the shepherd-swain
who daily drudges on the plain
and nightly in some humble shed
on rushy pillow lays his head.
No cursed ambition breaks his rest,
no factious wars divide his breast;
his flock, his pipe and artless fair,
are all his hope and all his care.

203 *TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN WHOM THE
AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE*

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped,
 pinest in the gladsome ray,
soiled beneath the common tread
 far from thy protecting spray!

When the partridge o'er the sheaf
 whirred along the yellow vale,
sad I saw thee, heedless leaf,
 love the dalliance of the gale.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
 wert thou danced and wafted high—
soon on this unsheltered walk
 flung to fade, to rot and die.

S. T. COLERIDGE

204 **T**HE varying year with blade and sheaf
 clothes and reclothes the happy plains;
here rests the sap within the leaf,
 here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curled,
 faint murmurs from the meadow come,
like hints and echoes of the world
 to spirits folded in the womb.
Soft lustre bathes the range of urns
 on every slanting terrace lawn;
the fountain to his place returns
 deep in the garden lake withdrawn.

A. TENNYSON

205 A FLOWER GARDEN AT COLEORTON HALL

TELL me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
 while fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
 pinions that fanned the teeming mould
 of Eden's blissful wilderness,
 did only softly-stealing hours
 there close the peaceful lives of flowers?
 Say, when the *moving* creatures saw
 all kinds commingled without fear,
 prevailed a like indulgent law
 for the still growths that prosper here?
 Did wanton fawn and kid forbear
 the half-blown rose, the lily spare?

W. WORDSWORTH

206

EPITAPH

SLEEP on, my Love, in thy cold bed,
 never to be disquieted!
 my last good night! Thou wilt not wake,
 till I thy fate shall overtake:
 till age or grief or sickness must
 marry my body to that dust
 it so much loves; and fill the room
 my heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
 Stay for me there; I will not fail
 to meet thee in that hollow vale:
 and think not much of my delay;
 I am already on the way,
 and follow thee with all the speed
 desire can make or sorrows breed.

207

VXOR MORTVA VIDVVM ALLOQVITVR

VISSA teco son io molti e molt' anni,
 con quale amor tu 'l sa, fedel consorte!
 poi recise il mio fil la giusta morte,
 e mi sottrasse alli mondani inganni.
 Se lieta io godo ne i beati scanni,
 ti giuro che'l morir non mi fù forte;
 se non pensando alla tua cruda sorte,
 e che sol ti lascerà in tanti affanni.

Ma la virtù che 'n te dal ciel riluce,
 al passar questo abisso oscuro è cieco,
 spero che ti sarà maestra e duce.
 Non pianger piu, ch' io sarò sempre teco,
 e bella e viva, al fin della tua luce,
 venir vedrai me, e rimenarten meco!

A. S. SANNAZARO

208

ON THE DEATH OF MR RICHARD WEST

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 and reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
 the birds in vain their amorous descant join;
 or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
 these ears alas! for other notes repine,
 a different object do these eyes require:
 my lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
 and in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer
 and new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
 the fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
 to warm their little loves the birds complain;
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 and weep the more, because I weep in vain.

T. GRAY

209

THE LAND OF PEACE

THE Warrior here, in arms no more,
 thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
 here glories in the freedom won
 for hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
 smiles on the dusky webs that hide
 his sleeping sword's remembered pride;
 while peace with sunny cheeks of toil
 walks o'er the free unlorded soil;
 effaces with her splendid share
 the drops that war had sprinkled there;
 thrice happy land! where he who flies
 from the dark ills of other skies,
 from scorn or want's unceasing woes,
 may shelter him in proud repose.

210

TRIA FVGACIA

SO glides along the wanton brook
 with gentle pace into the main,
 courting the banks with amorous look
 he never means to see again.

And so does Fortune use to smile
 upon the short-lived favourite's face,
 whose swelling hopes she doth beguile
 and always casts him in the race.

And so doth the fantastic Boy,
 the god of the ill-managed flames,
 who ne'er kept word in promised joy
 to lover nor to loving dames.

So all alike will constant prove,
 both Fortune, running streams and Love.

W. HERBERT

211

TO THE SKYLARK

SOUND of vernal showers
 on the twinkling grass,
 rain-awakened flowers,
 all that ever was
 joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 what sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 praise of love or wine
 that panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

What objects are the fountains
 of thy happy strain?
 what fields or waves or mountains?
 what shapes of sky or plain?
 what love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

P. B. SHELLEY

212 *EPISTLE TO GAY WHO HAD CONGRATULATED HIM
 ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS*

AH, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
 in vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;

in vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
of hanging mountains and of sloping greens;
joy lives not here—to happier seats it flies,
and only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
the noon-tide bower, the evening colonnade,
but soft recesses of uneasy minds
to sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
he stretched unseen in coverts hid from day
bleeds drop by drop and pants his life away.

A. POPE

213

DAVID GARRICK

ON the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'twas only that when he was off, he was acting:
with no reason on earth to go out of his way,
he turned and he varied full ten times a day:
though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
if they were not his own by finessing and trick:
he cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
for he knew when he pleased he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
and the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame:
till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
if dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

O. GOLDSMITH

214

THE SWISS MOUNTAINEER

ALAS! in every clime a flying ray
is all we have to cheer our wintry way;
and here the unwilling mind may more than trace
the general sorrows of the human race:
the churlish gales of penury that blow
cold as the north-wind o'er a waste of snow,
to them the gentle group of bliss deny
that on the noon-day bank of leisure lie.

Full oft the father, when his sons have grown
to manhood, seems their title to disown;
and from his nest amid the storms of heaven
drives eagle-like those sons as he was driven;
with stern composure watches to the plain—
and never eagle-like beholds again!

W. WORDSWORTH

215

THE HEROES OF THE PAST

NOT so had those his fancy numbered,
the chiefs whose dust around him slumbered;
their phalanx marshalled on the plain,
whose bulwarks were not then in vain.
They fell devoted but undying,
the very gale their names seemed sighing;
the waters murmured of their name;
the woods were peopled with their fame;
the silent pillar, lone and grey,
claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
the meanest rill, the mightiest river,
rolled mingling with their fame for ever.

LORD BYRON

216

THE LOVER'S APPEAL

IN vain you tell your parting lover
you wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove
that bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
can equal those that I sustain
from slighted vows and cold disdain?
Be gentle and in pity choose
to wish the wildest tempests loose:
that, thrown again upon the coast
where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
once more in dying notes complain
of slighted vows and cold disdain.

M. PRIOR

217 *THE HAPPINESS OF PARADISE INCOMPLETE
WITHOUT LOVE*

TILL Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
there dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
in vain the viewless seraph, lingering there,
at starry midnight charmed the silent air;
in vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,
to hail the sun slow wheeling from the deep;
in vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
aërial notes in mingling measure played;
the summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
the whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
still slowly passed the melancholy day,
and still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad—the garden was a wild!
and man the hermit sighed—till woman smiled!

T. CAMPBELL

218 *DOMESTIC PEACE*

TELL me, on what holy ground
may domestic Peace be found,
halcyon daughter of the skies!
Far on fearful wings she flies
from the pomp of sceptered State,
from the Rebel's noisy hate:
in a cottage vale she dwells
listening to the Sabbath bells:
still around her steps are seen
spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
and conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

S. T. COLERIDGE

219 *CUPID AND CAMPASPE*

CUPID and my Campaspe playd
at cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
he stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
his mother's doves and teame of sparrows;

looses them too; then downe he throwes
 the corral of his lippe, the rose
 growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 with these, the cristall of his brow
 and then the dimple on his chinne;
 all these did my Campaspe winne.
 At last he set her both his eyes;
 shee won and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has shee done this to thee?
 what shall, alas, become of mee?

J. LYLVE

220

THE POWER OF THE MUSE

THE Muse has sway in the truant mind
 and the heart from care set free,
 in the thoughts that wanton unconfined,
 that range o'er the earth and float on the wind
 and dive in the boundless sea.

To the Muse alone nature's stores are known
 and she compounds them well;
 for she can draw from the scenes around
 that nameless charm, which is never found
 out of the range of the magic ground
 in which she loves to dwell.

The Muse is nature's Alchemist
 and she fashions it at her will;
 and 'tis hers to mould the secret gold,
 and the draught of life distil.

221

A NYMPH'S PASSION

I LOVE and he loves me again,
 yet dare I not tell who;
 for if the nymphs should know my swain,
 I fear they'd love him too:
 yet if he be not known,
 the pleasure is as good as none,
 for that's a narrow joy is but our own.
 He is, if they can find him, fair,
 and fresh and fragrant too,
 as summer's sky or purgéd air,
 and looks as lilies do

that are this morning blown;
yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
and fear much more that more of him be shown.

B. JONSON

222

HENRY TO EMMA

BUT canst thou wield the sword and bend the bow?
with active force repel the sturdy foe?
when the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh
and winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
perform thy part and share the dangerous day?
then as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
thy limbs all trembling and thy cheeks all pale;
with fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
will weep thy safety by thy love betrayed:
then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
thy little useless aid and coward fly:
then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
a banished man, condemned in lonely woods to rove.

M. PRIOR

223

PARTING

O, WHO can tell, save those whose hearts have
known
and wept o'er bitter partings of their own,
how slowly wears the solitary day
when those we fondly love are far away;
how vain each care our sorrows to beguile,
how cold, how sickening, Pleasure's fairest smile,
how clings the heart to all that once has been,
each look of fondness, each remembered scene!
O, in that sullen loneliness of soul
what frenzied thoughts will o'er the bosom roll!
Love Fear Suspicion mingle wildly there,
and the dark bodings of concealed Despair;
whilst Memory's visions crowd the rayless gloom
and Hope looks eager only to the tomb!

224

TO THE GRASSHOPPER

GAY child of Spring and Zephyr, grasshopper,
 to Phœbus thou and Ceres aye most dear,
 for thy repast the various harvest glows,
 for thee its silken couch the grass-blade strows,
 whate'er from their rich womb broad lands produce,
 tilled or spontaneous, all is for thy use.
 Its milk-white neck for thee the lily rears,
 the dew-cup to thy lip its tribute bears;
 and when thou sink'st inebriate 'mid thy flowers,
 for thee its soothing juice each poppy pours.
 Sated with banquets thou depart'st at last,
 unscath'd by others' bane, keen winter's blast—
 blest beyond mortals thus thy course to run
 unchilled unaged and fail but with the failing sun.

F. WRANGHAM

225

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea
 and said 'O mists, make room for me.'
 It hailed the ships and cried 'Sail on,
 ye mariners, the night is gone.'
 And hurried landward far away
 crying 'Awake! it is the day.'
 It said unto the forest 'Shout!
 hang all your leafy banners out!'
 It touched the wood-bird's folded wing
 and said 'O bird, awake and sing.'
 It whispered to the fields of corn
 'Bow down and hail the coming morn.'
 It crossed the churchyard with a sigh
 and said 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'

H. W. LONGFELLOW

226

THE VILLAGE HOME

I N all my wanderings round this world of care,
 in all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 to husband out life's taper at the close
 and keep the flame from wasting by repose:

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill—
around my fire an evening group to draw,
to tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
and, as a hare whom hounds and horn pursue
pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
here to return—and die at home at last.

- 227 O! blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
retreats from care, that never must be mine,—
how blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
a youth of labour with an age of ease;
who quits a world where strong temptations try—
and, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep,
no surly porter stands, in guilty state,
to spurn imploring famine from the gate;
but on he moves to meet his latter end,
angels around befriending virtue's friend,
sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
while resignation gently slopes the way;
and all his prospects brightening to the last,
his heaven commences ere the world be past.

O. GOLDSMITH

228

INFLUENCE OF HOPE ON THE MIND

AT summer's eve when heaven's ethereal bow
spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
more sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
and robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus with delight we linger to survey
the promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
more pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
and every form, that Fancy can repair
from dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

T. CAMPBELL

229

EPIMENIDES

HE went into the woods a laughing boy;
 each flower was in his heart; the happy bird
 flitting across the morning sun, or heard
 from way-side thicket, was to him a joy:
 the water-springs, that in their moist employ
 leapt from their banks, with many an inward word
 spoke to his soul and every leaf that stirred
 found notice from his quickly-glancing eye.—
 There wondrous sleep fell on him: many a year
 his lids were closed: youth left him and he woke
 a careful noter of men's ways; of clear
 and lofty spirit: sages when he spoke
 forgot their systems; and the worldly-wise
 shrunk from the gaze of truth with baffled eyes.

230

PVLVIS ET VMBRA SVMVS

SO peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 what once had beauty titles wealth and fame!
 how loved—how honoured once avails thee not,
 to whom related, or by whom begot;
 a heap of dust alone remains of thee—
 'tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 deaf the praised ear and mute the tuneful tongue;
 even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays
 shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
 then from his closing eyes thy form shall part
 and the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
 life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 the muse forgot and thou beloved no more!

A. POPE

231

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF LOVE

TURN I my looks unto the skies,
 love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
 if so I look upon the ground,
 love then in every flower is found;
 search I the shade to flee my pain,
 love meets me in the shades again;

want I to walk in secret grove,
e'en there I meet with sacred love;
if so I bathe me in the spring,
e'en on the brink I hear him sing;
if so I meditate alone,
he will be partner of my moan;
if so I mourn, he weeps with me,
and where I am, there will he be.

T. LODGE

232 *DESCRIPTION OF SPRING, WHERIN ECHE THING
RENEWES SAUE ONLY THE LOVER*

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,
with grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
the nightingale with fethers new she sings;
the turtle to her make hath told her tale,
somer is come, for euery spray now springs:
the hart hath hong his old head on the pale:
the buck in brake his winter coate he flings:
the fishes flete with new repaired scale:
the adder all her slough away she flings,
the swift swallow pursueth the flies smale:
the busy bee her hony now she mings,
winter is worne that was the flowers bale.

And thus I se among these pleasant things
eche care decays; and yet my sorow springs.

LORD SURREY

233 *A VOW TO LOUE FAITHFULLY HOWSOEVER
HE BE REWARDED*

SET me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
in temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
in presence prest of people madde or wise;
set me in hye or yet in low degree;
in longest night or in the shortest daye:
in clearest skie or where cloudes thickest be;
in lusty youth or when my heeres are graye:

set me in heauen, in earth or els in hell,
 in hyll or dale or in the foming flood,
 thrall or at large, aliue whereso I dwell,
 sick or in health, in euill fame or good,
 hers will I be, and onely with this thought
 content my self, although my chance be nought.

LORD SURREY

234 *VERSES OUTLIVE THE BRAVEST DEEDS OF MEN*

FOR deedes doe die, how ever noblie donne,
 and thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
 but wise wordes, taught in numbers for to runne,
 recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
 ne may with storming showers be washt away,
 ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
 nor age nor envie shall them ever wast.

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine,
 seeke with pyramides to heaven aspired,
 or huge colosses built with costlie paine,
 or brasen pillours never to be fired,
 or shrines made of the mettall most desired,
 to make their memories for ever live:
 for how can mortall immortalitie give?

E. SPENSER

235 *VERSE MAKES BEAUTY ETERNAL*

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand;
 but came the waves and washéd it away;
 agayne I wrote it with a second hand;
 but came the tyde and made my paynes his pray.
 'Vayne man' sayd she 'that doest in vaine assay
 a mortall thing so to immortalize;
 for I my selfe shall lyke to this decay,
 and eek my name bee wipéd out lykewize.'
 'Not so' quod I 'let baser things devise
 to dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
 my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 and in the heuens wryte your glorious name;
 where, whenas death shall all the world subaew,
 our love shall live and later life renew.'

E. SPENSER

236

SONNET

LYKE as a ship that through the Ocean wyde
by conduct of some star doth make her way,
whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
out of her course doth wander far astray:

so I, whose star that wont with her bright ray
me to direct with cloudes is over-cast,
doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast;

yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
my Helice, the lode-star of my lyfe,
will shine again and looke on me at last,
with lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief:

till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
in secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

E. SPENSER

237

SONNET

IS it her nature, or is it her will
to be so cruel to a humbled foe?
if nature, then she may it mend with skill;
if will, then she at will may will foregoe;
but if her nature and her will be so
that she will plague the man that loves her most,
and take delight t' encrease a wretch's woe,
then all her nature's goodly gifts are lost;
and that same glorious beauty's idle boast
is but a bait such wretches to beguile,
as being long in her love's tempest tost,
she means at last to make her piteous spoil.

O fairest Fair, let never it be named
that so fair beauty was so foully shamed!

E. SPENSER

238

TO THE SPRING

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king
in whose cote armour richly are displayd
all sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring
in goodly colours gloriously arrayd,

goe to my love where she is carelesse layd
 yet in her winters bowre, not well awake;
 tell her the joyous time will not be staid
 unlesse she doe him by the forelocke take;
 bid her therefore herself soone ready make,
 to wayt on love amongst his lovely crew;
 where every one, that misseth then her make,
 shall be by him amearst with penance dew.

Make hast therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
 for none can call againe the passéd time.

E. SPENSER

239

LIFE'S DECAY

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
 when yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang:
 in me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 as after sunset fadeth in the west,
 which by and by black night doth take away,
 death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
 in me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 that on the ashes of his youth doth lie
 as the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 consumed with that which it was nourish'd by:—

this thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 to love that well which thou must leave ere long.

W. SHAKESPEARE

240

AMOR CONTRA MVNDVM

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 of the wide world dreaming on things to come
 can yet the lease of my true love control,
 supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 and the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 and peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 my love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,

since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
while he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
and thou in this shalt find thy monument,
when tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

W. SHAKESPEARE

241 *TO HIS FRIEND, THAT HE SHOULD MARRY*

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
that thereby beauty's rose might never die,
but as the ripper should by time decease,
his tender heir might bear his memory:

but thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
making a famine where abundance lies,
thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.

Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
and only herald to the gaudy spring,
within thine own bud buriest thy content
and, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
to eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE

242

A REVIVAL

WHEN forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
and dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:

then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
to say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
if thou could'st answer 'This fair child of mine
shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old.
and see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

W. SHAKESPEARE

243

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE

O HOW much more doth beauty beauteous seem
by that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
the rose looks fair but fairer we it deem
for that sweet odour which doth in it live:

the canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
as the perfuméd tincture of the roses,
hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
when summer's breath their maskéd buds discloses:

but, for their virtue only is their show,
they live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:

and so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
when that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

W. SHAKESPEARE

244

RICH AND POOR

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground:
and for the peace of you I hold such strife
as 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;

now proud as an enjoyer and anon
doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
now counting best to be with you alone,
then bettered that the world may see my pleasure:
sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
and by and by clean starvéd for a look:
possessing or pursuing no delight
save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
or gluttoning on all, or all away.

W. SHAKESPEARE

245

REVOLUTIONS

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
so do our minutes hasten to their end;
each changing place with that which goes before
in sequent toil all forwards do contend,

Nativity, once in the main of light,
crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
and Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
and delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
and nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:

and yet to times in hope my verse shall stand
praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

W. SHAKESPEARE

246

THE CHARACTER OF TRUE LOVE

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
admit impediments. Love is not love
which alters when it alteration finds,
or bends with the remover to remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
that looks on tempests and is never shaken;
it is the star to every wandering bark,
whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
within his bending sickle's compass come;
love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
but bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKESPEARE

247

TO TIME TO SPARE HIS FRIEND

DEVOURING Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
and make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
and burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;

make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
and do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
to the wide world and all her fading sweets;
but I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

O, carve not with thy hours my Love's fair brow
nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
her in thy course untainted do allow
for beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
my Love shall in my verse ever live young.

W. SHAKESPEARE

248

THE UNFADING PICTURE

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
thou art more lovely and more temperate;
rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
and summer's lease hath all too short a date;
sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
and often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
and every fair from fair sometime declines
by chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
but thy eternal summer shall not fade
nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
when in eternal lines to time thou growest:

so long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
so long lives this; and this gives life to thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE

249

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
give warning to the world that I am fled
from this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
nay, if you read this line, remember not
the hand that writ it; for I love you so
that I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
if thinking on me then should make you woe.

O if I say you look upon this verse
when I perhaps compounded am with clay,
do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
but let your love even with my life decay,—

lest the wise world should look into your moan,
and mock you with me after I am gone.

W. SHAKESPEARE

250

THE LOVER'S NIGHT THOUGHTS

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
the dear repose for limbs with travel tired:
but then begins a journey in my head,
to work my mind, when body's work's expired:
for then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
and keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
looking on darkness which the blind do see:
save that my soul's imaginary sight
presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
makes black night beauteous and her old face new.

Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind
for thee and for myself no quiet find.

W. SHAKESPEARE

251

LOVE'S CONSOLATION

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state
and trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
and look upon myself and curse my fate,
wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
with what I most enjoy contented least;
yet in these thoughts myself almost despising
haply I think on Thee,—and then my state,
like to the lark at break of day arising
from sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

for thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
that then I scorn to change my state with kings.

W. SHAKESPEARE

252

LOVE'S INGRATITUDE

LOVE, banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
and wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
yet craved the alms of such as passed by:

I, like a man devout and charitable,
 clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest;
 with sighs and tears still furnishing his table
 with what might make the miserable blest.

But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
 entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
 who gave consent to steal away my heart,
 and set my breast, his lodging, on a fire;

well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
 no marvel then though charity grow cold.

M. DRAYTON

253 *THE LOVER'S INSCRIPTION ON THE TREE*

THERE is one tree which now I call to minde
 doth beare these verses carvéd in his rinde;
 'When Geraldine shall sit in thy faire shade,
 fanne her sweet tresses with perfuméd aire,
 let thy large boughs a canopie be made,
 to keepe the sunne from gazing on my faire,
 and when thy spredding branchéd armes be sunck'e,
 and thou no sap nor pith shalt more retaine,
 eu'n from the dust of thy unweldy truncke
 I will renue thee phoenix-like againe,
 and from thy dry decayéd roote will bring
 a new-borne stem, another Æsons spring.'

M. DRAYTON

254 *TO THE RIVER ANKER*

CLEAR Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore
 my soul-shrin'd saint, my fair idea, lies,
 O blesséd brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 thy crystal stream refinéd by her eyes;

where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
 gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
 where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
 amongst the dainty dew-impearléd flowers;

say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
 'Lo here thy shepherd spent his wand'ring years;
 and in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 and here to thee he sacrificed his teares;'

fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
and thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.

M. DRAYTON

255

SONNET

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
and what by mortals in this world is brought
in time's great periods shall return to nought;
that fairest states have fatal nights and days.

I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
with toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
as idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
and that nought lighter is than airy praise:

I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
to which one morn oft birth and death affords;
that love a jarring is of mind's accords,
where sense and will envassal reason's power:

know what I list, this all cannot me move
but that (O me!) I both must write and love.

W. DRUMMOND

256

SONNET

WHAT doth it serve to see Sun's burning face,
and skies enamelled with both Indies' gold,
or moon at night in jetty chariot rolled,
and all the glory of that starry place?

What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
the mountain's pride, the meadow's flowery grace,
the stately comeliness of forests old,
the sport of floods which would themselves embrace?

What doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
the wanton merle, the nightingale's sad strains,
which in dark shades seem to deplore my wrongs,—
for what doth serve all that this world contains;

sith she, for whom those once to me were dear,
no part of them can have now with me here?

W. DRUMMOND

257

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 of winters past or coming void of care,
 well pleasèd with delights which present are,
 fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
 to rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers
 thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 and what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
 a stain to human sense in sin that lowers.

What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
 attir'd in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
 quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
 and lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 to airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

W. DRUMMOND

258

TO THE SPRING

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly
 train,
 thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers,
 the Zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 the clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers.

Sweet Spring, thou turn'st; but ah! my pleasant hours
 and happy days with thee come not again,
 the sad memorials only of my pain
 do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sour.

Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
 delicious, wanton, amiable, fair:
 but she, whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air,
 is gone: nor gold nor gems can her restore.

Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
 while thine forgot lie closèd in a tomb.

W. DRUMMOND

259

WORLD'S JOYS ARE TOYS

THE weary mariner so far not flies
 an howling tempest, harbour to obtain,
 nor shepherd hastes when frays of wolves arise
 so fast to fold, to save his bleating train,

as I, wing'd with contempt and just disdain,
 now fly the world and what it most doth prize,
 and sanctuary seek, free to remain
 from wounds of abject times and envy's eyes:

once did this world to me seem sweet and fair,
 while sense's light mind's perspective kept blind:
 now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
 and weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:

or if aught here is had that praise should have,
 it is a life obscure and silent grave.

W. DRUMMOND

260

TO SLEEP

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
 prince, whose approach peace to all mortals
 brings,

indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
 sole comforter of minds with grief oppress:

lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
 lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess,
 and yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 thou spar'st alas! who cannot be thy guest.

Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 to inward light which thou art wont to show,
 with fain'd solace ease a true-felt woe,
 or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,

come as thou wilt and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

W. DRUMMOND

261

SONNET

NOW while the night her sable veil hath spread,
 and silently her resty coach doth roll,
 rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed
 those starry nymphs which dance about the pole:

while Cynthia, in purest cyprus cled,
 the Latmian shepherd in a trance describes,
 and whiles looks pale from height of all the skies,
 whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red;

while sleep in triumph clos'd hath all eyes,
 and birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,

and Proteus' monstrous people in the deep
the winds and waves hushed up to rest entice ;

I wake, muse, weep, and who my heart hath slain
see still before me to augment my pain.

W. DRUMMOND

MY lute, be as thou wast, when thou did grow
with thy green mother in some shady grove,
when immelodious winds but made thee move,
and birds on thee their ramage did bestow.

Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
what art thou but a harbinger of woe?

thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
but orphan's wailings to the fainting ear ;
each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ;
be therefore silent as in woods before :

or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

W. DRUMMOND

O ! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
that in the East thou show'st thy golden face ;
O ! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea
and in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.

Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place ;
and I dead from this world am past away,
or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
it is awhile but to bewail my case—

My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
and unto sad mishaps their place do yield ;
my knowledge represents a bloody field
where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.

So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
that I do wish it never had been begun.

W. DRUMMOND

264

THE COURSE OF NATURE

THE world's bright comforter, whose beamsome light
poor creatures cheereth, mounting from the deep
his course doth in prefix'd compass keep;
and as courageous giant takes delight
to run his race and exercise his might,
till him down galloping the mountain's steep
clear Hesperus, smooth messenger of sleep,
views; and the silver ornament of night
forth brings, with stars past number in her train,
all which with sun's long borrow'd splendour shine;
the seas with full tide swelling ebb again;
all years to their old quarters new resign;
the winds forsake their mountain-chambers wild;
and all in all things with God's virtue fill'd.

265

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE

THE wide world's accidents are apt to change,
and tickle Fortune stays not in a place;
but like the clouds continually doth range,
or like the sun that hath the night in chace.
Then as the heavens, by whom our hopes are guided,
do coast the earth with an eternal course,
we must not think a misery betided
will never cease but still grow worse and worse.
When icy Winter's past, then comes the Spring,
whom Summer's pride with sultry heat pursues;
to whom mild Autumn does earth's treasure bring,
the sweetest season that the wise can chuse.

Heaven's influence was ne'er so constant yet,
in good or bad as to continue it.

T. KYD

266

TO HIS MISTRESS SLEEPING

NOW gentle sleep has clos'd up those eyes
which waking kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
and free access unto those sweet lips lies
from whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were if I should steal
from those two melting rubies one poor kiss:
none sees the theft that would the thief reveal,
nor rob I her of ought that she can miss:

nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 there would be little sign I had done so.
 why then should I this robbery delay?
 oh, she may wake and therewith angry grow!
 Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
 and twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

G. WITHER

267

TO CASTARA IN A TRANCE

FORSAKE me not so soone. Castara, stay,
 and as I breake the prison of my clay,
 Ile fill the canvas with m'expiring breath,
 and with thee saile o'er the vast maine of death.
 Some cherubin thus, as we passe, shall play
 'Goe, happy twins of love:' the courteous sea
 shall smooth her wrinkled brow: the winds shall sleep
 or onely whisper musicke to the deepe:
 every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
 the sirens sing to please, not to betray:
 th'indulgent skie shall smile; each starry quire
 contend, which shall afford the brighter fire.

While Love the pilot steeres his course so even,
 neere to cast anchor till we reach at heaven.

W. HABINGTON

 268 *TO THE SPRING UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF
 CASTARA'S ABODE*

FAIRE mistress of the earth with garlands crown'd,
 rise, by a lover's charme, from the partcht ground,
 and shew thy flowry wealth: that she, where ere
 her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there.
 Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
 force thy affrighted lillies there to grow,
 thy roses in those gelid fields t' appeare;
 she absent, I have all their winter here.
 Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
 her the coole breathing of Favonius lend.
 Thither command the birds to bring their quires;
 that zone is temperate, I have all his fires.

Attend her, courteous Spring. though we should here
 lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

W. HABINGTON

269

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 of British Themis, with no mean applause
 pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 which others at their bar so often wrench;
 to-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 in mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 and what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 for other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 and disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 that with superfluous burden loads the day,
 and, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

J. MILTON

270

TVA SEMPER IMAGO RECVRSAT

NOW by the Muses won, I seize my lyre;
 now roused by valour's stern and manly call
 I grasp my flaming sword, in storm and fire,
 to plant our banner on some hostile wall:
 now sink my wearied limbs to silent rest,
 and now I wake and watch the lonely night;
 but thy fair form is on my heart impress'd
 through every change, a vision of delight!
 Where'er the glorious planet flings his beams,
 whatever land his golden orb illumines,
 thy memory ever haunts my blissful dreams,
 and a delightful Eden round me blooms:

fresh radiance clothes the earth, the sea, the skies,
 to mark the day that gave thee to mine eyes.

271

DELIA

TEARS vows and prayers win the hardest heart;
 tears vows and prayers have I spent in vain;
 tears cannot soften flint nor vows convert;
 prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.

I lose my tears, where I have lost my love;
 I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
 I pray in vain a merciless to move:
 so rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet tho' I cannot win her will with tears,
 tho' my soul's idol scorneth all my vows;
 tho' all my prayers be to so deaf ears,
 no favour tho' the cruel fair allows;

yet will I weep vow pray to cruel she:
 flint frost disdain wears melts and yields we see.

S. DANIEL

TIME, cruel time, come and subdue that brow
 which conquers all but thee; and thee too stays,
 as if she were exempt from scythe or bow,
 from love or years unsubject to decays.

Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,
 that they may help thee to consume our days?
 or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
 being merciless like thee that no man weighs?
 and yet thou see'st thy power she disobeys;
 cares not for thee but lets thee waste in vain;
 and prodigal of hours and years betrays
 beauty and youth t' opinion and disdain.

yet spare her, time; let her exempted be;
 she may become more kind to thee or me.

S. DANIEL

REIGN in my thoughts fair hand, sweet eye, rare
 voice;

possess me whole, my heart's triumvirate;
 yet heavy heart to make so hard a choice
 of such as spoil thy poor afflicted state.

for whilst they strive which shall be lord of all
 all my poor life by them is trodden down;
 they all erect their trophies on my fall,
 and yield me nought that gives them their renown.

when back I look, I sigh my freedom past
and wail the state wherein I present stand;
and see my fortune ever like to last,
finding me reined with such a heavy hand.

What can I do but yield? and yield I do
and serve all three; and yet they spoil me too.

S. DANIEL

274 *ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE*

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
my hasting days fly on with full career,
but my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
that I to manhood am arrived so near;
and inward ripeness doth much less appear,
that some more timely-happy spirits indueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
it shall be still in strictest measure even
to that same lot, however mean or high,
toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
as ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

J. MILTON

275 *TRANQUILLITY*

IN this tumultuous sphere for thee unfit
how seldom art thou found, Tranquillity!
unless 'tis when, with mild and downcast eye
by the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
and bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie;
or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death
where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
Oh! beautiful sister of the halcyon peace,
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
where care and anguish shall their power resign,
where hope alike and vain regret shall cease;
and memory, lost in happiness serene,
repeat no more that misery has been mine.

276

REVENGE

RELENTLESS power, whose iron grasp extends
o'er every tie that gives creation charms;
from fond affection's bleeding bosom rends
each social comfort circled in her arms.

Detested fiend, to pour woe's bitter draught
o'er drooping youth and sinking age, is thine:
blast the fine form with feeling beauty fraught,
and bear e'en lisping babes to sorrow's shrine.

For not alone is thy dread arm confest
where legal murders stain the smoking ground:
thy baneful poignard strikes the distant breast
and from afar inflicts the secret wound:

chases fair pleasure from the paths of life,
to haunt its ways with misery, pain and strife.

277

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu!
farewell soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew
and pour thy music on the night's dull ear.

Whether on spring thy wandering flights await
or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
the pensive Muse shall own you for her mate
and still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step the lovelorn youth shall glide
thro' the lone glade that shades thy mossy nest,
and shepherd-girls from eyes profane shall hide
the gentle bird who sings of pity best;

for still thy voice shall soft affections move
and still be dear to sorrow and to love.

C. SMITH

278

TO THE MOON

QUEEN of the silver bow, by thy pale beam,
alone and pensive, I delight to stray
and watch thy shadow trembling in the stream
or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way:

and while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
 and oft I think, fair planet of the night,
 that in thy orb the wretched may have rest,
 the sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
 released by death, to thy benignant sphere;
 and the sad children of despair and woe
 forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.

O that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

C. SMITH

279

SONNET

O N thy grey bark, in witness of my flame,
 I carve Miranda's cypher: Beauteous tree,
 graced with the lovely letters of her name,
 henceforth be sacred to my love and me!

Tho' the tall elm, the oak and darker pine,
 with broader arms, may noon's fierce ardours break,
 to shelter me and her I love be thine;
 and thine to see her smile and hear her speak.

No bird ill-omen'd round thy graceful head
 shall clamour harsh or wave his heavy wing,
 but fern and flowers arise beneath thy shade
 where the wild bees their lullabies shall sing.

And in thy boughs the murmuring ring-dove rest;
 and there the nightingale shall build her nest.

C. SMITH *from Metastasio*

280

TO LIBERTY

J UST Guardian of man's social bliss, for thee
 the paths of danger gladly would I tread:
 for thee contented join the glorious dead
 who nobly scorned a life that was not free.

But worse than death it pains my soul to see
 the Lord of ruin, by wild Uproar led,
 'Hell's first-born, Anarchy exalt his head
 and seize thy throne and bid us bow the knee!

What though his iron sceptre, blood-imbrued,
 crush half the nations with resistless might;
 never shall this firm spirit be subdued:
 in chains, in exile, still the chanted rite,
 O Liberty, to thee shall be renewed:
 O still be sea-girt Albion thy delight!

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN

WHERE these rude rocks on Bernard's summit
 nod,
 once heavenwards sprung the throne of Pennine Jove,
 an ancient shrine of hospitable Love,
 now burns the altar to the Christian's God.
 Here peaceful piety, age on age, has trod
 the waste; still keeps her vigils, takes her rest;
 still as of yore salutes the coming guest
 and cheers the weary as they onward rove,
 healing each wayworn limb; or oft will start,
 catching the storm-lost wanderer's sinking cry,
 speed the rich cordial to his ebbing heart,
 chafe his stiff limbs and bid him not to die.
 So tasked to smoothe stern winter's drifting wing
 and garb the eternal snows in more eternal spring.

D. M. MOIR

HOW fearful 'tis to walk the sounding shore,
 when lours the sky and winds are piping loud
 and round the beach the tearful maidens crowd
 scared at the swelling surge and thunder's roar!
 High o'er the cliff the screaming sea-mews soar,
 lost is the adventurous bark in stormy clouds,
 the shrill blast whistles through the fluttering shrouds,
 and lo! the gallant crew, that erst before
 secure rode tilting o'er the placid wave,
 scarce know to stem the black and boisterous main;
 and view with eyes aghast their watery grave.
 So fares it with the breast of him, the swain,
 who quits Content for mad Ambition's lore,
 short are his days and distant far the shore.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE

283

OUTWARD BOUND

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide
to some far distant land adventurous bound;
the sailors' busy cries from side to side
pealing among the echoing rocks resound;
a patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
joyful they enter on their ocean way,
with shouts exulting leave their native land,
and know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
who sorrows for a child or husband there?
who at the howling of the midnight wind
will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard and Heaven be kind!
go, gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair!

R. SOUTHEY

284

TO CLOE WEeping

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
the world in sympathy with thee:
the cheerful birds no longer sing;
each droops his head and hangs his wing:
the clouds have bent their bosom lower,
and shed their sorrows in a shower:
the brooks beyond their limits flow;
and louder murmurs speak their woe:
the nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
they heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
thy heart obdurate against Love:
strange tears! whose power can soften all
but that dear breast on which they fall.

M. PRIOR

285

ADVICE ON MARRIAGE

ΞΕΙΝΟΣ Ἀταρνείτης τις ἀνήρετο Πιττακὸν οὕτως
τὸν Μιτυληναῖον, παῖδα τὸν Ὑρραδέω,
ἄττα γέρον, δοιός με καλεῖ γάμος· ἡ μία μὲν δὴ
νύμφη καὶ πλούτῳ καὶ γενέῃ κατ' ἐμέ·
ἡ δ' ἐτέρη προβέβηκε. τί λῶϊον; εἰ δ' ἄγε, σὺν μοι
βούλευσον, ποτέρην εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγω.

εἶπεν· ὁ δὲ σκίπωνα, γεροντικὸν ὄπλον, αἰράς
 ‘ἡνίδε, κείνοι σοὶ πᾶν ἐρέουσιν ἔπος.
 (οἱ δ’ ἄρ’ ὑπὸ πληγῇσι θαῶς βέμβικας ἔχοντες
 ἔστρεφον εὐρείῃ παῖδες ἐνὶ τριόδῳ,
 ‘κείνων ἔρχεο’ φησί ‘μετ’ ἵχνια’. χῶ μὲν ἐπέστη
 πλησίον· οἱ δ’ ἔλεγον ‘τὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα’.
 ταῦτ’ αἶων ὁ ξείνος ἐφείσατο μείζονος οἴκου
 δράσασθαι παίδων κληδόνι συνθέμενος.
 τὴν δ’ ὀλίγην ὥς κείνος ἐς οἶκον ἀπήγετο νύμφην
 οὕτω καὶ σύ γ’ ἴων τὴν κατὰ σαυτὸν ἔλα.

CALLIMACHVS

286

A QUIET LIFE

SMALL are my treasures, my domain is small;
 but quietude makes that blameless little, great:
 my tranquil mind no tremors agitate—
 heedless if men my days should slothful call.

Go seek the camp—ascend some curule throne—
 all the vain joys that sway the bosom taste!
 mean though I am, by no distinctions graced,
 still, while I live, I call the hours mine own.

J. DUNLOP

287

TO A STAR

THOU little star, that in the purple clouds
 hang'st like a dew-drop in a violet-bed;
 as thro' my tears my soul looks up to thee,
 loathing the heavy chains that bind it here,
 there comes a fearful thought that misery
 perhaps is found even in thy distant sphere.
 Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,
 the heritage of death disease decay;
 a wilderness like that we wander in,
 where all things fairest soonest pass away?
 and are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,
 round which life's sweetest buds fall withered,
 where hope's bright wings in the dark earth lie furled
 and living hearts are mouldering with the dead?

F. A. BUTLER

288

TO PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS, would you have me love you,
truce with that affected scorn;
artless if I fail to move you,
I shall never learn to mourn.
You are but yourself disarming,
while you give your lover pain;
beauty ceases to be charming,
once 'tis tainted with disdain.
Use me kindly; fairest creature,
you shall ever find me true;
yet so stubborn is my nature,
slighted, I can bid adieu.

THURSTON

289

TO HIS LUTE

HUSH, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
of past joys, now turn'd to pain;
of ties that long have ceas'd to bind me,
but whose burning marks remain.
In each tone, some echo falleth
on my ears of joy gone by:
every note some dream recalleth
of bright hopes but born to die.
Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
once more let thy numbers thrill;
though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can e'er recover
love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—
better to weep such pleasures over,
than smile o'er any left us yet.

T. MOORE

290

THE RED-BREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY

WHAT ailed thee, Robin, that thou couldst pursue
a beautiful creature
that is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
from flower to flower let him fly;
'tis all that he wishes to do:
the cheerer Thou of our in-door sadness,
he is the friend of our summer gladness;

what hinders, then, that ye should be
 playmates in the sunny weather,
 and fly about in the air together!
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
 a crimson as bright as thine own;
 wouldst thou be happy in thy nest,
 O pious Bird! whom man loves best,
 love him or leave him alone!

W. WORDSWORTH

291 *THOSE WE LOVE FIRST ARE TAKEN FIRST*

THE wind, that beats the mountain, blows
 more softly round the open wold,
 and gently comes the world to those
 that are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,
 or else I had not dared to flow
 in these words toward you, and invade
 even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
 those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
 fall into shadow, soonest lost:
 those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
 he lends us; but, when love is grown
 to ripeness, that on which it throve
 falls off, and love is left alone.

A. TENNYSON

292 *THE INDIAN'S HOPE OF A FUTURE STATE*

THE soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
 rests and expatiates in a life to come.
 Lo the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
 sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind;
 his soul proud science never taught to stray
 far as the solar walk or Milky Way;
 yet simple nature to his hope has given
 behind the cloud-topped hill an humbler heaven;
 some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 some happier island in the watery waste,
 where slaves once more their native land behold,
 no fiends torment nor Christians thirst for gold:

to be contents his natural desire,
he asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
but thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
his faithful dog shall bear him company.

A. POPE

293

SOLES OCCIDERE ET REDIRE POSSUNT

EACH evening I behold the setting sun
with downward speed into the ocean run:
yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
exerts his vigour and renews his powers;
starts the bright race again: his constant flame
rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds:
these neither seasons guide, nor order binds:
they now dilate and now contract their force:
various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ooze
down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
the whole still runs with equal pace the same.
Still other waves supply the rising urns;
and the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

M. PRIOR

294

THE SAME

SUNS that set, and moons that wane,
rise and are restored again:
stars, that orient day subdues,
night at her return renews;
herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
of the genial womb of earth,
suffer but a transient death
from the winter's cruel breath:
zephyr speaks; serener skies
warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas! earth's haughty kings,
we that promise mighty things,
losing soon life's happy prime,
droop and fade in little time:
spring returns, but not our bloom;
still 'tis winter in the tomb.

W. COWPER

295

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE

WHEN chill the blast of winter blows,
 away the summer flies;
 the flowers resign their sunny robes,
 and all their beauty dies.
 Nipt by the year the forest fades;
 and, shaking to the wind,
 the leaves toss to and fro, and streak
 the wilderness behind.
 The winter past, reviving flowers
 anew shall paint the plain;
 and woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 and flourish green again:
 but man departs this earthly scene,
 ah! never to return!
 no second spring shall e'er revive
 the ashes of the urn.

J. LOGAN

296

SORROW AND SONG

WEEP not over poet's wrong,
 mourn not his mischances;
 sorrow is the source of song
 and of gentle fancies.
 Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
 when in tears they waken;
 earth enjoys refreshing showers
 when the boughs are shaken.
 Flowers by heedless footsteps prest
 all their sweets surrender;
 gold must brook the fiery test
 ere it show its splendour.
 Stars come forth, when Night her shroud
 draws as daylight fainteth;
 only on the tearful cloud
 God his rainbow painteth.

J. HEDDERWICK

297

THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF

WHY fearest thou thy outward foe,
 when thou thyself thy harm dost feed?
 Of grief or hurt, of pain or wo,
 within each thing is sown the seed.

So fine was never yet the cloth,
no smith so hard his iron did beat,
but the one consumed was with moth,
the other with canker all to-fret.
The knotty oak and wainscot old
within doth eat the silly worm:
e'en so a mind in envy roll'd
always within itself doth burn.
Thus every thing that Nature wrought
within itself his hurt doth bear:
no outward harm need to be sought
where enemies be within so near.

ANON

298

VIRTUE AND VICE

I SAW the virtuous man contend
with life's unnumber'd woes;
and he was poor, without a friend,
press'd by a thousand foes.
I saw the passions' pliant slave
in gallant trim, and gay;
his course was pleasure's placid wave,
his life a summer's day.
And I was caught in folly's snare,
and join'd her giddy train;
but found her soon the nurse of care
and punishment and pain.
There surely is some guiding power,
which rightly suffers wrong;
gives vice to bloom its little hour,
but virtue, late and long!

LORD STRANGFORD

299

BONIE BELL

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
and surly winter grimly flies;
now crystal clear are the falling waters,
and bonie blue are the sunny skies;
fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
the evening gilds the ocean's swell;
all creatures joy in the sun's returning,
and I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
 and yellow autumn presses near,
 then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 till smiling spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 but never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonie Bell.

R. BURNS

300

A LAMENT

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
 swifter far than youth's delight,
 swifter far than happy night,
 art thou come and gone:
 as the earth when leaves are dead,
 as the night when sleep is sped,
 as the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
 roses for a matron's head,
 violets for a maiden dead,
 pansies let my flowers be :
 on the living grave I bear,
 scatter them without a tear,
 let no friend, however dear,
 waste one hope, one fear for me.

P. B. SHELLEY

301 *A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER CHILD*

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 and pierced my darling's heart :
 and with him all the joys are fled
 life can to me impart !
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 in dust dishonour'd laid :
 so fell the pride of all my hopes,
 my age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 bewails her ravished young :
 so I, for my lost darling's sake,
 lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,—
now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
with him I love, at rest!

R. BURNS

302

TIME

'WHY sit'st thou by that ruined hall,
thou aged carle so stern and grey?
dost thou its former pride recal,
or ponder how it passed away?'
'Know'st thou not me?' the deep Voice cried;
'so long enjoyed, so oft misused—
alternate, in thy fickle pride,
desired, neglected, and accused?'
'Before my breath, like blazing flax,
man and his marvels pass away;
and changing empires wane and wax,
are founded, flourish, and decay.
'Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
while in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
and measureless thy joy or grief,
when Time and thou shalt part for ever!'

SIR W. SCOTT

303

A MORAL THOUGHT

THRO' groves sequestered, dark and still,
low vales and mossy cells among,
in silent paths the careless rill
with languid murmurs steals along.
Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
and lingering leaves its native plain;
then pours impetuous down the steep
and mingles with the boundless main.
O! let my years thus devious glide
through silent scenes obscurely calm:
nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
nor honour's sanguinary palm.
When labour tires and pleasure palls,
still let the stream untroubled be,
as down the steep of age it falls
and mingles with eternity.

J. HAWKESWORTH

304

CALEDONIA

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands
reckon

where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume,
far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
for there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
a listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
and cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,

what are they? the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
the slave's spicy forests and gold-bubbling fountains
the brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
he wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

R. BURNS

305

VISIONS OF FANCY

BLOWS not a blossom on the breast of spring,
breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
but fragrance, health, and melody succeed.

No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
no glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
so health and peace be near my humble home,
a cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,
then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray:
carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
and catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

Nor seldom, loitering as I muse along,
mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness
bore;

or listen to the labour-soothing song
of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

J. LANGHORNE

306

REFLECTIONS IN WINTER

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
concealing the course of the dark-winding rill;
how languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
as autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
and all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
how quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;
how long have I lived, but how much lived in vain;
how little of life's scanty span may remain:
what aspects old time in its progress has worn;
what ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn—
how foolish, or worse, till our summit is gained!
and downward, how weakened, how darkened, how
pained!
this life's not worth having with all it can give,
for something beyond it poor man sure must live.

R. BURNS

307

LAURA SLEEPING

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
and fan her with your cooling wings,
whilst she her drops of beauty weeps
from pure and yet-unrivall'd springs!

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
to kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
but with a calm and stealing pace,
neither too rude nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams and crisp her hair
with such a gale as wings soft love;
and with so sweet, so rich an air,
as breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hushed as lover's sigh,
or that unfolds the morning's door;
sweet as the winds that gently fly
to sweep the spring's enamell'd floor.

C. COTTON

308

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
 tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 thy rosy lips still wear a smile
 and move, and breathe delicious sighs!
 Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
 and mantle o'er her neck of snow:
 ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
 what most I wish—and fear to know!
 She starts, she trembles and she weeps!
 her fair hands folded on her breast:
 —and now, how like a saint she sleeps!
 a seraph in the realms of rest!
 Sleep on secure! above controul
 thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee:
 and may the secret of thy soul
 remain within its sanctuary!

S. ROGERS

309

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE

'FATHER, wake—the storm is loud,
 the rain is falling fast,
 let me go to my mother's grave
 and screen it from the blast;
 she cannot sleep, she will not rest,
 the wind is roaring so;
 we prayed that she might lie in peace—
 my father, let us go.'
 'Thy mother sleeps too firm a sleep
 to heed the wind that blows;
 there are Angel-charms that hush the noise
 from reaching her repose;
 her spirit in dreams of the blessed land
 is sitting at Jesus' feet;
 child, nestle thee in mine arms and pray
 our rest may be as sweet.'

H. ALFORD

310

TEARLESS EYE MAKES CAREFUL HEART

I HEARD thy fate without a tear,
 thy loss with scarce a sigh;
 and yet thou wast surpassing dear,
 too loved of all to die.

I know not what hath seared mine eye ;
the tears refuse to start ;
but every drop its lids deny
falls dreary on my heart.

Yes ; deep and heavy one by one
they sink and turn to care ;
as caverned waters wear the stone,
yet dropping harden there.
They cannot petrify more fast
than feelings sunk remain,
which, coldly fixt, regard the past,
but never melt again.

LORD BYRON

311

THE SNOWDROP

WITH head reclined the snowdrop see,
the first of Flora's progeny,
in virgin modesty appear
to hail and welcome in the year.

Fearless of winter, it defies
the rigour of inclement skies,
and early hastens forth to bring
the tidings of approaching spring.

Though simple in its dress and plain,
it ushers in a beauteous train ;
and claims, how gaudy e'er they be,
the merit of precedency.

All that the gay or sweet compose,
the pink, the violet and the rose,
in fair succession as they blow,
their glories to the snowdrop owe.

312

THE DOVE

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
when hast'ning fondly home,
ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
above all low delay,
where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, GOD, from every care
and stain of passion free,
aloft through Virtue's purer air
to hold my course to Thee!

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
my soul, as home she springs;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
thy freedom in her wings!

T. MOORE

313 *TEARS AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON*

THIS is that sable stone, this is the cave
and womb of earth, that doth his corpse embrace;
while others sing his praise, let me engrave
these bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe,
here will I pay my tribute to the dead:
and here my faithful tears in showers shall flow
to humanize the flints whereon I tread.

Where though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
and none between my weakness judge and me;
yet even those pensive walls allow my moan,
whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and dwell I rhyming here,
as if some Muse would listen to my lay?
when all distuned sit waiting for their dear,
and bathe the banks where he was wont to play?

SIR H. WOTTON

314

LABORVM DVLCE LENIMEN

MY soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
the harp I yet can brook to hear;
and let thy gentle fingers fling
its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.

If in this heart a hope be dear,
that sound shall charm it forth again:
if in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
or else this heavy heart will burst;

for it hath been by sorrow nursed,
 and ached in sleepless silence long;
 and now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
 and break at once—or yield to song.

LORD BYRON

315

ΝΟCΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΛΤΑΤΑ

COME, take thy harp; 'tis vain to muse
 upon the gathering ills we see;
 O! take thy harp and let me lose
 all thoughts of ill in hearing thee.
 Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
 thy song could make my soul forget—
 nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
 all may be well, be happy yet.
 Let me but see that snowy arm
 once more upon the dear harp lie,
 and I will cease to dream of harm,
 will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.
 Give me that strain of mournful touch,
 we us'd to love long, long ago,
 before our hearts had known as much
 as now alas! they bleed to know.

T. MOORE

316

THE HOPELESS LOVER

NOW spring has clad the groves in green,
 and strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
 the furrow'd waving corn is seen
 rejoice in fostering showers;
 while ilka thing in nature join
 their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 the weary steps of woe!
 The trout within yon wimpling burn
 glides swift, a silver dart,
 and safe beneath the shady thorn
 defies the angler's art:
 my life was once that careless stream,
 that wanton trout was I;
 but love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 has scorched my fountains dry.

- 317 The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 in yonder cliff that grows,
 which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 nae ruder visit knows,
 was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 and blighted a' my bloom,
 and now beneath the withering blast
 my youth and joy consume.

The waken'd laverock warbling springs
 and climbs the early sky,
 winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 in morning's rosy eye;
 as little recked I sorrow's power,
 until the flowery snare
 o' witching love, in luckless hour,
 made me the thrall o' care.

R. BURNS

- 318 *LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
 ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING*

NOW nature hangs her mantle green
 on ilka blooming tree,
 and spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 out-owre the grassy lea:
 now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 and glads the azure skies;
 but nocht can glad the weary wight
 that fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn
 aloft on dewy wing;
 the merle, in his noontide bower,
 makes woodland echoes ring;
 the mavis mild, wi' many a note,
 sings drowsy day to rest;
 in love and freedom they rejoice
 wi' care nor thrall opprest.

- 319 Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 the primrose down the brae;
 the hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 and milk-white is the slae;

the meanest hind in fair Scotland
may rove their sweets amang;
but I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
maun lie in prison strang.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
upon thy fortune shine;
and may those pleasures gild thy reign,
that ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
or turn their hearts to thee;
and where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
remember him for me!

R. BURNS

320

ELEGY—WRITTEN IN SPRING

'TIS past: the iron North has spent his rage;
stern Winter now resigns the length'ning day;
the stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
and warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
from southern climes beneath another sky
the Sun returning wheels his golden course:
before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
to his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
where throned on ice he holds eternal reign;
where whirlwinds madden and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
again puts forth her flowers; and all around
smiling the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

321 Behold! the trees now deck their wither'd boughs;
their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
the taper elm and lofty ash, disclose;
the blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

Now Spring returns: but not to me returns
the vernal joy my better years have known;
dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
and all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
 meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
 and count the silent moments as they pass,
 the winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 no art can stop or in their course arrest,
 whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 and lay me down in peace with them that rest.

322 Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
 and morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
 led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate
 and bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 the sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 which mortals visit and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains,
 enough for me the churchyard's lowly mound
 where melancholy with still silence reigns,
 and the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
 when death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
 rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 till the long night is gone and the last morn arise.

M. BRUCE

323

MAY

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
 and vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
 blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
 that sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dew were bright,
 and amorous zephyrs fluttered on her breast;
 with every shifting gleam of morning light
 the colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form,
 a golden key and golden wand she bore;
 this charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
 and that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
the grateful honours of mankind to taste;
to gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
and blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

E. LOVIBOND

324

TO MAY

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
sweet May, thy radiant form unfold;
unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
and wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
for thee descends the sunny shower;
the rills in softer murmurs flow,
and brighter blossoms gem the bower.
Light Graces dressed in flowery wreaths,
and tiptoe joys their hands combine;
and Love his sweet contagion breathes,
and laughing dances round thy shrine.
Warm with new life the glittering throngs
on quivering fin and rustling wing
delighted join their votive songs
and hail thee, Goddess of the Spring!

E. DARWIN

325

LOVE IN NATURE

THE clouds that wrap the setting sun,
when Autumn's softest gleams are ending,
where all bright hues together run
in sweet confusion blending:—
why, as we watch their floating wreath,
seem they the breath of life to breathe?
To Fancy's eye their motions prove,
they mantle round the Sun for love.
When up some woodland dale we catch
the many-twinkling smile of ocean,
or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
his chime of endless motion;
still, as the surging waves retire,
they seem to gasp with strong desire,
such signs of love old ocean gives,
we cannot choose but think he lives.

J. KEBLE

326

ON ÆOLUS' HARP

AETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
 who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
 ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
 and raise majestic strains or melt in love.
 Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
 with what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
 sure from the hand of some unhappy maid
 who died for love these sweet complainings part!
 But hark! that strain was of a graver tone;
 on the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
 or he, the sacred bard, who sat alone
 in the drear waste and wept his people's woes.
 Such was the song which Zion's children sung
 when by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;
 and to such sadly-solemn notes are strung
 angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

J. THOMSON

327

DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS

FAIR Amoret is gone astray;
 pursue and seek her, every lover;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 the wandering shepherdess discover.
 Coquet and coy at once her Air
 both studied, tho' both seem neglected;
 careless she is with artful care,
 affecting to seem unaffected.
 With skill her eyes dart every glance,
 yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
 for she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.
 She likes herself, yet others hates
 for that which in herself she prizes;
 and, while she laughs at them, forgets
 she is the thing that she despises.

W. CONGREVE

328

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 and I will pledge with mine;
 or leave a kiss but in the cup
 and I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
doth ask a drink divine:
but might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
not so much honouring thee,
as giving it a hope that there
it could not withered be;
but thou thereon didst only breathe,
and sent'st it back to me;
since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
not of itself but thee!

B. JONSON

329

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

OFt in the stilly night,
ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
fond memory brings the light
of other days around me;
the smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
the words of love then spoken;
the eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
the cheerful hearts now broken!

When I remember all
the friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
some banquet-hall deserted,
whose lights are fled, whose garland 's dead,
and all but he departed!

T. MOORE

330

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

GATHER ye Rose-buds while ye may,
old Time is still a flying;
and this same flower that smiles to-day,
to morrow will be dying.
The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
the higher he's a getting,
the sooner will his Race be run,
the neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
 When Youth and Blood are warmer;
 but being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
 and while ye may, goe marry:
 for having lost but once your prime,
 you may for ever tarry.

R. HERRICK

331

CHILD'S SONG

I HAVE a garden of my own
 shining with flowers of every hue;
 I loved it dearly while alone,
 but I shall love it more with you;
 and there the golden bees shall come
 in summer-time at break of morn,
 and wake us with their busy hum
 around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
 on leafy buds and berries nurst;
 and you shall feed him from your hand,
 though he may start with fear at first.
 And I will lead you where he lies
 for shelter in the noon-tide heat:
 and you may touch his sleeping eyes,
 and feel his little silvery feet.

T. MOORE

332

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
 a bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 a willow brook, that turns a mill,
 with many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
 shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
 and share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
 each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 and Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 in russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
where first our marriage-vows were given,
with merry peals shall swell the breeze,
and point with taper spire to Heaven.

S. ROGERS

333

THE PIRATE'S FAREWELL

FAREWELL! Farewell! the voice you hear
has left its last soft tone with you,—
its next must join the seaward cheer,
and shout among the shouting crew.
The accents which I scarce could form
beneath your frown's controlling check,
must give the word, above the storm,
to cut the mast and clear the wreck.
The timid eye I dared not raise,—
the hand, that shook when pressed to thine,—
must point the guns upon the chase,
must bid the deadly cutlass shine.
To all I love or hope or fear,
honour or own, a long adieu!
to all that life has soft and dear,
farewell! save memory of you!

SIR W. SCOTT

334

THE ADIEU

THE boatmen shout 'Tis time to part,
no longer we can stay;—
'twas then Maimuna taught my heart
how much a glance could say.
With trembling steps to me she came;
'farewell' she would have cried,
but ere her lips the word could frame
in half-formed sounds it died.
Then bending down with looks of love
her arms she round me flung;
and, as the gale hangs on the grove,
upon my breast she hung.
My willing arms embraced the maid,
my heart with raptures beat;
while she but wept the more and said
'would we had never met!'

J. D. CARLYLE

335

PARTING

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
 thou goest, thou darling of my heart
 severed from thee can I survive?
 but fate has willed, and we must part.
 I'll often greet this surging swell,
 yon distant isle will often hail:
 'e'en here I took the last farewell:
 there latest marked her vanished sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
 while flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
 across the rolling, dashing roar
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
 'Happy, thou Indian grove' I'll say
 'where now my Nancy's path may be!
 while thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me?'

R. BURNS

336

THE LAPLANDER'S LOVE SONG

HASTE, my reindeer, and let us nimbly go
 our amorous journey through this dreary waste;
 haste, my reindeer! still, still thou art too slow,
 impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.
 Around us far the rushy moors are spread:
 soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
 darkling and tired we shall the marshes tread,
 no lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.
 The watery length of these unjoyous moors
 does all the flowery meadows' pride excel;
 through these I fly to her my soul adores,
 ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.
 Each moment from the charmer I'm confined,
 my breast is tortured with impatient fires;
 fly, my reindeer, fly swifter than the wind,
 thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

SIR R. STEELE

337

DAPHNE'S VISIT

YE birds, for whom I reared the grove,
 with melting lay salute my love;
 my Daphne with your notes detain;
 or I have reared my grove in vain.

Ye flowers, before her footsteps rise,
display at once your brightest dyes,
that she your opening charms may see;
or what were all your charms to me?

Ye streams, if e'er your banks I loved,
if e'er your native sounds improved,
may each soft murmur soothe my fair,
or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou my grot, whose lonely bounds
the melancholy pine surrounds,
may Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom;
or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb.

W. SHENSTONE

338

PRAYER FOR MARY

POWERS celestial, whose protection
ever guards the virtuous fair,
while in distant climes I wander,
let my Mary be your care:
let her form sae fair and faultless,
fair and faultless as your own;
let my Mary's kindred spirit
draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
soft and peaceful as her breast;
breathing in the breeze that fans her,
soothe her bosom into rest:
guardian angels, O protect her,
when in distant lands I roam;
to realms unknown while fate exiles me,
make her bosom still my home.

R. BURNS

339

SAPPHO'S VISION

A SPRING there is, whose silver waters show,
clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
a flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
shades all the banks and seems itself a grove;
eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
watched by the sylvan genius of the place:
here as I lay and swelled with tears the flood,
before my sight a watery virgin stood:

she stood and cried 'O you that love in vain
 fly hence and seek the far Leucadian main;
 there stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
 there injured lovers, leaping from above,
 their flames extinguish and forget to love.
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned,
 in vain he loved; relentless Pyrrha scorned:
 but when from hence he plunged into the main,
 Deucalion scorned, and Pyrrha loved in vain.'

A. PCPE

340

THE MIDSUMMER WISH

W AFT me some soft and cooling breeze
 to Windsor's shady kind retreat,
 where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
 repel the dog-star's raging heat:
 where tufted grass and mossy beds
 afford a rural calm repose:
 where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 and fragrant sweets around disclose.
 Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 along the smiling valley plays;
 his glassy surface cheers the eye,
 and through the flowery meadows strays.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
 with naked arm once more divide:
 in thee my glowing bosom lave
 and stem thy gently rolling tide.

R. CROXALL

341

AN EMBLEM OF LOVE

S TILL glides the gentle streamlet on,
 with shifting current new and strange;
 the water that was here is gone,
 but those green shadows never change.
 Serene or ruffled by the storm,
 on present waves, as on the past,
 the mirrored grove retains its form,
 the self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,
that drop bequeaths it to the next;
one picture still the surface bears,
to illustrate the murmured text.

So, love, however time may flow,
fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
one constant image still shall show
my tide of life is true to thee.

T. HOOD

342

SONG

SONG should breathe of scents and flowers;
song should like a river flow:
song should bring' back scenes and hours,
that we loved—ah, long ago!
song from baser thoughts should win us;
song should charm us out of woe;
song should stir the heart within us,
like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
war and peace, and ill and wrong—
all things that the Soul subdueth,
should be vanquished, too, by song.

Song should spur the mind to duty,
nerve the weak and stir the strong:
every deed of truth and beauty
should be crowned by starry song!

B. W. PROCTER

343

MUSIC AND WINE

THE rites derived from ancient days
with thoughtless reverence we praise,
the rites that taught us to combine
the joys of music and of wine;
that bade the feast, the song, the bowl,
o'erfill the saturated soul;
but ne'er the flute nor lyre applied
to soothe despair or soften pride;
nor called them to the gloomy cells
where Want repines and Vengeance swells;
where Hate sits musing to betray,
and Murder meditates his prey.

To dens of guilt and shades of care
 ye sons of melody repair;
 nor deign the festive hour to cloy
 with superfluity of joy;
 the board with varied plenty crowned
 may spare the luxury of sound.

S. JOHNSON

344

THE BURIED FLOWER

EARLY wert thou taken, Mary!
 in thy fair and glorious prime,
 ere the bees had ceased to murmur
 through the umbrage of the lime.
 Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
 birds were singing on the tree,
 everything was bright and glowing,
 when the angels came for thee.
 Death had laid aside his terrors,
 and he found thee calm and mild,
 lying in thy robes of whiteness,
 like a pure and stainless child.
 Hardly had the mountain violet
 spread its blossom on the sod,
 ere they laid the turf above thee,
 and thy spirit rose to God.

345 Early wert thou taken, Mary!
 and I know 'tis vain to weep—
 tears of mine can never wake thee
 from thy sad and silent sleep.
 O away! my thoughts are earthward!
 not asleep, my love, art thou!
 dwelling in the land of glory
 with the saints and angels now.
 Brighter, fairer far than living,
 with no trace of woe or pain,
 robed in everlasting beauty,
 shall I see thee once again,
 by the light that never fadeth,
 underneath eternal skies,
 when the dawn of resurrection
 breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

W. E. AYTOUN

346

EPITAPH ON MRS JANE CLERKE

L O! where this silent marble weeps,
a friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
a heart, within whose sacred cell
the peaceful virtues loved to dwell:
affection warm, and faith sincere,
and soft humanity were there:
in agony, in death resign'd,
she felt the wound she left behind;
her infant image here below
sits smiling on a father's woe;
whom what awaits, while yet he strays
along this lonely vale of days?
a pang to secret sorrow dear,
a sigh, an unavailing tear;
till Time shall every grief remove
with life, with memory and with love.

T. GRAY

347

THE HAPPY SPIRIT

B R I G H T be the place of thy soul!
no lovelier spirit than thine
e'er burst from its mortal control,
in the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
as thy soul shall immortally be;
and our sorrow may cease to repine,
when we know that thy God is with thee.
Light be the turf of thy tomb!
may its verdure like emeralds be:
there should not be the shadow of gloom
in aught that reminds us of thee.
Young flowers and an evergreen tree
may spring from the spot of thy rest;
but no cypress nor yew let us see;
for why should we mourn for the blest?

LORD BYRON

348

THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE

T H E Rose was sick, and smiling died;
and, being to be sanctified,
about the bed there sighing stood
the sweet and flowrie Sisterhood.

Some hung the head, while some did bring,
 to wash her, water from the spring;
 some laid her forth, while other wept,
 but all a solemn fast there kept.
 The holy Sisters some among
 the sacred dirge and trentall sung;
 but ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
 as Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
 At last, when prayers for the dead
 and rites were all accomplishéd;
 they weeping spread a lawnie loom,
 and closed her up as in a tombe.

R. HERRICK

349 *EXCIPE VIRTUTEM, CETERA MORTIS ERUNT*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 the bridal of the earth and sky:
 the dew shall weep thy fall to night;
 for thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 thy root is ever in its grave,
 and thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 a box where sweets compacted lie,
 my music shows ye have your closes,
 and all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 like seasoned timber, never gives;
 but though the whole world turns to coal,
 then chiefly lives.

G. HERBERT

350

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
 a Nymph, a Naiad or a Grace,
 of finer form or lovelier face.
 What though the sun with ardent frown
 had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
 the sportive toil, which short and light
 had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
 served too in hastier swell to show
 short glimpses of a breast of snow;

what though no rule of courtly grace
to measured mood had trained her pace,
a foot more light, a step more true,
ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
e'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
elastic from her airy tread.

SIR W. SCOTT

351

THE DEAD WARRIOR

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
she nor swooned nor uttered cry:
all her maidens, watching, said
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
called him worthy to be loved,
truest friend and noblest foe;
yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
lightly to the warrior stept,
took the face-cloth from the face;
yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
set his child upon her knee—
like summer-tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

A. TENNYSON

352

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
beneath is a soldier lying;
the death wound came amid sword and plume,
when banner and ball were flying.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
there was woman's gentler weeping,
and the wailing of age and infant cries,
o'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer:—
these are words that are vainly spoken
to the childless mother or orphan's ear,
or the widow whose heart is broken,

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone
 half-hidden by yonder willow;
 there he sleeps, whose death in battle was won
 but who died on his own home-pillow.

L. E. L.

353

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE

THE place is silent. Rarely sound
 is heard these ancient walls around,
 no sound of human toil or strife
 in death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
 or breaks the silence still and deep
 where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
 art laid in that unstartled sleep
 the living eye hath never known.
 My brother, those were happy days,
 when thou and I were children yet!
 how fondly memory still surveys
 those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!
 my soul was then as thine is now,
 unstained by sin, unstung by pain;
 peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
 mine ne'er will be so calm again.

354

I feel not now, as then I felt:
 the sunshine of my heart is o'er;
 the spirit now is changed which dwelt
 within me in the days of yore.
 But thou wert snatched, my brother, hence
 in all thy guileless innocence:
 I stood not by thy feverish bed,
 I looked not on thy glazing eye,
 nor gently lulled thy aching head,
 nor viewed thy dying agony!
 one sentence told me in a breath
 my brother's illness and his death!
 And days of mourning glided by
 and brought me back my gaiety;
 for soon in childhood's wayward heart
 doth crushed affection cease to smart.

355

Again I joined the sportive crowd
 of boyish playmates wild and loud;
 I learnt to view with careless eye
 my sable garb of misery;

no more I wept my brother's lot,—
his image was almost forgot;
and every deeper shade of pain
had vanished from my soul again.
The well-known morn I used to greet
with boyhood's joy at length was beaming,
and thoughts of home and rapture sweet
in every eye but mine were gleaming:
but I, amidst that youthful band
of bounding hearts and beaming eyes,
nor smiled nor spoke at joy's command
nor felt those wonted ecstasies!

356 I loved my home, but trembled now
to view my father's altered brow;
I feared to meet my mother's eye,
and hear her voice of agony;
I feared to view my native spot,
where he who loved it now was not:
the pleasures of my home were fled,
my brother slumbered with the dead.
I drew near to my father's gate;
no smiling faces met me now,
I entered,—all was desolate,
grief sat upon my mother's brow;
I heard her, as she kissed me, sigh;
a tear stood in my father's eye;
my little brothers round me pressed,
in gay, unthinking childhood blessed;
long, long that hour has passed; but when
shall I forget its gloomy scene!

357 And years have passed—and thou art now
forgotten in thy silent tomb;
and cheerful is my mother's brow;
my father's eye has lost its gloom;
and years have passed—and death has laid
another victim by thy side;
with thee he roams, an infant shade,
but not more pure than thee he died.
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest
beside the spot he loved the best;
and that dear home, which saw your birth,
o'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
your angel-spirits wander o'er!

and who can tell what raptures high
now bless your immortality!

- 358 My boyish days are nearly gone;
my breast is not unsullied now;
and worldly cares and woes will soon
cut their deep furrows on my brow,—
and life will take a darker hue
from ills my brother never knew;
and I have made me bosom friends,
and loved and linked my heart with others;
but who with mine his spirit blends,
as mine was blended with my brother's?
When years of rapture glided by,
the spring of life's unclouded weather,
our souls were knit, and thou and I,
my brother, grew in life together.
The chain is broke that bound us then;
when shall I find its like again?

J. MOULTRIE

359

ARCITE ON MAY-MORNING

THE morning-lark, the messenger of day,
saluted in her song the morning gray;
and soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
that all the horizon laughed to see the joyous sight;
he with his tepid rays the rose renews,
and licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews;
when Arcite left his bed, resolved to pay
observance to the month of merry May:
forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
that scarcely prints the turf on which he trode:
at ease he seemed, and, prancing o'er the plains,
turned only to the grove his horse's reins,
the grove I named before; and lighted there,
a woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
then turned his face against the rising day,
and raised his voice to welcome in the May.

J. DRYDEN

360

HAPPINESS OF CONTENT

HAPPY the man, of mortals happiest he,
whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
but lives at peace within himself content;

in thought or act accountable to none,
but to himself and to his God alone:
O sweetness of content! heart-soothing joy!
which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.
Welcome ye groves—here let me ever dwell;
and bid the haunts of men a long farewell.
How sweet the morning! and the day how bright!
how calm the evening! and how still the night!
from hence, as from a hill, I view below
the crowded world, a mighty wood in show;
where several wanderers travel day and night
by different paths, and none are in the right.

361

THE BEGGAR MAID

HER arms across her breast she laid;
she was more fair than words can say:
bare-footed came the Beggar maid
before the king Cophetua.

In robe and crown the king stepped down,
to meet and greet her on her way;

'It is no wonder' said the lords
'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
she in her poor attire was seen:
one praised her ancles, one her eyes,
one her dark hair and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
in all that land had never been:

Cophetua sware a royal oath:

'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'

A. TENNYSON

362

ON LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to forme unto my zealous Muse,
what kinde of creature I could most desire,
to honour, serve and love; as Poets use.
I meant to make her faire and free and wise,
of greatest blood and yet more good than great,
I meant the day-starre should not brighter rise,
nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.

I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
 hating that solemn vice of Greatnesse, pride;
 I meant each softest vertue there should meet,
 fit in that softer bosome to reside.

Only a learned and a manly soule

I purposed her; that should with even powers
 the rock, the spindle, and the sheeres controule
 of Destinie, and spin her owne free houres.

Such when I meant to faine, and wished to see,
 my Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was shee.

B. JONSON

363 *INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE*

O YOU that bathe in courtly blysse,
 or toyle in Fortunes giddy speare;
 do not too rashlye deem amyse
 of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale
 which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs:
 nor yet deryde the beechen bowle
 in whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him if at eve or dawne,
 devoide of worldlye cark, he stray,
 or all beside some flowerye lawne
 he waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
 if such in courtlye haunt he see:
 for faults there beene in busye life,
 from whyche these peaceful glennes are free.

W. SIENSTONE

364

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

BUT hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow:—
 to horse, to horse! a day of blood to-morrow:
 one parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
 fly to the field, to triumph—or to die!—
 He goes, and Night comes as it never came,
 with shrieks of horror and a vault of flame!
 and lo, when morning mocks the desolate,
 red runs the river by; and at the gate

breathless a horse without his rider stands !
but hush!...a shout from the victorious bands !
and oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored !
one wears his helm, one buckles on his sword ;
one hangs the wall with laurel leaves, and all
spring to prepare the soldier's festival ;
while She best loved, till then forsaken never,
clings round his neck as she would cling for ever !

S. ROGERS

365

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
and, while they warble from each spray,
love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
like them improve the hour that flies,
and in soft raptures waste the day
among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
and age, life's winter, will appear ;
at this, thy living bloom must fade,
as that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er ;
the feathered songsters love no more :
and when they droop, and we decay,
adieu the shades of Endermay !

D. MALLET

366

THE POWER OF LOVE

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
as on that night of stormy water
when Love, who sent, forgot to save
the young, the beautiful, the brave,
the lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
O, when alone along the sky
her turret-torch was blazing high,
though rising gale and breaking foam
and shrieking sea-birds warned him home ;

and clouds aloft and tides below,
 with signs and sounds, forbade to go,
 he could not see, he would not hear,
 or sound or sign foreboding fear;
 his eye but saw that light of love,
 the only star it hail'd above;
 his ear but rang with Hero's song,
 'Ye waves, divide not lovers long!'—
 That tale is old, but love anew
 may nerve young hearts to prove as true.

367 The winds are high, and Helle's tide
 rolls darkly heaving to the main;
 and Night's descending shadows hide
 that field with blood bedewed in vain;
 the desert of old Priam's pride;
 the tombs, sole relics of his reign,
 all—save immortal dreams that could beguile
 the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

Minstrel! with thee to press that shore,
 to trace again those fields of yore,
 believing every hillock green
 contains no fabled hero's ashes,
 and that around the undoubted scene
 thine own 'broad Hellespont' still dashes,
 be long my lot! and cold were he
 who there could gaze denying thee!

LORD BYRON

368

ODE

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
 ah! tell me, whither art thou fled?
 to what delightful world above,
 appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure roam,
 and sometimes share thy lover's woe,
 where void of thee his cheerless home
 can now alas! no comfort know?

O, if thou hoverest round my walk,
 while under every well-known tree
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,
 and every tear is full of thee;

should then the weary eye of grief,
beside some sympathetic stream,
in slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream !

J. THOMSON

369

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER

AH! why, unfeeling Winter, why
still flags thy torpid wing?
fly, melancholy season, fly,
and yield the year to Spring.

When on the mountain's azure peak
alights her fairy form,
cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
for shelter and defence,
thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
and drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook ;—the faithless brook,
of her unmindful grown,
feels the chill magic of thy look
and lingers into stone.

370

She woos her embryo-flowers in vain
to rear their infant heads ;
deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
their green luxuriant charms ;—
bare in the wilderness they stand,
and stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
lament thy long delay ;
and strain their little stammering throats
to charm thy blasts away.

Ah! Winter,—calm thy cruel rage,
release the struggling year ;
thy power is past, decrepit sage,
arise and disappear !

J. MONTGOMERY

371

CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL

A DIEU, adieu! my native shore
fades o'er the waters blue;
the night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
and shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
we follow in his flight;
farewell awhile to him and thee,
my native Land—Good Night!
A few short hours and He will rise
to give the morrow birth;
and I shall hail the main and skies,
but not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
its hearth is desolate;
wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
my dog howls at the gate.

372

Come hither, hither, my little page;
why dost thou weep and wail?
or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
our ship is swift and strong:
our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
more merrily along.
'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind:
yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
am sorrowful in mind:
for I have from my father gone,
a mother whom I love,
and have no friend, save these alone,
but thee—and One above.'

373

And now I'm in the world alone,
upon the wide, wide sea:
but why should I for others groan,
when none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
till fed by stranger hands;
but long ere I come back again,
he'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
athwart the foaming brine;
nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
so not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves;
and, when you fail my sight,
welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
my native Land—Good Night!

LORD BYRON

374

THE WILLOW AND ITS LESSON

SEE the soft green willow springing
where the waters gently pass,
every way her free arms flinging
o'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
see her tipp'd with vernal red,
and her kindly flower display'd
ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
patiently she droops awhile,
but when showers and breezes hail her,
wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
from the slighted willow bower,
ready to give thanks and live
on the least that Heaven may give.

J. KEBLE

375

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
what more than magic in you lies
to fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports companions gay,
in sorrow, on life's downward way,
how soothing! in our last decay,
memorials prompt and true.
Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
that daily court you and caress,
how few the happy secret find
of your calm loveliness!

'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
to-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
go sleep like closing flowers at night,
and heaven thy morn will bless.'

J. KEBLE

376

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

BELOVED age of innocence and smiles,
when each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles:
when the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Blest childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
and from myself the artless picture bring:
these long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
each humble friend, each pleasure now no more.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,
and once again each infant walk explore;
while as each grove and lawn I recognise,
my melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

H. K. WHITE

377

THE DYING PATRIOT TO HIS COUNTRY

WHEN he, who adores thee, has left but the name
of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
thy tears shall efface their decree:
for Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.
With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
every thought of my reason was thine;
in my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
thy name shall be mingled with mine.
O! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
the days of thy glory to see:
but the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
is the pride of thus dying for thee.

T. MOORE

378

SIR EUSTACE GREY

BUT I deserved;—for all that time,
when I was loved, admired, caressed,
there was within each secret crime
unfelt, uncanceled, unconfessed;
I never then my God addressed
in grateful praise or humble prayer;
and if His Word was not my jest—
(dread thought!) it never was my care.
I doubted:—fool I was to doubt!
if that all-piercing eye could see,—
if He who looks all worlds throughout,
would so minute and careful be,
as to perceive and punish me:—
with man I would be great and high,
but with my God so lost, that He
in His large view should pass me by.

G. CRABBE

379

HONEST FAME

HOW vain that second life in others' breath,
the estate which wits inherit after death!
ease, health and life for this they must resign
(unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
she comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
as soothing folly, or exalting vice:
O! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
and follow still where fortune leads the way;
or if no basis bear my rising name,
but the fallen ruins of another's fame;
then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

A. POPE

380

SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVEN-TIDE

HOW richly glows the water's breast
before us, tinged with evening hues,
while, facing thus the crimson west,
the boat her silent course pursues!

And see how dark the backward stream,
 a little moment past so smiling!
 and still, perhaps, with faithless gleam
 some other loiterers beguiling.
 Such views the youthful Bard allure;
 but, heedless of the following gloom,
 he deems their colours shall endure
 till peace go with him to the tomb.
 —And let him nurse his fond deceit,
 and what if he must die in sorrow!
 who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
 though grief and pain may come to-morrow?

W. WORDSWORTH

381

THE WIZARD BEFORE THE FLOOD

A GOATHERD fed his flocks on many a steep,
 where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep:
 a melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
 yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
 the first of woman born that might presume
 to wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb.
 'Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood,
 eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood:
 spirits of fire and air, of sea and land
 came at his call and flew at his command:
 his spells so potent, that his changing breath
 open'd or shut the gates of life and death:
 the name and place of every herb he knew,
 its healing balsam or pernicious dew:
 the meanest reptile and the noblest beast
 obeyed his mandate and his high behest.

J. MONTGOMERY

382

THE ARAB MAID'S SONG

THERE's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 and the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
 in the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 to sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
 That bower and its music I never forget,
 but oft when alone in the bloom of the year
 I think,—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave;
but some blossoms were gathered while freshly they
shone,

and a dew was distilled from the flowers, that gave
all the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
an essence that breathes of it many a year;
thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

T. MOORE

383

PANEGYRIC OF ENGLAND

OUR little world, the image of the great,
like that, amid the boundless Ocean set,
of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
and all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely
but to the Nile owes more than to the sky,
so what our earth and what our heaven denies,
our ever constant friend, the sea supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
without the worm in Persian silks we shine;
and, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs;
gold, tho' the heaviest metal, hither swims;
ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
we plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

E. WALLER

384

LOVE OF FATHERLAND

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land?'
whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
as home his footsteps he hath turned
from wandering on a foreign strand!—
if such there breathe, go, mark him well;
for him no minstrel raptures swell;

high though his titles, proud his name,
 boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
 despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 the wretch concentrated all in self,
 living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 and, doubly dying, shall go down
 to the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

- 385 O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 meet nurse for a poetic child,
 land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 land of the mountain and the flood,
 land of my sires! what mortal hand
 can e'er untie the filial band,
 that knits me to thy rugged strand!
 still, as I view each well-known scene,
 think what is now, and what hath been,
 seems as to me, of all bereft,
 sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
 and thus I love them better still
 even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 though none should guide my feeble way:
 still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 although it chill my withered cheek;
 still lay my head by Teviot stone,
 though there, forgotten and alone,
 the Bard may draw his parting groan.

SIR W. SCOTT

386

A WISH

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 and I, a bird to shelter there,
 when wearied on my little wing:
 how I wad mourn, when it was torn
 by autumn wild and winter rude!
 but I wad sing on wanton wing
 when youthfu' May its bloom renewed.
 O gin my love were yon red rose,
 that grows upon the castle wa',
 and I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 into her bonie breast to fa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
'till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

R. BURNS

387

TO A YEW-TREE

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
that name the under-lying dead,
thy fibres net the dreamless head;
thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
and bring the firstling to the flock;
and in the dusk of thee, the clock
beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
who changest not in any gale,
nor branding summer suns avail
to touch thy thousand years of gloom:

and gazing on thee, sullen tree,
sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood,
and grow incorporate into thee.

A. TENNYSON

388

TO MAY

THOUGH many suns have risen and set
since thou, blithe May, wert born,
and Bards, who hailed thee, may forget
thy gifts, thy beauty scorn:
there are who to a birth-day strain
confine not harp and voice,
but evermore throughout thy reign
are grateful and rejoice!

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,
if yon ethereal blue
with its soft smile the truth express,
the heavens have felt it too.

The inmost heart of man if glad
partakes a livelier cheer;
and eyes that cannot but be sad
let fall a brightened tear.

- 389 Lo! streams that April could not check
 are patient of thy rule;
 gurgling in foamy water-break,
 loitering in glassy pool:
 by thee, thee only, could be sent
 such gentle mists as glide,
 curling with unconfirmed intent,
 on that green mountain's side.
 Season of fancy and of hope,
 permit not for one hour
 a blossom from thy crown to drop,
 nor add to it a flower!
 keep, lovely May, as if by touch
 of self-restraining art,
 this modest charm of not too much,
 part seen, imagined part!

W. WORDSWORTH

390 *TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS
 FATHER*

THAT for seven lusters I did never come
 to doe the rites to thy religious tombe:
 that neither haire was cut, or true teares shed
 by me, or thee, (as justments to the dead)
 forgive, forgive me: since I did not know
 whether thy bones had here their rest, or no.
 But now 'tis known, Behold, behold, I bring
 unto thy ghost th' effuséd offering:
 and look, what smallage, night-shade, cypresse, yew,
 unto the shades have been, or now are due,
 here I devote: and something more then so:
 I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.
 Thou gav'st me life, but mortall: for that one
 favour, Ile make full satisfaction;
 for my life mortall, rise from out thy herse,
 and take a life immortall from my verse.

R. HERRICK

391 *FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE*

WHEN fair Serena first I knew,
 by friendship's happy union charm'd,
 incessant joys around her flew,
 and gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.

But when with fond officious care
I press'd to breathe my amorous pain;
her lips spoke nought but cold despair,
her eyes shot ice thro' every vein.

Thus in Italia's lovely vales
the sun his genial vigour yields;
reviving heat each sense regales,
and plenty crowns the smiling fields.

When nearer we approach his ray,
high on the Alp's tremendous brow,
surpris'd we see pale sun-beams play
on everlasting hills of snow.

T. SEWARD

392

THE PIRATES' SONG

'O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
survey our empire and behold our home!
ours the wild life in tumult still to range
from toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried
and danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
the exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
that thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
that for itself can woo the approaching fight,
and turn what some deem danger to delight?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
save that it seems even duller than repose:
come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
when lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?"

393

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
around the kindling watch-fire rang the while;
such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
and unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!
in scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
they game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand;
select the arms—to each his blade assign,
and careless eye the blood that dims its shine;
repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
while others straggling muse along the shore;
for the wild bird the busy springes set,
or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;

gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
 with all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;
 tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
 and marvel where they next shall seize a spoil.

LORD BYRON

394

AUTUMN

ALAS! with swift and silent pace
 A impatient time rolls on the year;
 the seasons change, and Nature's face
 now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
 now autumn bends a cloudy brow:
 the flowers of spring are swept away,
 and summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that played on high,
 and wantoned on the western breeze,
 now trod in dust neglected lie,
 as Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that waved with golden grain
 as russet heaths are wild and bare;
 not moist with dew, but drenched in rain,
 nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

S. JOHNSON

395

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP

'TIS believed that this Harp, which I wake now for
 thee,
 was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
 and who often at eve thro' the bright waters roved,
 to meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 and in tears all the night her gold tresses to steep;
 till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 and changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the
 same—

while her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light
 frame;

and her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
 was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been
known

to mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay
to speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

T. MOORE

396

THE MINSTREL BOY

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
in the ranks of death you'll find him :
his father's sword he has girded on,
and his wild harp slung behind him.—

'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard
'though all the world betrays thee,
'*one* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
'*one* faithful harp shall praise thee !'

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
could not bring his proud soul under :
the harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
for he tore its chords asunder,
and said 'No chains shall sully thee,
thou soul of love and bravery!
thy songs were made for the pure and free,
they shall never sound in slavery.'

T. MOORE

397

FLOW on, thou shining river ;
but, ere thou reach the sea,
seek Ella's bower and give her
the wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
the current of our lives shall be,
with joys along their course to shine,
like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
then leave those wreaths to wither
upon the cold bank there ;
and tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
her lone and loveless charms shall be
thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
like those sweet flowers from thee.

T. MOORE

398 **L**IKE one who, doomed o'er distant seas
 his weary path to measure,
 when home at length with fav'ring breeze
 he brings the far-sought treasure ;
 his ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
 that shore to which he hasted ;
 and all the wealth he thought his own
 is o'er the waters wasted.
 Like him, this heart, through many a track
 of toil and sorrow straying,
 one hope alone brought fondly back,
 its toil and grief repaying.
 Like him, alas, I see that ray
 of hope before me perish,
 and one dark minute sweep away
 what years were given to cherish.

T. MOORE

399

MEDITATION

THIS is the hour, the hour of rest,
 by sages loved, by poets sung,
 when 'midst the stillness of the breast
 the gates of thought are open flung ;
 and clearer through the silent void
 is heard the voice of truth supreme,
 and brighter through the gloom descried
 the torch of wisdom sheds its beam.
 When the strong soul, unfettered, wings
 where'er she lists her flight sublime,
 thro' earthly or eternal things,
 thro' good or ill, thro' space or time :
 o'er early errors heaves the sigh,
 looks downward thro' unfolding years,
 and broods on coming grief or joy
 with tranquil hope and chastened fears.

W. S. WALKER

400

WISDOM COMES TOO LATE IN OLD AGE

WE'VE trod the maze of error round,
 long wandering in the winding glade ;
 and now the torch of truth is found,
 it only shows us where we strayed :

by long experience taught we know,
can rightly judge of friends and foes;
can all the worth of these allow,
and all the faults discern in those.

Now 'tis our boast, that we can quell
the wildest passions in their rage,
can their destructive force repel,
and their impetuous wrath assuage:
ah! Virtue, dost thou arm, when now
this bold rebellious race are fled;
when all these tyrants rest, and thou
art warring with the mighty dead?

G. CRABBE

401

STELLA AND FLAVIA

STELLA and Flavia every hour
do various hearts surprise;
in Stella's soul lies all her power,
and Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
and Stella's more confined:
all can discern a face that's fair,
but few a heavenly mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarchs, reigns
o'er cultivated lands;
like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
to rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
thy beauty's only store,
each day that makes thy charms decrease
will yield to Stella more.

L. PILKINGTON

402

THE DYING LOVER

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain;
thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls opprest and dumb with grief,
the gods ordain this kind relief;
that music should in sounds convey,
what dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 but love on pity cannot live:
 tell her that hearts for hearts were made
 and love with love is only paid:
 tell her my pains so fast increase,
 that soon they will be past redress;
 but ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
 attends but death to close his eyes.

J. DRYDEN

403

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS

FLATTERED with promise of escape
 from every hurtful blast,
 spring takes, O sprightly May, thy shape,
 her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
 in fierce solstitial power,
 less fair than when a lenient sky
 brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheaves
 the labours of the plough,
 and ripening fruits and forest leaves
 all brighten on the bough;
 what pensive beauty Autumn shows,
 before she hears the sound
 of winter rushing in, to close
 the emblematic round!

W. WORDSWORTH

404

TO AMANDA

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 and to the rural hamlets fly!
 behold! the wintry storms are gone;
 a gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flowers appear,
 earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
 'tis joy and music all we hear,
 'tis love and beauty all we see.

Come let us mark the gradual Spring,
 how peep the buds, the blossom blows;
 till Philomel begins to sing,
 and perfect May to swell the rose.

E'en so thy rising charms improve,
as life's warm season grows more bright;
and, opening to the sighs of love,
thy beauties glow with full delight.

J. THOMSON

405 *MY BELOVED SPAKE AND SAID UNTO ME*

RISE up, my love, my fair one, and come away!
for lo the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone:
the flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come;
and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!
O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock,
let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.
Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines;
for our vines have tender grapes.

SONG OF SOLOMON

406 *NEW YEAR'S HYMN*

AS o'er the past my memory strays,
why heaves the secret sigh?
'tis that I mourn departed days,
still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved
my anxious thoughts employed,
and time unhallowed, unimproved,
presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
chase from my labouring breast;
thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
that grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be Thine,
and, when Thy sure decree
bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to Thee!

T. F. MIDDLETON

407

THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH those fruit-tree boughs that shed
 their snow-white blossoms on my head
 with brightest sunshine round me spread
 of spring's unclouded weather,
 in this sequestered nook how sweet
 to sit upon my orchard-seat,
 and flowers and birds once more to greet,
 my last year's friends together!

One have I marked, the happiest guest
 in all this covert of the blest;
 hail to thee, far above the rest
 in joy of voice and pinion:
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
 presiding spirit here to-day,
 dost lead the revels of the May,
 and this is thy dominion.

408 Amid yon tuft of hazel trees
 that twinkle to the gusty breeze,
 behold him perched in ecstasies,
 yet seeming still to hover;
 there, where the flutter of his wings
 upon his back and body flings
 shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 that cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
 a brother of the dancing leaves;
 then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
 pours forth his song in gushes,
 as if by that exulting strain
 he mocked and treated with disdain
 the voiceless Form he chose to feign,
 while fluttering in the bushes.

W. WORDSWORTH

409

ON THE DEATH OF DR ROBERT LEVET

WELL tried through many a varying year
 see Levet to the grave descend,
 officious, innocent, sincere,
 of every friendless name the friend.

When fainting nature called for aid,
and hovering death prepared the blow,
his vigorous remedy displayed
the power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
his useful care was ever nigh,
where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
and lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
no petty gains disdained by pride.
the modest wants of every day
the toil of every day supplied.

S. JOHNSON

410

STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE

THE shepherd touched his reed: sweet Philomel
essayed and oft essayed to catch the strain;
and treasuring, as on her ear they fell
the numbers, echoed note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
a rival of his skill, indignant heard,
and soon (for various was his tuneful store)
in loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,
with all the force that passion gives inspired,
returned the sounds awhile, but in the close
exhausted fell and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill prevailed: O fatal strife,
by thee, poor songstress, playfully begun!
and, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
and he may wish that he had never won.

W. COWPER

411

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
the murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the
vale;
the hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
and wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the sweet dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 while the lingering moments are numbered by care?
 no flowers gaily springing nor birds sweetly singing
 can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
 a King or a Father to place on his throne?
 his right are these hills and his right are these valleys,
 where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
 my brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

R. BURNS

412

TO LADY JONES—FROM THE ARABIC

WHILE sad suspense and chill delay
 bereave my wounded soul of rest,
 new hopes, new fears, from day to day
 by turns assail my labouring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
 throbs with each agonizing thought;
 so flutters with entangled plumes
 the lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
 pours thro' the night her warbled grief;
 the gloom retires, but not her pain;
 the dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
 their thrilling sorrows to appease:
 she comes,—ah! no: the sound they heard
 was but a whisper of the breeze.

SIR W. JONES

413

THE MOURNER

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 and lovers are round her, sighing;
 but coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
 for her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
every note that he lov'd awaking:—
ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
how the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
they were all that to life had entwin'd him:
nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
nor long will his love stay behind him.
O! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
when they promise a glorious morrow;
they shall shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
from her own loved island of sorrow.

T. MOORE

414

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

ROCKS of my country! let the cloud
your crested heights array,
and rise ye, like a fortress proud,
above the surge and spray!

I have left rich blue skies behind,
lighting up classic shrines;
and music in the southern wind;
and sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
have floated o'er my way;
the pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
the purple heavens of Rome,—
yes, all are glorious;—yet again,
I bless thee, land of home!

F. HEMANS

415

TO THE WESTERN WIND

SWEET western Wind, whose luck it is
(made rivall with the aire)
to give Perenna's lip a kisse,
and fan her wanton haire.

Bring me but one, Ile promise thee,
instead of common showers,
thy wings shall be embalmed by me,
and all beset with flowers.

R. HERRICK

416

THE PAINS OF LOVE

TO love is to be doomed in life to feel
 what after death the tortur'd meet in hell;
 the vulture dipping in Prometheus' side
 his bloody beak with his torn liver dyed,
 is love: the stone that labours up the hill,
 mocking the labourer's toil, returning still,
 is love; those streams where Tantalus is curst
 to sit and never drink, with endless thirst;
 those loaden boughs that with their burden bend
 to court his taste and yet escape his hand;
 all this is love, that to dissembled joys
 invites vain men and real grief destroys.

LORD LANSDOWNE

417

EPITAPH

THIS peaceful tomb doth now contain
 father and son together laid;
 whose living virtues shall remain
 when they and this are quite decayed.
 What man should be, to ripeness grown,
 and finished worth should do or shun,
 at full was in the father shown;
 what youth could promise, in the son.
 But death, obdurate, both destroyed
 the perfect fruit and opening bud:
 first seized those sweets we had enjoyed,
 then robb'd us of the coming good.

R. CONGREVE

418

THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS

WHEN o'er the silent seas alone
 for days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 oh they who've felt it know how sweet
 some sunny morn a sail to meet.
 Sparkling at once is every eye,
 'ship ahoy! ship ahoy!' our joyful cry;
 while answering back the sound we hear
 'ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?'
 Then sails are backed, we nearer come,
 kind words are said of friends and home;
 and soon too soon we part with pain,
 to sail o'er silent seas again.

T. MOORE

419

A POET'S EPITAPH

BUT who is He with modest looks
and clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
a music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
or fountain in a noonday grove;
and you must love him, ere to you
he will seem worthy of your love.

For he is weak, both man and boy,
hath been an idler in the land;
contented if he might enjoy
the things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength;
come, weak as is a breaking wave!
here stretch thy body at full length;
or build thy house upon this grave.

W. WORDSWORTH

420

TO A LADY ARCHER

TWO Goddesses not always friends
are friends alike to you:
to you her bow for trial lends
the statelier of the two.

'Let Cupid have it' Venus cries;
Diana says 'No! no!
until your Cupid grows more wise,
he shall not have my bow.'

Her boy was sitting at her side,
his bow across his knee,
'Use thou thine own, use this' she cried:
'I did in vain!' cried he.

'Mother, we may as well be gone;
no shaft of mine can strike
that figure there, so like thy own,
that heart there, so unlike.'

421

TO FORTUNE

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 an unrelenting foe to love,
 and when we meet a mutual heart,
 come in between and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 and wish and wish the soul away;
 till youth and genial years are flown,
 and all the love of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
 to bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 the heart from pleasure to delude,
 and join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 and I absolve thy future care;
 all other blessings I resign,
 make but the dear Amanda mine.

J. THOMSON

422

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
 in Lumin's flowery vale:
 beneath the dew the Lily weeps
 slow-waving to the gale.

'Cease, restless gale!' it seems to say
 'nor wake me with thy sighing!
 the honours of my vernal day
 on rapid wing are flying.

'To-morrow shall the traveller come
 who late beheld me blooming:
 his searching eye shall vainly roam
 the dreary vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
 my wonted haunts along
 thus, faithful Maiden, thou shalt seek
 the Youth of simplest song.

S. T. COLERIDGE

423

DESIDERIA

THE day goeth down red darkling,
the moaning waves dash out the light,
and there is not a star of hope sparkling
on the threshold of my night.

And the wild winds of autumn go wailing
up the valley and over the hill,
like yearning ghosts round the world sailing,
in search of the old love still.

The waves of a mighty sorrow
have whelmed the pearl of my life:
and there cometh to me no morrow
shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,
set is the sun of my years;
and over a few poor ashes
I sit in my darkness and tears.

424

WOMAN

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
and her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
and the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
and her cheek is pale,—but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye
is struck with cold mortality;
and the smile that played round her lip has fled,
and every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,
but left her all in her wintry hour;
and the crowds that swore for her love to die
shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh;—
———and this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
can see all these idols of life depart;
and love the more, and smile and bless
man in his uttermost wretchedness.

B. W. PROCTER

425

THE POET'S SONG

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 he passed by the town and out of the street,
 a light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 and waves of shadow went over the wheat;
 and he sate him down in a lonely place,
 and chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 that made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 and the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee,
 the snake slipt under a spray,
 the wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 and stared, with his foot on the prey,
 and the nightingale thought 'I have sung many songs,
 but never a one so gay,
 for he sings of what the world will be
 when the years have died away.'

A. TENNYSON

426

TO MARY

MARY, I believed thee true,
 and I was blest in thus believing;
 but now I mourn that e'er I knew
 a girl so fair and so deceiving.
 Fare thee well!

Few have ever loved like me,—
 yes, I have loved thee too sincerely!
 and few have e'er deceived like thee,—
 alas! deceived me too severely.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
 on one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
 who now would rather trust that smile,
 and die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
 thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
 for see, distracting woman, see,
 my peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
 Fare thee well!

T. MOORE

427

CLOE AND EUPHELIA

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
but Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
when Cloe noted her desire
that I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
but with my numbers mix my sighs;
and, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed; I played and trembled:
and Venus to the Loves around
remarked how ill we all dissembled.

M. PRIOR

428

LOVE AND GRIEF

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
the secret passions of our mind,
my heavy eyes, you say, confess
a heart to love and grief inclined.

There needs, alas! but little art,
to have this fatal secret found;
with the same ease you threw the dart,
'tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you and not love,
while you as opening east are fair?
while cold as northern blasts you prove,
how can I love and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
your potent mercy may release;
soon, if my love but once were crowned,
fair prophetess, my grief would cease.

M. PRIOR

429

CONSTANT LOVE

THE stars are with the voyager
 wherever he may sail;
 the moon is constant to her time;
 the sun will never fail:
 but follow, follow round the world,
 the green earth and the sea;
 so love is with the lover's heart,
 wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
 must daily lose their light:
 the moon will veil her in the shade;
 the sun will set at night.
 The sun may set, but constant love
 will shine when he's away;
 so that dull night is never night,
 and day is brighter day.

T. HOOD

430

WINTER-TIDE

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
 the bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,
 the fruit ungathered quits the naked spray,
 and dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
 no bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
 save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
 save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly prospects spring supplied,
 the may-flowered hedges scenting every breeze;
 the white flocks scattering o'er the mountain's side,
 the wood-larks warbling on the blooming trees?

where is brown Autumn's evening mild and still,
 what time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
 what time the village peoples all the hill,
 and loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

J. SCOTT

431

THE SAME

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill
and through the hawthorn blows the gale,
with solemn feet I tread the hill
that overbrows the lonely vale;

alas! how changed from the fair scene,
when birds sang out their mellow lay,
and winds were soft, and woods were green
and the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
pale desert woods, within your crowd;
and gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds, my ear
has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

432

INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
fresh verdure decks the grove;
each bird with vernal rapture glows,
and tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
and shun the noon-tide heat;
my shrubs a cooling shade supply,
my groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
or weave the mossy nest;
here rove and sing the livelong day,
at night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
that trickles down the glade,
here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
and revel in the shade.

433 Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
 secure the linnet sings;
 the goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
 to clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt
 yon distant woods among:
 and round my friendly grotto chaunt
 thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
 domestic bird, to come
 and seek a sure asylum here
 with one that loves his home.

And let this league, betwixt us made,
 our mutual interests guard;
 mine be the gift of grateful shade,
 your songs be my reward.

R. GRAVES

434 *MATILDA'S FAREWELL TO ROKEBY*

LET our halls and towers decay,
 be our name and line forgot,
 lands and manors pass away,—
 we but share our Monarch's lot.
 If no more our annals show
 battles won and banners taken,
 still in death, defeat and woe,
 ours be loyalty unshaken!

Constant still in danger's hour,
 princes own'd our fathers' aid:
 lands and honours, wealth and power,
 well their loyalty repaid:
 perish wealth and power and pride,
 mortal boons by mortals given!
 but let Constancy abide,—
 Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

SIR W. SCOTT

435

UNSEEN

THERE are more things in Heaven and Earth than
 we
 can dream of or than nature understands:

we learn not through our poor philosophy
what hidden chords are touched by unseen hands.

The present hour repeats upon its strings
echoes of some vague dream we have forgot ;
dim voices whisper half-remembered things,
and when we pause to listen,—answer not.

Forebodings come: we know not how or whence,
shadowing a nameless fear upon the soul,
and stir within our hearts a subtler sense,
than light may read or wisdom may control.

But, though a veil of shadow hangs between
that hidden life and what we see and hear,
let us revere the power of the Unseen,
and know a world of mystery is near.

A. A. PROCTER

436

EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear:
take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
to Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
her faded form; she bowed to taste the wave
and died! does Youth, does Beauty, read the line?
does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm:
bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
and if so fair, from vanity as free;
as firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, tho' tis an awful thing to die,
(twas ev'n to thee), yet the dread path once trod,
heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
and bids the pure in heart behold their God.

W. MASON

437

TO LEVEN-WATER

PURE stream, in whose transparent wave
my youthful limbs I wont to lave;
no torrents stain thy limpid source,
no rocks impede thy dimpling course;

devolving from thy parent lake,
 a charming maze thy waters make
 by bowers of birch and groves of pine
 and edges flowered with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 may numerous herds and flocks be seen,
 and lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 and shepherds piping in the dale,
 and ancient faith that knows no guile,
 and industry imbrowned with toil,
 and hearts resolved and hands prepared
 the blessings they enjoy to guard.

T. SMOLLETT

438

BLANCHE OF DEVAN'S SONG

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 they say my brain is warped and wrung;—
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 or heard my native Devan's tides,
 so sweetly would I rest, and pray
 that heaven would close my wintry day!
 'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
 thy bade me to the church repair;
 it was my bridal morn, they said,
 and my true love would meet me there.
 But woe betide the cruel guile
 that drowned in blood the morning smile!
 and woe betide the fairy dream!
 I only waked to sob and scream.

SIR W. SCOTT

439

THE LOVER'S HOUR

THE summer night is calm; and bright
 the languid summer day:
 the autumn morn is clear, and soft
 the vernal warmth of May—
 and sweet it is at matin-prime
 to gaze upon the sea:
 but ah! to me the sweetest time
 was eventide with thee.

The distant village faintly sounds,
faintly the sea beneath;
the stars look down with eyes of love,
and wild winds hold their breath.
Ah! thus when far away alone
the hours come back to me,
the hours that are for ever flown,
the hours of eve with thee!

440

TO THE GRASSHOPPER

Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ,
ὅτι δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων
ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκώς
βασιλεὺς ὅπως αἰείδεις·
σὰ γάρ ἐστι κείνα πάντα
ὅποσα βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς
χῶπόσα φέρουσιν ὦραι.
σὺ δὲ φιλία γεωργῶν
ἀπὸ μηδενός τι βλάπτων·
σὺ δὲ τίμιος βροτοῖσιν,
θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης·
φιλέουσι μὲν σε Μοῦσαι,
φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτός,
λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμην·
τὸ δὲ γηρας οὐ σε τείρει
σόφε, γηνενής, φίλυμνε,
ἀπαθής, ἀναιμόσαρκε,
σχέδον εἰ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.

ANACREON

441

THE PROMISED LAND

STRANGER on earth! where'er thy thoughts may
roam,
the wearied spirit feels—this is not home;
indignant still, disowns a world of clay
where flower and weed together pass away.
Yet, wandering here with all an exile's gloom,
misdeem not stamped on thee an exile's doom;
the fettered wings that mock thy wish to rise
ere long shall raise thee to thy destined skies.

O'er lands which grew beneath the aching tread,
 through days of peril and through years of dread,
 say—why did Israel seek and find no rest?
 none but the promised land could make her blest.

Stranger on earth, such promise is for thee:
 this but the desert path or raging sea—
 and thou, who wilt not bow to idols here—
 thy rest above, thy home beyond the sphere.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee
 in other days, ere joy had left this brow:
 but think, though still unchanged the notes may be,
 how different feels the heart that breathes them now!
 The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the same
 we saw this morning on its stem so gay;
 but ah! that dew of dawn, that breath which came
 like life o'er all its leaves, hath passed away.

Since first that music touched thy heart and mine,
 how many a joy and pain o'er both have past,—
 the joy, a light too precious long to shine,
 the pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.
 And though that lay would like the voice of home
 breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken now a sigh—
 ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,
 but, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

T. MOORE

THE minstrel waked his harp—three times
 arose the well-known martial chimes,
 and thrice their high heroic pride
 in melancholy murmur died.
 'Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid!
 clasping his withered hands he said
 'vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
 though all unwont to bid in vain.
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand
 has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned;
 I touch the chords of joy, but low
 and mournful answer notes of woe;

and the proud march, which victors tread,
sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
that dirge's deep prophetic tone!

SIR W. SCOTT

444

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
that plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
blest in the full possession of thy love:

O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas, to mourn my wretched fate:

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds, by nature's simple laws
lead your soft lives, sustained by nature's fare;
you dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
and love and song is all your pleasing care;

but we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame:
and hence in vain I languish for my bride:

O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame!

J. THOMSON

445

LOVE FOR LOVE

I NE'ER could any lustre see
in eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
but where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
cheeks of rose untouched by art?
I will own the colour true,
when yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
nor can I be certain then,
till it grateful press again;

must I with attentive eye
 watch her heaving bosom sigh?
 I will do so, when I see
 that heaving bosom sigh for me.

R. B. SHERIDAN

446

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS

A HUNTER once in that grove reclined
 to shun the noon's bright eye,
 and oft he woo'd the wandering wind
 to cool his brow with its sigh.
 While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,
 nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
 his song was still 'Sweet air, O come!'
 and echo answered 'Come, sweet air!'
 But hark, what sounds from the thicket rise?
 what meaneth that rustling spray?
 'Tis the white-horned doe' the hunter cries
 'I have sought since break of day.'
 Alas! 'twas not the white-horned doe
 he saw in the rustling grove,
 but the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
 of his own young wedded love.

T. MOORE

447

THINK ON ME

GO where the water glideth gently ever,
 glideth through meadows that still greenest be;
 go listen to our own beloved river,
 and think on me.
 Wander through forests where the small flower layeth
 its fairy gem beneath some giant tree;
 list to the dim brook pining as it playeth,
 and think on me.
 And when the sky is silver pale at even,
 and the wind moaneth through the lonely tree,
 go out beneath the solitary heaven,
 and think on me.
 And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
 and treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
 go, silent as the star beneath her beaming,
 and think on me.

44⁸*THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER*

K EEN blaws the win' o'er the braes of Gleniffer,
the auld castle turrets are covered with snaw;
how changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a' sae bonie,
the mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
but far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie,
and now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around was blithesome and cheerie,
then ilk thing around us was bonie and braw;
now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
and naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
they shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
and chirp out their complaints, seeming wae for my Johnie;
'tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

R. TANNAHILL

449

THE CONSTANT LOVER

O UT upon it, I have loved
three whole days together;
and am like to love three more
if it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
ere he shall discover
in the whole wide world again
such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
had it any been but she—

had it any been but she
and that very face,
there had been at least ere this
a dozen in her place.

SIR J. SUCKLING

450

FAIR AND FALSE

FAIR and false! no dawn will greet
 thy waking beauty as of old;
 the little flower beneath thy feet
 is alien to thy smiling cold;
 the merry bird flown up to meet
 young morning from his nest i' the wheat,
 scatters his joy to wood and wold,
 but scorns the arrogance of gold.

False and fair! I scarce know why,
 but standing in the lonely air,
 and underneath the gracious sky,
 I plead for thee in my despair;—
 for thee debarred, in sound and sight,
 all living charm, all true delight;
 for thee, that Heaven my thought may share,—
 forget—how false, and think—how fair.

G. MEREDITH

451

THE SILENT LOVER

FEW the words that I have spoken;
 true love's words are ever few;
 yet by many a speechless token
 hath my heart discoursed to you.

Souls that to each other listen
 hear the language of a sigh;
 read the silent tears that glisten
 in the tender trembling eye.

When your cheek is pale with sadness,
 dimmer grows the light of mine;
 and your smiles of sunny gladness
 in my face reflected shine.

Though my speech is faint and broken,
 though my words are ever few,
 yet by many a voiceless token
 all my heart is known to you.

B. H. K.

452

THE VIOLET

A VIOLET blossomed on the lea,
half hidden from the eye,
as fair a flower as you might see;
when there came tripping by
a shepherd maiden fair and young,
lightly, lightly o'er the lea;
care she knew not and she sung
merrily!

'O were I but the fairest flower
that blossoms on the lea,
if only for one little hour,
that she might gather me—
clasp me in her bonny breast!
thought the little flower;
'O that in it I might rest
but an hour!

Lack-a-day! up came the lass,
heeded not the violet—
trod it down into the grass:
though it died, 'twas happy yet.
'Trodden down although I lie,
yet my death is very sweet—
for I cannot choose but die
at her feet!

W. E. AYTOUN *from Goethe*

453

LOCAL ATTACHMENT

DESERTED now, he scans thy gray worn towers;
thy vaults where dead of feudal ages sleep;
thy cloisters pervious to the wintry showers;
these, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:
cherished affection only bids them flow:
pride, hope and love forbid him to forget,
but warm his bosom with impassioned glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
yet lingers mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
 thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
 hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
 and bless thy future as thy former day.

454

LOVE-THOUGHTS

I WOULD be calm,—I would be free
 from thoughts and images of Thee;
 but Nature and thy will conspire
 to bar me from my fair desire.

The trees are moving with thy grace,
 the water *will* reflect thy face:
 the very flowers are plotting deep,
 and in thy breath their odours steep.

The breezes, when mine eyes I close,
 with sighs, just like mine own, impose;
 the nightingale then takes her part,
 and plays thy voice against my heart.

If Thou then in one golden chain
 canst bind the world, I strive in vain;
 perchance my wisest scheme would be
 to join this great conspiracy.

R. M. MILNES

455

FAIR SHEWS DECEIVE

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
 gaily in the sunny beam;
 list'ning to the wild birds singing,
 by a falling, crystal stream:
 straight the sky grew black and daring;
 thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 trees with aged arms were warring,
 o'er the swelling, drumlie wave.
 Such was my life's deceitful morning
 such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
 but lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 a' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
 (she promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;)
 of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a hope shall support me still.

R. BURNS

456

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS

REAR high thy bleak, majestic hills,
thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
and Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
and wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
but ah! what poet now shall tread
thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
since he the sweetest bard is dead
that ever breathed the soothing strain?
As green thy towering pines may grow,
as clear thy streams may speed along;
as bright thy summer sun may glow,
as gaily charm thy feathery throng;
but now, unheeded is the song,
and dull and lifeless all around,
for his wild harp lies all unstrung,
and cold the hand that waked its sound.

457 Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
to him were all with rapture fraught;
he heard with joy the tempest rise
that waked him to sublimer thought:
and oft thy winding dells he sought,
where wild flowers poured their rathe perfume,
and with sincere devotion brought
to thee the summer's earliest bloom.
But, ah, no fond maternal smile
his unprotected youth enjoyed;
his limbs inured to early toil,
his days with early hardships tried:
and more to mark the gloomy void
and bid him feel his misery,
before his infant eyes would glide
day-dreams of immortality.

W. ROSCOE

458

THE FREED BIRD

I AM free, I am free—I return no more!
the weary time of the cage is o'er;
through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
the sky is around me, the blue bright sky!
The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
with their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer;

I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more!

Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee?
did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?
—O! hadst thou but known its deep meaning well,
it had tales of a burning heart to tell!

From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
through its notes the peal of a torrent rang,
and its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
sighed for wild-flowers and a leafy nest.

F. HEMANS

459

MVTVIS ANIMIS AMANT AMANTVR

LET other bards of angels sing,
bright suns without a spot;
but thou art no such perfect thing: 4
rejoice that thou art not!

Such if thou wert in all men's view,
a universal show,
what would my fancy have to do?
my feelings to bestow?

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair:
so, Mary, let it be
if nought in loveliness compare
with what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
whose veil is unremoved
till heart with heart in concord beats,
and the lover is beloved.

W. WORDSWORTH

460

THE TRYSTING-TREE

WHEN the dew is on the grass
and the moonlight on the tree,
through the soft night will I pass
lightly stealing, love, to thee.

When the hushed winds in the shade
murmur fitful as in sleep,
and the hues of daylight fade
on the bosom of the deep;

when the birds have hush'd their song,
and the swain hath left the lea,
gently will I glide along
to our quiet trysting-tree.

While the moonbeam, pale and cold,
glances through the forest-glade,
shall thy tale of love be told,
and thy vows of truth be made.

461

THE RIVULET

O SILVERY streamlet of the fields,
that flowest full and free,
for thee the rains of spring return,
the summer dews for thee;
and when thy latest blossoms die
in autumn's chilly showers,
the winter fountains gush for thee,
till May brings back the flowers.

O stream of life, the violet springs
but once beside thy bed;
but one brief summer on thy path
the dews of heaven are shed:
thy parent fountains shrink away,
and close their crystal veins,
and where thy glittering current flow'd,
the dust alone remains.

W. C. BRYANT

462

TO A CHILD

NAY say not so, nor cloud the sun
of joyous expectation,
ordained to bless the little one,
the freshling of creation:

nor doubt that He, who now doth feed
her early lamp with gladness,
will be her present help in need,
her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,
all rich in nature's treasure,
thou hast within thy heart a spring
of self-renewing pleasure.

Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
 of mirth, till time shall end it;
 'tis Nature's wise and gentle will,
 and who shall reprehend it?

463

CREATION'S WONDROUS CHOIR

IT was not then a poet's dream,
 an idle vaunt of song,
 such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
 on vacant fancies throng;
 which bids us see in heaven and earth,
 in all things fair around,
 strong yearnings for a blest new birth
 with sinless glories crown'd;
 which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
 from care and want and toil,
 when dewy eve her curtain draws
 over the day's turmoil,
 in the low chant of wakeful birds,
 in the deep weltering flood,
 in whispering leaves, these solemn words—
 'God made us all for good.'

J. KEBLE

464

I LOVE MY JEAN

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 for there the bonie lassie lives,
 the lassie I lo'e best:
 there wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 and monie a hill between;
 but day and night my fancy's flight
 is ever wi' my Jean.
 I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 there's not a bonie flower that springs
 by fountain, shaw, or green;
 there's not a bonie bird that sings
 but minds me o' my Jean.

R. BURNS

465 *DIRGE AT THE HEARSE OF CHRYSOSTOM*

SLEEP, poor youth, sleep in peace,
relieved from love and mortal care;
whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
uncertain-bless'd, less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
no ills of fate thou now can'st fear;
in vain would tyrant power enslave,
or scornful beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal storms disperse,
far from thy happy mansion keep;
earthquakes, that shake the universe,
can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possést,
secure from life's torment or pain,
sleep and indulge thyself with rest;
nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

T. D'URFEY

466 *THE HOTWELLS, BRISTOL*

ALAS! for those by drooping sickness worn,
who now come forth to meet the cheering ray;
and feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
round their torn breasts and throbbing temples play!

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
on the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
to breathe of comfort never to return.

Yet oft, as sadly-thronging dreams arise,
awhile forgetful of their pain they gaze,
a transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
and o'er their cheek the tender hectic strays.

The purple morn that paints with sidelong gleam
the cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
with song of birds rejoicing in the beam,
touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

W. J. BOWLES

467 *TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG*

AH! Love was never yet without
 the pang, the agony, the doubt,
 which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,
 while day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
 I faint, I die beneath the blow:
 that Love had arrows, well I knew:
 alas! I find them poisoned too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net,
 which Love around your haunts hath set;
 or, circled by his fatal fire,
 your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
 was I, through many a smiling spring;
 but caught within the subtle snare
 I burn, and feebly flutter there.

LORD BYRON

468 *TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS*

SWEET flowers! that from your humble beds
 thus prematurely dare to rise,
 and trust your unprotected heads
 to cold Aquarius' watery skies;

retire, retire! these tepid airs
 are not the genial brood of May;
 that Sun with light malignant glares,
 and flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
 lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
 on icy pinions comes the blast,
 and nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
 but I will shield you and supply
 a kindlier soil on which to bloom,
 a nobler bed on which to die.

W. GIFFORD

469

ANNOY LYLE'S SONG

WERT thou, like me, in life's low vale,
with thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
with thee I'd fly wherever gale
could waft, or bounding galley bear.

But, parted by severe decree,
far different must our fortunes prove;
may thine be joy—enough for me
to weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
when hope shall be for ever flown,
no sullen murmur shall reveal,
no selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I, through life's weary years,
like a pale drooping mourner move,
while I can think my secret tears
may wound the heart of him I love.

SIR W. SCOTT

470

THE ROVER

'A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
a weary lot is thine!
to pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
and press the rue for wine.
a lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
a feather of the blue,
a doublet of the Lincoln green,—
no more of me you knew,
My love!
no more of me you knew.'

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
the rose is budding fain;
but she shall bloom in winter snow
ere we two meet again.'
He turn'd his charger as he spake
upon the river shore,
he gave the bridle-reins a shake,
said 'Adieu for evermore,
my love!
and adieu for evermore.'

SIR W. SCOTT

471

THE WANDERERS

NOW the world is all before us,
 outcasts we from hearth and home;
 west to Andes, east to Taurus,
 still together will we roam.

Weep not thou for sire or mother,
 nor for broken duty grieve;
 they had given to another
 that which was not theirs to give.

Wintry be our sky or vernal,
 love shall bloom in any clime—
 love almighty, love eternal,
 laughs to scorn the might of time.

Cold though be the road before us,
 all the closer we will cling;
 dark though be it, hovering o'er us,
 love shall spread his sunlit wing.

W. G. CLARK

472

CONSTANTIA'S SONG

TIME, flie with greater speed away,
 add feathers to thy wings;
 till thy haste in flying brings
 that wisht for and expected day.

Comfort's sun we then shall see,
 tho' at first it darkened be
 with dangers, yet, those clouds but gone,
 our day will put his lustre on.

Then tho' death's sad night appear,
 and we in lonely silence rest;
 our ravished souls no more shall fear,
 but with lasting day be blest.

And then no friends can part us more,
 nor no new death extend its power;
 thus there's nothing can dis sever
 hearts which love hath joyn'd together.

A. COWLEY

473

THE BIRD'S RELEASE

GO forth, for she is gone!
with the golden light of her wavy hair,
she is gone to the fields of the viewless air:
she hath left her dwelling lone!

Go forth and like her be free!
with thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
thou hast all the range of the sunny sky:
and what is our grief to thee?

Is it aught even to her we mourn?
doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed?
doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
or float, on the light wind borne?

We know not—but she is gone!
her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
and the smile of her eye from the festal throng;—
she hath left her dwelling lone!

F. HEMANS

474

THE FORSAKEN LOVER'S COMPLAINT

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
with his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;
he sighed in his singing, and after each grone,
'I am dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone:
my love she is turned: untrue she doth prove:
she renders me nothing but hate for my love.'
'O pitty me' cried he 'ye lovers, each one;
her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.'

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
the salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;
the mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;
the salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones:
'O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
my true love reject'ing without all regard.
let love no more boast him in palace or bower;
for women are trothles, and flote in an houre.'

475

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART

WILT thou roam with me
to the restless sea,
and linger upon the steep,
and list to the flow
of the waves below,
how they toss and roar and leap?

Those boiling waves
and the storm that raves
at night o'er their foaming crest
resemble the strife
that from earliest life
the passions have waged in my breast.

O come then and rove
to the sea or the grove,
when the moon is shining bright;
and I'll whisper there
in the cool night air
what I dare not in broad daylight.

P. B. SHELLEY

476

TO CELIA

NOT, Celia, that I juster am
or better than the rest;
for I would change each hour, like them,
were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
by every thought I have;
thy face I only care to see,
thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
in thy dear self I find—
for the whole sex can but afford
the handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
and still make love anew?
when change itself can give no more,
'tis easy to be true.

SIR C. SEDLEY

477

SILVIA

WHO is Silvia? what is she
that all our swains commend her?
holy, fair and wise is she;
the heaven such grace did lend her
that she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
for beauty lives with kindness:
—Love doth to her eyes repair
to help him of his blindness;
and, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing
that Silvia is excelling;
she excels each mortal thing,
upon the dull earth dwelling:
to her let us garlands bring.

W. SHAKSPEARE

478

WRITTEN UPON A BRIDGE

I HAIL the torrent's coming tide,
but wherefore is it so?
for restlessly it chafes the side,
and troubled is its flow.
There's joy in every eddy there,
there's Music in its song
which whispers me 'twill surely bear
some hallowed hope along.

I mourn the stream's retreating tide,
yet wherefore do I weep?
for sunbeams o'er its surface glide,
while shadows chase the deep:
there's aye regret for beauty gone,
there's murmur in the spray,
which whispers as it hurries on—
'a hope hath passed away.'

479

THE BLISSFUL DAY

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
the blissful day we twa did meet;
tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,
ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide
 and crosses o'er the sultry line;
 than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, it made me thine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 or nature aught of pleasure give;
 while joys above my mind can move,
 for thee and thee alone I live!
 When that grim foe of life below
 comes in between to make us part;
 the iron hand that breaks our band,
 it breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

R. BURNS

480 **H**AD I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you,
 for tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 no stranger offer wrong;
 but friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 and lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 another with your heart,
 they'd bid aspiring passion rest,
 and act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 nor fear to suffer wrong;
 for friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 and lovers in the young.

R. B. SHERIDAN

481 **H**AVE you not seen the timid tear
 steal trembling from mine eye?
 have you not marked the flush of fear,
 or caught the murmured sigh?
 And can you think my love shall chill,
 nor fixed on you alone?
 and can you rend by doubting still
 a heart so much your own?
 To you my soul's affections move,
 devoutly, warmly true;
 my life has been a task of love,
 one long, long thought of you:

if all your tender faith be o'er,
if still my truth you'll try,
alas, I know but one proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die!

T. MOORE

482

CHARON

WHY look the distant mountains so gloomy and so drear?

Are rain-clouds passing o'er them? or is the tempest near?
No shadow of the tempest is there nor wind nor rain;
'tis Charon that is passing with all his doleful train.

The young men march before him in all their strength and pride,

the tender little infants they totter by his side,
the old men walk behind him, and earnestly they pray,
both young and old entreating to grant some brief delay
O Charon, halt we pray thee by yonder little town,
or near that sparkling fountain where the waters wimple down;

the old will drink and be refreshed, the young the disc will fling,

and the tender little children pluck flowers by the spring.

'I will not halt my journey by any little town,
near any sparkling fountain where the waters wimple down;

the mothers coming to the well would know the babes they bore,

the wives would clasp their husbands, and I could not part them more.'

483

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

'UNAFFRIGHTED by the silence round them,
undistracted by the sights they see,
these demand not that the things without them
yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,
and the sea its long moon-silver'd roll.
For alone they live, nor pine with noting
all the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves and unobservant
in what state God's other works may be,
in their own tasks all their powers pouring
these attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice, long since, severely clear
 a cry like thine in my own heart I hear
 'Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
 who finds himself, loses his misery.'

M. ARNOLD

484

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE

FAREWELL thou fair day, thou green earth, and
 ye skies,
 now gay with the bright setting sun;
 farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties;
 our race of existence is run.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 go, frighten the coward and slave;
 go, teach them to tremble, fell Tyrant! but know
 no terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
 thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
 he falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 our King and our Country to save—
 while victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O! who would not rest with the brave!

R. BURNS

485

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 when our mother Nature laughs around;
 when even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 and gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 and their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 and here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 and there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 there's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 there's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 and a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
on the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
on the leaping waters and gay young isles;
ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

W. C. BRYANT

486

ALLA LUNA

O GRAZIOSA luna, io mi rammento
che, or volge l' anno, sovra questo colle
io venìa pien d' angoscia a rimirarti;
e tu pendevi allor su quella selva
siccome or fai, che tutta la rischiari.
Ma nebuloso e tremulo del pianto
che mi sorgea sul ciglio, alle mie luci
il tuo volto apparìa, chè travagliosa
era mia vita: ed è, nè cangia stile,
o mia diletta luna. E pur mi giova
la ricordanza, e il noverar l' etate
del mio dolore. Oh come grato occorre
nel tempo giovanil, quando ancor lungo
la speme e breve ha la memoria il corso,
il rimembrar delle passate cose,
ancor che triste, e che l' affanno duri!

G. LEOPARDI

487

PEACE UPON EARTH

IT came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth
to touch their harps of gold:—
'peace upon earth, goodwill to man
from heaven's all-gracious King'!
The world in solemn stillness lay
to hear the angels sing.
Still through the cloven skies they come
with peaceful wing unfurled,
and still their heavenly music floats
o'er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains
they bend on heavenly wing,
and ever o'er its Babel sounds
the blessed angels sing.

488

THE BLIND GIRL'S DEAREST JEWEL

IF this delicious grateful flower,
 which blooms but for a little hour,
 should to the sight as lovely be,
 as from its fragrance seems to me,
 a sigh must then its colour show,
 for that's the softest joy I know:
 and sure the rose is like a sigh,
 born just to soothe and then to die.

My father, when our fortunes smiled,
 with jewels deck'd his sightless child;
 their glittering worth the world might see;
 but ah! they shed no sweets for me:
 still, as the present fail'd to charm,
 the trickling drop bedew'd my arm;
 and sure the gem to me most dear
 was a kind father's pitying tear.

489

THE LOVER'S ESCAPE

THE little songster thus you see
 caught in the cruel schoolboy's toils,
 struggling for life, at last like me
 escapes and leaves his feather'd spoils.

His plumage soon resumes its gloss,
 his little heart soon waxes gay;
 nor falls, grown cautious from his loss,
 to artifice again a prey.

Which of us has most cause to grieve?
 which situation would you choose?

I a capricious tyrant leave,
 and you a faithful lover lose.

I can find maids in every rout
 with smiles as false and forms as fine,
 but you must search the world throughout
 to find a heart as true as mine.

W. J. MICKLE

490

THE LOVER'S DREAM

SAY, lovely dream, where could'st thou find
shades to counterfeit that face?
colours of this glorious kind
come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wer't drest
with that angel-like disguise;
thus deluded am I blest,
and see my joy with closéd eyes.

Fair dream, if thou intend'st me grace,
change that heav'nly face of thine;
paint despis'd love in thy face,
and make it to appear like mine.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
in whose shape thou shinest so;
softly in her sleeping ear
with humble words express my woe.

E. WALLER

491

THE SEA

TO sea! to sea! the calm is o'er,
the wanton water leaps in sport,
and rattles down the pebbly shore,
the dolphin wheels, the sea cows snort,
and unseen mermaid's pearly song
comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
to sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our white winged bark
shall billowing clear its watery way,
and with its shadow, fleet and dark,
break the caved Tritons' azure day,
like mountain eagle soaring light
o'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves! the ship swings free!
our sails swell full! to sea! to sea.

T. L. BEDDOES

BEAR me ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
 near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell;
 here let me fondly eye the rude remains,
 and from the mouldering refuse build my cell!

Genius of Rome, thy prostrate pomp display;
 trace every dismal proof of fortune's pow'r;
 let me the wreck of theatres survey,
 or pensive sit beneath some nodding tow'r.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
 conveyed pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
 near the wide breach in silence let me mourn;
 or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruined pride:
 towers, arches, fanes in wild confusion strewn;
 let banished Marius, lowering by thy side,
 compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

W. SHENSTONE

WEIGH me the fire; or canst thou find
 a way to measure out the wind;
 distinguish all those floods that are
 mixt in that wat'rie theater:
 and tast thou them as saltlesse there,
 as in their channell first they were.
 tell me the people that do keep
 within the kingdomes of the deep;
 or fetch me back that cloud againe
 beshiver'd into seeds of Raine;
 tell me the motes, dust, sands and speares
 of corn, when summer shakes his eares:
 shew me that world of starres, and whence
 they noiselesse spill their influence:
 this if thou canst; then show me Him
 that rides the glorious Cherubim.

R. HERRICK

494

TO THE RIVER CHARLES

RIVER, that in silence windest
through the meadows, bright and free,
till at length thy rest thou findest
in the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
half in rest and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, silent River!
many a lesson, deep and long;
thou hast been a generous giver,
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
till the beauty of its stillness
overflowed me, like a tide.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

495

PATIENCE

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
east wind and frost are safely gone;
with Zephyr mild and balmy rain
the summer comes serenely on;
earth, air and sun and skies combine
to promise all that's kind and fair:—
but thou, O human heart of mine,
be still, contain thyself and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
the winds of March were wild and drear,
and nearer and receding still,
spring never would, we thought, be here;
the leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
had, not the less, their certain date:—
and thou, O human heart of mine,
be still, refrain thyself and wait.

496

INDIFFERENCE

I ENVY not in any moods
the captive void of noble rage,
the linnet born within the cage,
that never knew the summer woods ;

I envy not the beast that takes
his license in the field of time,
unfettered by the sense of crime,
to whom a conscience never wakes ;

nor, what may count itself as blest,
the heart that never plighted troth
but stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'tis better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all.

A. TENNYSON

497

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow
sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
like a scorched and mildewed bough
leafless mid the blooms of May ;

him who lured thee and forsook
oft I watched with angry gaze,
fearful saw his pleading look,
anxious heard his fervid praise ;

soft the glances of the youth,
soft his words, and soft his sigh ;
but no sound like simple truth,
but no true love in his eye :

loathing thy polluted lot,
hie thee, maiden, hie thee hence !
seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
with a wiser innocence.

S. T. COLERIDGE

498

DELIA

FAIR the face of orient day,
fair the tints of op'ning rose,
but fairer still my Delia dawns,
more lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
but, Delia, more delightful still
steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
the rosy banquet loves to sip;
sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
to the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;—

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss!
for oh! my soul is parched with love.

R. BURNS

499

THE BROOK

LAUGH of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!
Lump of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
the soul of April, unto whom are born
the rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
although, where'er thy devious current strays,
the lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
to me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
as the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
thy secrets scan, thy smooth round pebbles count!
how, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
thou shun'st the haunts of men, to dwell in limpid fount!

H. W. LONGFELLOW

500 ONE word is too often profaned
for me to profane it;
one feeling too falsely disdained
for thee to disdain it.

One hope is too like despair
 for prudence to smother,
 and Pity from thee more dear
 than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
 but wilt thou accept not
 the worship the heart lifts above
 and the heavens reject not;
 the desire of the moth for the star,
 of the night for the morrow,
 the devotion to something afar
 from the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. SHELLEY

501 **T**HERE is a shadow for each bough
 that bends across the lake;
 an answering echo for each sound
 that mountain-travellers wake;
 another star in yon still stream
 for each star that doth shine;
 and somewhere in the world I know
 a heart that beats with mine.
 If that frail bough should broken be,
 the shadow with it flies;
 and when the voice has passed away
 how soon sweet echo dies!
 The stream once dried, yon star in heaven
 finds none on earth to love;
 but should that heart be taken from me,
 'twould beat with mine above.

ANON

502

A BACCHANALIAN SONG

STREW the roses, 'raise the song;
 see the master comes along:
 lusty Revel joined with Laughter,
 Whim and Frolic follow after:
 the Fauns aside the vats remain
 to show the work and reap the gain.
 All around and all around
 they sit to riot on the ground;
 a vessel stands amidst the ring,
 and here they laugh, and there they sing:
 or rise a jolly, jolly band,
 and dance about it hand in hand;

dance about and shout amain,
then sit to laugh and sing again;
thus they drink and thus they play
the sun and all their wits away.

T. PARNELL

503

THE BETROTHED

WOMAN'S faith and woman's trust;
write the characters in dust:
stamp them on the running stream;
print them on the moonlight's beam:
and each evanescent letter
shall be clearer, firmer, better,
and more permanent, I ween,
than the thing those letters mean:
I have strained the spider's thread
'gainst the promise of a maid:
I have weighed a grain of sand
'gainst her plight of heart and hand:
I told my true love of the token,
how her faith proved light and her word was broken;
again her word and truth she plight,
and I believed them again ere night.

SIR W. SCOTT

504

FULVIA

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
has all her bloom and shape and air:
but still, to perfect every grace,
she wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
and Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
an helmet masked Minerva's mien,
but smiles distinguished Beauty's queen.

Her train was formed of smiles and loves,
her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
and from her zone the nymph may find,
'tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all, whose aim
aspires to paint the Cyprian dame
or bid her breathe in living stone,
shall take their forms from you alone.

W. SHENSTONE

505

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
 so full of hope and joy and light,
 as if no cloud could ever rise
 to dim a heaven so purely bright—
 I sigh to think how soon that brow
 in grief may lose its every ray,
 and that light heart, so joyous now,
 almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
 the ruined hope, the friend unkind,
 and love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
 a chilled or burning heart behind:—
 while youth, that now like snow appears
 ere sullied by the darkening rain,
 when once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
 can never shine so bright again.

T. MOORE

506

THE EXEQUIES

DRAW near,
 you Lovers that complain
 of Fortune or Disdain,
 and to my ashes lend a tear;
 melt the hard marble with your groans,
 and soften the relentless stones,
 whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
 of all Love's cruelties and Beauty's pride.

No verse,
 no epicedium bring,
 nor peaceful requiem sing,
 to charm the terrors of my hearse;
 no profane numbers must flow near
 the sacred silence that dwells here.
 Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh! softly mourn,
 lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
 upon my dismal grave
 such offerings as you have,
 forsaken cypress and sad yew:

for kinder flowers can take no birth
or growth from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say 'Here lies
to Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.'

T. STANLEY

507

THE SUNBEAM

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall—
a joy thou art and a wealth to all!
a bearer of hope unto land and sea;
sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;
thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,
and gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
thou art streaming on through their green arcades;
and the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow
like fire-flies dance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains—a vapour lay
folding their heights in its dark array:
thou brakest forth, and the mist became
a crown and a mantle of living flame.

F. HEMANS

508

WILL WITH THE WISP

AH, luckless swain, o'er all unblest indeed,
whom late bewildered in the dank dark fen
far from his flocks and smoking hamlet then!
to that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
on him enraged the fiend in angry mood,
shall never look with pity's kind concern,
but instant furious raise the whelming flood
o'er its drowned banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape
to some dim hill that seems uprising near,
to his faint eye the grim and grisly shape
in all its terrors clad shall wild appear.

Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
 pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
 what now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
 His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
 and down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless
 corse!

W. COLLINS

509

THE INHABITANTS OF ST KILDA

BUT O, o'er all forget not Kilda's race,
 on whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
 fair Nature's daughter Virtue yet abides.
 Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
 then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
 of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
 their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
 and all their prospect but the wintry main.
 with sparing temperance, at the needful time,
 they drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
 along the Atlantic rock undreading climb,
 and of its eggs despoil the solan's nest.
 Thus blest in primal innocence they live
 sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
 which tasteful toil and hourly danger give:
 hard is their shallow soil and bleak and bare;
 nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

W. COLLINS

510

LIFE

LIFE, believe, is not a dream
 so dark as sages say;
 oft a little morning rain
 foretells a pleasant day.
 Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
 but these are transient all;
 if the showers will make the roses bloom,
 O why lament its fall?
 Rapidly, merrily,
 life's sunny hours flit by,
 gratefully, cheerily,
 enjoy them as they fly.

What though Death at times steps in,
and calls our Best away:
What though sorrow seems to win
o'er hope a heavy sway:
Yet Hope again elastic springs,
unconquered, though she fell;
still buoyant are her golden wings,
still strong to bear us well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
the day of trial bear,
for gloriously, victoriously
can courage quell despair!

CURRER BELL

511

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

PROUD Maisie is in the wood
walking so early;
sweet Robin sits on the bush
singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
when shall I marry me?'—
—'When six braw gentlemen
kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
birdie, say truly?'

'The grey-headed sexton
that delves the grave duly.

'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
shall light thee steady;
the owl from the steeple sing
welcome, proud lady.'

SIR W. SCOTT

512

FUNERAL HONOURS

○ THINK not that with roses crowned
inhuman near thy grave we tread;
or blushing roses scatter round
to mock the paleness of the dead.

What though we drain the fragrant bowl
 in flowers adorned and silken vest,
 O think not, brave departed soul,
 we revel to disturb thy rest.

Feigned is the pleasure that appears,
 and false the triumph of our eyes,
 our draughts of joy are dashed with tears.
 our songs imperfect and in sighs.

We inly mourn: o'er flowery plains
 to roam in joyous trance is thine:
 and pleasures unallied to pains,
 unfading sweets, immortal wine.

513

THE TOMB OF RACHEL

BY Rachel's tomb on Rama's plain
 the weary pilgrim stays,
 though there no shade relieves his pain,
 no sparkling fountain plays:
 but gentle thoughts of hope arise
 his fainting soul awhile to bless;
 where Israel's lowly mother lies
 amidst the wilderness.

There where no tree its shelter gave
 the patriarch raised a stone
 to mark his Rachel's desert grave,
 then journeyed on alone:
 and Rama's waste is sacred now,
 and hallowed is that cheerless gloom
 where cross alike and crescent bow
 beside fair Rachel's tomb.

514

FLORIO AND JULIA

WHEN evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue
 and her deep shades irregularly threw;
 their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
 down by St Herbert's consecrated grove;
 whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite
 amused the fisher's solitary night;
 and still the mitred window, richly wreathed,
 a sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade,
with fearful gaze their various course surveyed:
high hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
his streaming beard the sport of every wind;
and, while the coot her jet wing loved to lave
rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave,
the eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,
a cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

S. ROGERS

515

SEA-VOYAGE

BORNE upon the mighty ocean
deep we plough the watery main:
all its chimes of restless motion
empire o'er our spirits gain.

Now we see the sun's warm finger
tip the wave with living red:
now we see the pale moon linger,
ere she seek her morning bed.

Now we watch the foaming billow,
now the gentle ripples creep,
as on ocean's wavy pillow
winds have lulled themselves to sleep.

Ne'er shall they, who never wander
truant from their native lea,
cope with us who daily ponder
on thy treasures, mighty Sea.

516

THE SORROWS OF LIFE

OUR days are covered o'er with grief,
and sorrows neither few nor brief
veil all in gloom;
left desolate of real good,
within this cheerless solitude
no pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
and ends in bitter doubts and fears,
or dark despair;
midway so many toils appear,
that he who lingers longest here
knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan
 by the hot sweat of toil alone,
 and weary hearts;
 fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
 but with a lingering step and slow
 its form departs.

H. W. LONGFELLOW *from the Spanish*

517

SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENZ

‘WHAT know we of the Blest above
 but that they sing and that they love?’
 yet, if they ever did inspire
 a mortal hymn or shaped the choir,
 now, where those harvest Damsels float
 homeward in their rugged boat,
 (while all the ruffling winds are fled—
 each slumbering on some mountain’s head)
 now surely hath that gracious aid
 been felt, that influence displayed.
 Pupils of heaven, in order stand
 the rustic maidens, every hand
 upon a sister’s shoulder laid,—
 to chant, as glides the boat along,
 a simple but a touching song;
 to chant, as angels do above,
 the melodies of peace in love!

W. WORDSWORTH

518

THE MARTYR

WITH to-morrow’s noon will come
 all the pomp of martyrdom;
 slow, too slowly, breaks the day—
 death and glory, why delay?

When shall soul and body feel,
 as they part, the severing steel?
 when shall every mortal dream
 vanish at the stroke supreme?

Ranges round the glimmering cell
 many an earthly sentinel:
 they the body keep confined—
 heavenly guardians, watch the mind!

chain a few brief moments yet
every fugitive regret;
soon one glorious pang secures
freedom swift and strong as yours!

H. H. MILMAN

519

THE CHILD AND LILY

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower!
I well are ye pair'd in your opening hour,
thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown apart,
are the folds of thy own young heart;
guilty passion and cankering care
never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now
o'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
soon will it tire thy childish eye;
fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in the weary hour,
throw to the ground the fair white flower;
yet, as thy tender years depart,
keep that white and innocent heart.

W. C. BRYANT

520

A FEAST OF TEARS

OH banquet not in those shining bowers
where Youth resorts, but come to me;
for mine's a garden of faded flowers,
more fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
and many a cup in silence pour;
our guests, the shades of former years,
our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
their lifeless leaves around us shed,
we'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
to friends long lost, the changed, the dead.

Or, while some blighted laurel waves
 its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 we'll drink to those neglected graves,
 where valour sleeps, unnam'd, forgot.

T. MOORE

521

MORNING TEARS

SO sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
 to those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
 as thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
 the night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
 through the transparent bosom of the deep,
 as doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
 thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:

no drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
 so ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
 do but behold the tears that swell in me,
 and they thy glory through my grief will show:

but do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
 my tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
 O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
 no thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

W. SHAKESPEARE

522

TO LOVE

LOVE gives the roses of thy lips,
 and flies about them like a bee;
 if I approach, he forward skips,
 and if I kiss, he stingeth me.

Love in thine eyes doth build his bower,
 and sleeps within their pretty shine;
 and if I look, the boy will lower,
 and from their orbs shoot shafts divine.

Love works thy heart within his fire,
 and in my tears doth form the same,
 and if I tempt it, will retire,
 and of my plaints doth make his game.

Love, let me cull thy fairest flowers,
and pity me, and calm her eye;
make soft her heart, dissolve her lowers,
and I will praise thy deity.

But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
in spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.

523

THE DEATH OF ASTROPHEL

WOODS, hills and rivers now are desolate,
sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
and all the fields do waile their widow state,
sith death their fairest flowre did late deface:
the fairest flower in field that ever grew,
was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne
hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre;
untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
and cleane defaced in untimely howre?

Great losse to all that ever him did see,
great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
sith the faire flowre which them adornd is gon:
the flowre which them adornd is gone to ashes;
never againe let lasse put gyrlond on:
instead of gyrlond, weare sad cypres nowe,
and bitter elder broken from the bowe.

524

LOSSE IN DELAYES

SHUN delayes, they breed remorse,
take thy time while time doth serve thee;
creeping snayles have weakest force,
flie their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
lingering labours come to nought.

Hoyse up sayle while gale doth last,
tide and winde stay no mans pleasure;
seeke not time when time is past,
sober speede is wisdomes leasure:
after-wits are dearely bought,
let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time weares all his locks before,
 take thou hold upon his forehead,
 when he flies, he turnes no more,
 and behind this scalpe is naked.
 Workes adjourn'd have many staves,
 long demurres breed new delayes.

525 Seeke thy salve while sore is greene,
 festered wounds aske deeper launcing:
 after-cures are seldome seene,
 often sought, scarce ever chancing.
 Time and place give best advice,
 out of season, out of price.

Drops doe pierce the stubburne flint,
 not by force, but often falling,
 custome kills with feeble dint,
 more by use than strength prevailing.
 Single sands have little weight,
 many make a drowning freight.

Tender twigs are bent with ease,
 aged trees do breake with bending;
 yong desires make little prease,
 growth doth make them past amending:
 in the rising stifle ill,
 lest it grow against thy will.

R. SOUTHWELL

526

TO IANTHE

WHILE the winds whistle round my cheerless
 room,
 and the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
 while indistinçt lie rude and cultured lands,
 the ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
 alone and destitute of every page
 that fires the poet or informs the sage,
 where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove?
 rest upon past or cherish promist love?
 alas! the past I never can regain,
 wishes may rise and tears may flow in vain.

Fancy, that shews her in her early bloom,
throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason do?
sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit, till heaven shall cease to lour,
and happier Hesper bring the appointed hour;
gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
think of my love and bid her think of me.

W. S. LANDOR

527

THE POOR FISHERMAN

THUS by himself compelled to live each day,
to wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
at the same time the same dull views to see,
the bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree;
the water only, when the tides were high,
when low, the mud half-covered and half-dry;
the sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
and bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks;
heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
as the tide rolls by the impeded boat.
When tides were neap, and in the sultry day
through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
which on each side rose swelling and below
the dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
there anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
there hang his head, and view the lazy tide
in its hot slimy channel slowly glide.

G. CRABBE

528

MELROSE ABBEY

IF thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
I go visit it by the pale moon-light;
for the gay beams of lightsome day
gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
and each shafted oriel glimmers white;
when the cold light's uncertain shower
streams on the ruined central tower;
when buttress and buttress alternately
seemed framed of ebon and ivory:

when silver edges the imagery,
 and the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
 when distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 and the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 then go—but go alone the while—
 then view St David's ruined pile;
 and, home returning, soothly swear,
 was never scene so sad and fair.

SIR W. SCOTT

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the mountains
 curl'd
 melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 and lead him near to little but his last;
 but mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
 the sun is in the heavens and life on earth;
 flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
 health on the gale and freshness in the stream.
 Immortal man, behold her glories shine,
 and cry, exulting inly, they are thine!
 gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may see;
 a morrow comes, when they are not for thee:
 and grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
 nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
 nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
 nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
 but creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
 and fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

LORD BYRON

ὦ παῖδες, ἦ τοι Κύπρις οὐ Κύπρις μόνον,
 ἀλλ' ἔστι πολλῶν ὀνομάτων ἐπώνυμος,
 ἔστιν μὲν ἄδης, ἔστι δ' ἀφθιτος βία,
 ἔστιν δὲ λύσσα μαινάς, ἔστι δ' ἱμερος
 ἄκρατος, ἔστ' οἰμωγμός· ἐν κείνῃ τὸ πᾶν,
 σπουδαῖον, ἡσυχαῖον, ἐς βίαν ἄγον.
 ἐντήκεται γὰρ πνευμόνων ὅσοις ἔνι,
 ψυχὴ τίς οὐχὶ τῇσδε τῆς θεοῦ βορά;

εἰσέρχεται μὲν ἰχθύων πλωτῷ γένει·
 ἔνεστι δ' ἐν χέρσου τετρασκελεῖ γονῇ·
 νωμᾷ δ' ἐν οἰωνοῖσι τοῦκείνης πτερόν,
 ἐν θηρσίν, ἐν βροτοῖσιν, ἐν θεοῖς ἄνω.
 τίν' οὐ παλαίους' ἐς τρίς ἐκβάλλει θεῶν;
 εἴ μοι θέμις, θέμις δὲ τὰληθῇ λέγειν,
 Διὸς τυραννεῖ πνευμόνων, ἄνευ δορός·
 ἄνευ σιδήρου πάντα τοι συντέμνεται
 Κύπρις τὰ θνητῶν καὶ θεῶν βουλευματα.

SOPHOCLES

531

AN ITALIAN SONG

DEAR is my little native vale,
 the ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
 close by my cot she tells her tale
 to every passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 and shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
 that breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 with my loved lute's romantic sound;
 or crowns of living laurel weave
 for those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 the ballet danced in twilight glade,
 the canzonet and roundelay
 sung in the silent green-wood shade,
 these simple joys, that never fail,
 shall bind me to my native vale.

S. ROGERS

532

THE BUD

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,
 big with many a coming rose,
 this early bud began to blush,
 and did but half itself disclose:
 I plucked it, though no better grown;
 and now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 with such a purple light they shone,
 as if they had been made of fire,
 and spreading so, would flame anon:
 all that was meant by air or sun
 to the young flower, my breath has done.
 If our loose breath so much can do,
 what may the same in forms of love,
 of purest love and music too,
 when Flavia it aspires to move?
 when that, which lifeless buds persuades
 to wax more soft, her youth invades?

E. WALLER

533 *THE ASWAMEDHA OR SACRIFICE OF A HORSE*

ALONG the mead the hallowed Steed
 still wanders wheresoe'er he will,
 o'er hill or dale or plain;
 no human hand hath tricked that mane
 from which he shakes the morning dew;
 his mouth has never felt the rein,
 his lips have never frothed the chain;
 for pure of blemish and of stain,
 his neck unbroke to mortal yoke,
 like Nature free the Steed must be,
 fit offering for the Immortals he.
 A year and day the Steed must stray
 wherever chance may guide his way,
 before he fall at Seeva's shrine;
 the year and day have passed away,
 nor touch of man hath marred the rite divine.

R. SOUTHEY

534 *1. 2**MORNING*

ABOVE the sky was calm and fair,
 the winds did cease and clouds were fled,
 Aurora scattered Phoebus' hair,
 new risen from her rosy bed:
 at whose approach blithe Flora strew
 both mead and mountain with her flowers,
 while zephyr sweetest odours threw
 about the field and leafy bowers.

The woods and waters left their sound,
no tenderest twig was seen to move;
the beast lay couched on the ground,
the winged people perched above;
save Philomel, who did renew
her wonted plaints unto the morn,
that seem'd indeed her state to rue
by shedding tears upon the thorn.

H. PEACHAM

535

THE TOYS OF LIFE

BEHOLD the child, by nature's kindly law,
pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
a little louder, but as empty quite:
scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
and beads and prayer-books are the toys of age;
pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

A. POPE

536

NANCY OF THE VALE.

FRESH as the bordering flowers her bloom,
her eye all mild to view;
the little halcyon's azure plume
was never half so blue.
Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
so taper, straight and fair,
her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
how charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retired
this peerless bud is found;
and shadowing rocks and woods conspired
to fence her beauties round:
that nature in so lone a dell
should form a nymph so sweet!
or fortune to her secret cell
conduct my wandering feet!

537 Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
but she would ne'er incline:
'prove to your equals true' she cried
'as I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 has won my right good-will;
 to him I gave my plighted vow,
 with him I'll climb the hill.'

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
 I clasped the constant fair;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 and vow my future care:
 and when this vow shall faithless prove,
 or I these charms forego,
 the stream that saw our tender love,
 that stream shall cease to flow.

W. SHENSTONE

538

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULD'ST thou hear, what man can say
 in a little? Reader stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 as much beauty, as could die;
 which, in life, did harbour give
 to more virtue than doth live:
 if at all she had a fault,
 leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth;
 the other,—let it sleep with Death:
 fitter where it died to tell,
 than that it lived at all.—Farewell.

BEN JONSON

539

THE THREE SEASONS

DEAR is the morning gale of spring,
 and dear th' autumnal eve;
 but few delights can summer bring
 a Poet's crown to weave.

Her bowers are mute, her fountains dry,
 and ever Fancy's wing
 speeds from beneath her cloudless sky,
 to autumn or to spring.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
and sweet the old man's rest—
but middle age by no fond wile,
no soothing calm is blest.

Still in the world's hot restless gleam
she plies her weary task;
while vainly for some pleasant dream
her wandering glances ask.

J. KEBLE

540

THE ABBESS

THE abbess was of noble blood,
but early took the veil and hood,
ere upon life she cast a look,
or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
as she was fair, but ne'er had seen
for her a timid lover sigh,
nor knew the influence of her eye;
love to her ear was but a name,
combined with vanity and shame.
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
bounded within the cloister wall:
the deadliest sin her mind could reach,
was of monastic rule the breach;
and her ambition's highest aim,
to emulate Saint Hilda's fame.

SIR W. SCOTT

541

THE SEA

WHERE is the sea? I languish here—
where is my own blue sea?
with all its barks of fleet career,
and flags and breezes free?
I miss the voice of waves—the first
that woke my childish glee;
the measured chime, the thundering burst—
where is my own blue sea?
O rich your myrtle's breath may rise,
soft, soft your winds may lie:
yet my sick heart within me dies;
where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
 I hear the whispering tree—
 the echoes of my soul are mute;
 where is my own blue sea?

542

THE LOTOS-EATERS

HATEFUL is the dark-blue sky,
 vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life; ah, why
 should life all labour be?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 and in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 all things are taken from us, and become
 portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 to war with evil? is there any peace
 in ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 all things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 in silence; ripen, fall and cease:
 give us long rest or death, dark death or dreadful ease

A. TENNYSON

543

THE VESTAL

HOW happy is the blameless Vestal's lot,
 the world forgetting, by the world forgot?
 eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
 each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 desires composed, affections ever even;
 tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
 and whispering angels prompt her golden dreams:
 for her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 and wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
 for her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 for her white virgins hymenæals sing,
 to sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
 and melts in visions of eternal day.

A. POPE

544

ELOISA

SEE in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead:
 in each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 and more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
 from yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound;
 'Come, sister, come! (it said or seemed to say)
 thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
 once, like thyself, I trembled, wept and pray'd,
 love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
 but all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
 ev'n superstition loses every fear:
 for God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
 I come! I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
 celestial palms and ever-blooming flowers:
 thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow.

A. POPE

545

*HIPPOLYTA TAURELLA TO HER HUSBAND DURING
 HIS ABSENCE AT THE GAY COURT OF LEO X*

THEY tell me thou'rt the favoured guest
 of every fair and brilliant throng:
 no wit like thine to wake the jest,
 no voice like thine to breathe the song;
 and none could guess, so gay thou art,
 that thou and I are far apart.
 Alas! alas! how different flows
 with thee and me the time away!
 not that I wish thee sad—heaven knows,
 still, if thou canst, be light and gay:
 I only know, that without thee
 the sun himself is dark to me.

Do I thus haste to hall and bower,
 among the proud and gay to shine?
 or deck my hair with gem and flower
 to flatter other eyes than thine?
 Ah no; with me love's smiles are past,
 thou hadst the first, thou hadst the last.

T. MOORE

546

RETURN OF SPRING TO THE LOVER

'TIS sweet in the green Spring,
 to gaze upon the wakening fields around;
 birds in the thicket sing,
 winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground;
 a thousand odours rise,
 breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy and close and cool
 the pine and poplar keep their quiet nook;
 for ever fresh and full
 shines at their feet the thirst-inviting brook;
 and the soft herbage seems
 spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
 and whom alone I love, art far away;
 unless thy smile be there,
 it makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
 I care not if the train
 of leaves and flowers and zephyrs go again.

W. C. BRYANT

547

EMMA TO HENRY

WHEN from the cave thou risest with the day
 to beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
 the cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 and cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return;
 and, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
 (for seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
 and strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
 with humble duty and officious haste
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
 the choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
 and draw thee water from the freshest spring;
 and, when at night with weary toil opprest,
 soft slumber thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest;
 watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
 weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
 and joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
 if thou hast health, and I may bless the day.

M. PRIOR

548

THE STONY HEART

WHENCE comes my love?—O heart, disclose!
 'twas from her cheeks that shame the rose;
 from lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
 from eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
 whence comes my woe, as freely own;
 ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
 the lips befitting words most kind:
 the eye does tempt to love's desire,
 and seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire:
 yet all so fair but speak my moan,
 sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kindly speak
 sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,
 yet not a heart to save my pain?
 O Venus! take thy gifts again:
 make not so fair to cause our moan,
 or make a heart that's like your own.

J. HARINGTON

549

THE ADOPTED CHILD

WHY wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
 thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
 a straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
 mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
 where many an image of marble gleams,
 and the sunshine of pictures for ever streams.'

'Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play
 through the long bright hours of the summer-day;
 they find the red cup-moss where they climb,
 and they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme:
 and the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
 Lady, kind Lady, oh! let me go!'

'Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell,
 here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
 flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
 harps which the wandering breezes tune,
 and the silver wood-note of many a bird
 whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.'

F. HEMANS

550

HYMN OF APOLLO

THE sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
all men who do or even imagine ill

fly me, and from the glory of my ray
good minds and open actions take new might,
until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
with their ethereal colours; the moon's globe
and the pure stars in their eternal bowers
are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine
are portions of one power, which is mine.

I am the eye with which the Universe
beholds itself and knows itself divine;
all harmony of instrument or verse,
all prophecy, all medicine are mine,
all light of art or nature;—to my song
victory and praise in their own right belong.

P. B. SHELLEY

551

SUNSET VIEWED FROM THE PIRAEUS

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
along Morea's hills the setting sun;
not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
but one unclouded blaze of living light:
o'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle
the god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
o'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
their azure arches through the long expanse
more deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
and tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven;
till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

LORD BYRON

552

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
quit, O quit this mortal frame!
trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
and let me languish into life!

Hark, they whisper; angels say
'Sister spirit, come away!'
what is this absorbs me quite,
steals my senses, shuts my sight,
drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
with sounds seraphic ring:
lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

A. POPE

553

A DROP OF DEW

SEE how the orient dew,
shed from the bosom of the morn
into the blowing roses,
yet careless of its mansion new,
for the clear region where 'twas born,
round in itself incloses
and in its little globe's extent
frames, as it can, its native element.

How it the purple flower does slight,
scarce touching where it lies;
but gazing back upon the skies
shines with a mournful light:
like its own tear,
because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and unsecure,
trembling lest it grow impure;
till the warm sun pities its pain,
and to the skies exhales it back again.

554

So the soul, that drop, that ray,
of the clear fountain of eternal day,

could it within the human flower be seen,
 remembering still its former height,
 shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green;
 and, recollecting its own light,
 does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
 the greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 every way it turns away,
 so the world excluding round,
 yet receiving in the day;
 dark beneath, but bright above,
 here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easy hence to go,
 how girt and ready to ascend:
 moving but on a point below,
 it all about does upward bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
 white and entire, although congealed and chill;
 congealed on earth; but does, dissolving, run
 into the glories of the almighty sun.

A. MARVELL

NO fish stir in our heaving net,
 the sky is dark and the night is wet,
 and we must ply the lusty oar,
 for the tide is ebbing from the shore:
 and sad are they whose faggots burn,
 so kindly stored for our return.
 Our boat is small, and the tempest raves;
 and nought is heard but the lashing waves,
 and the sullen roar of the angry sea,
 and the wild winds piping drearily:
 yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
 we'll bless our blazing hearths again.
 Push bravely, mates; our guiding star
 now from its turret streameth far:
 and now along the nearing strand
 see swiftly move yon flaming brand:
 before the midnight hour is past,
 we'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

556

LAODAMIA

‘WITH sacrifice before the rising morn
vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
and from the infernal gods, ’mid shades forlorn
of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
celestial pity I again implore;—
restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!’

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
with faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
while, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
and she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
what doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
his vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—’tis He!
and a god leads him, winged Mercury!

557 Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
that calms all fear; ‘Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia, that at Jove’s command
thy husband walks the paths of upper air:
he comes to tarry with thee three hours’ space;
accept the gift, behold him face to face!’

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;
again that consummation she essayed;
but unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
as often as that eager grasp was made.
The Phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
and reassume his place before her sight.

‘Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
this is our palace, yonder is thy throne;
speak, and the floor thou tread’st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed
this precious boon and blest a sad abode.’

558 'Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
 his gifts imperfect;—Spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
 but in reward of thy fidelity.
 And something also did my worth obtain:
 for fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou know'st, the Delphic oracle foretold
 that the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
 should die; but me the threat could not withhold;
 a generous cause a victim did demand;
 and forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
 a self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
 thy matchless courage I bewail no more;
 which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
 by doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
 thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
 a nobler counsellor than my poor heart.'

559

PROTESILAUS

THE wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
 our future course, upon the silent sea;
 and, if no worthier led the way, resolved
 that of a thousand vessels mine should be
 the foremost prow in pressing to the strand:
 mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
 when of thy loss I thought, beloved wife:
 on thee too fondly did my memory hang,
 and on the joys we shared in mortal life,—
 the paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
 my new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the foe to cry
 'Behold, they tremble!—haughty their array,
 yet of their number no one dares to die'?
 in soul I swept the indignity away:
 old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
 in act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

W. WORDSWORTH

560

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS

MY mind to me a kingdome is;
such perfect joy therein I finde
as farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
that God or nature hath assignde;
though much I want, that most would have,
yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
and hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
mishap doth threaten most of all:
these get with toile, and keep with feare
such cares my mind could never beare.

561 No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
no force to winne the victorie,
no wylie wit to salve a sore,
no shape to winne a lover's eye;
to none of these I yeeld as thrall,
for why, my mind dispiseth all.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
no worldly wave my minde can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse:
I weigh not Ceresus' welth a straw;
for care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortunes fatall law:
my mind is such as may not move
for beautie bright or force of love.

562 I wish but what I have at will;
 I wander not to seeke for more;
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
 in greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
 and laugh at them that toile in vaine
 to get what must be lost againe.

The court ne cart I like ne loath;
 extreames are counted worst of all;
 the golden meane betwixt them both,
 doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
 this is my choyce, for why I finde,
 no wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
 my conscience clere my chiefe defence:
 I never seeke by brybes to please,
 nor by desert to give offence:
 thus do I live, thus will I die;
 would all did so as well as I!

SIR E. DYER

563

SEPTEMBER 1819

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed
 an aspect tenderly illumed,
 the gentlest look of spring;
 that calls from yonder leafy shade
 unfaded, yet prepared to fade,
 a timely carolling.

No faint and hesitating trill,
 such tribute as to winter chill
 the lonely redbreast pays!
 clear, loud, and lively is the din
 from social warblers gathering in
 their harvest of sweet lays.

Nor doth the example fail to cheer
 me, conscious that my leaf is sere,
 and yellow on the bough:—
 fall, rosy garlands, from my head!
 ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
 around a younger brow!

W. WORDSWORTH

564 COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust
to wet with many a bitter shower,
it ill befits us to disdain
the altar, to deride the fane,
where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
to win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross
aloft where pines their branches toss,
and to the chapel far withdrawn,
that lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam, along the brink
of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,
through Alpine vale, or champain wide,
whate'er we look on, at our side
be Charity!—to bid us think,
and feel, if we would know.

W. WORDSWORTH

565 TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel, pilgrim of the sky!
dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision and beyond
mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain,
'twixt thee and thine an everlasting bond,
thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
yet thou dost seem—proud privilege!—to sing
all independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
a privacy of glorious light is thine;
whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
of harmony, with instinct more divine;
type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

W. WORDSWORTH

WHEN o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
 and on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind,
 when not a distant taper's twinkling ray
 gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way ;
 when not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
 and the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;
 then did his horse the homeward track descry,
 the track that shunned his sad, inquiring eye ;
 then his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,
 and doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.
 Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
 the wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love ?
 say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight ?
 monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.
 Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
 eclipse her native shades, her native skies :
 'tis vain ! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
 and lights at last where all her cares repose.

S. ROGERS

WHERE, doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell,
 the wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
 unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
 their woes, their wishes and their hearts the same ;
 O there, prophetic Hope, thy smile bestow,
 and chase the pangs that worth should never know ;
 there, as the parent deals his scanty store
 to friendless babes and weeps to give no more,
 tell that his manly race shall yet assuage
 their father's wrongs and shield his latter age.
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
 nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
 tell, that when silent years have passed away,
 that when his eye grows dim, his tresses grey,
 these busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
 and deck with fairer flowers his little field,
 and call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath.

T. CAMPBELL

568

THE TOMB OF LOVE

RESOLVED to dust intombed heere lieth Love,
 through faults of her, who heere herself should lye;
 he strooke her brest, but all in vain did prove
 to fire the yse: and doubting by and by
 his brand had lost his force, he gan to trye
 upon him selfe: which tryall made him dye.

In soothe no force: let those lament that lust,
 I'll sing a caroll song for obsequy:
 for towards me his dealings were unjust,
 and cause of all my passed misery:
 the Fates, I think, seeing what I had past,
 in my behalf wrought this revenge at last.

But somewhat more to pacifye my minde
 by illing him, by whom I liv'd a slave,
 I'll cast his ashes to the open winde,
 or write this Epitaph upon his grave;
*Here lyeth Love, of Mars the bastard Sonne,
 whose foolish fault to death him selfe hath donne.*

T. WATSON

569

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
 but whispering tongues can poison truth;
 and constancy lives in realms above;
 and life is thorny; and youth is vain;
 and to be wroth with one we love,
 doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,
 with Roland and Sir Leoline:
 each spake words of high disdain
 and insult to his heart's best brother:
 they parted—ne'er to meet again!
 but never either found another
 to free the hollow heart from paining—
 they stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
 a dreary sea now flows between;
 but neither heat nor frost nor thunder
 shall wholly do away, I ween,
 the marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE

570

THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA

N EARE to the silver Trent
she to whom Nature lent
by whom the Muses late
have for their greater state
twining an anademme

Sirena dwelleth,
all that excelleth,
and the neate Graces
taken their places,
wherewith to crowne

as it belonged to them

Tagus and Pactolus
nor for their golde to us
henceforth of all the rest
which, as the daintiest,
for when my precious one
she to perrie paragonne

Our mournfulle Philomelle,
henceforth in April shall
and to her shall complayne
redoubling every strayne
for when my love too long

as it had suffered wrong.

Sirena dwelleth,
all that excelleth,
and the neate Graces
taken their places,
wherewith to crowne
her.

most to renowne her.

are to thee debtor,
are they the better ;
be thou the river,
puts them down ever ;
o'er thee doth travel
turneth thy gravelle.

that rarest tuner,
waken the sooner,
from the thicke cover,
over and over ;
her chamber keep-
eth.

the morning weep-
eth.

M. DRAYTON

571

WINTER

NO more the morn, with tepid rays
unfolds the flower of various hue;
noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
usurping darkness shares the day;
her mists restrain the force of light,
and Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half revealed,
with sighs we view the hoary hill,
the leafless wood, the naked field,
the snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles through the grove,
no vivid colours paint the plain ;
no more with devious steps I rove
through verdant paths, now sought in vain.

572 Aloud the driving tempest roars ;
congeal'd impetuous showers descend :
haste, close the window, bar the doors,
fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.
In nature's aid let art supply
with light and heat my little sphere ;
rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high ;
light up a constellation here.
Let music sound the voice of joy !
or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
let love his wanton wiles employ,
and o'er the season wine prevail.
Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
when mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
nor music charm, though Stella sings ;
nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.
Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
improve each moment as it flies :
life's a short summer,—man a flower,
he dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

S. JOHNSON

573

ITALY

HOW am I pleased to search the hills and woods
for rising springs and celebrated floods !
to view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
and trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source ;
to see the Mincio draw his watery store
through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
and hoary Albula's infected tide
o'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
that lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
and in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
and the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
that destitute of strength derives its course
from thirsty urns and an unfruitful source ;
yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
with scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys.

574 Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 with warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 and Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
 See, how the golden groves around me smile,
 that shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
 or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 curse the cold clime and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 to nobler tastes and more exalted scents;
 e'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 and trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baiæ's gentle seats,
 or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
 where western gales eternally reside,
 and all the seasons lavish all their pride.

J. ADDISON

575

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 and all that's best of dark and bright
 meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 thus mellow'd to that tender light
 which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 had half impair'd the nameless grace,
 which waves in every raven tress,
 or softly lightens o'er her face;
 where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 how pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
 so soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 the smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 but tell of days in goodness spent,
 a mind at peace with all below,
 a heart whose love is innocent!

LORD BYRON

576

ON TIME

TIME wasteth yeeres, and months and howr's:
time doth consume fame, honour, witt, and
strength:

time kills the greenest herbes, and sweetest flowr's:
time wears out youth and beauties looks at length:
time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
and each thing els but Love, which hath no end.

Time maketh ev'ry tree to die and rott:
time turneth ofte our pleasures into paine:
time causeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
time cleares the skie, which first hung full of rayne:
time makes an end of all humane desire,
but onely this, which sets my heart on fire.

Time turneth into naught each princely state,
time brings a fludd from newe resolved snowe:
time calms the sea, where tempest was of late,
time eats whate'er the moone can see below:
and yet no time prevales in my behoofe,
nor any time can make me cease to love.

T. WATSON

577

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON

CAN I forget the dismal night that gave
my soul's best part for ever to the grave!
how silent did his old companions tread,
by midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
what awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
the pealing organ, and the pausing choir:
the duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid;
and the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu;
and sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague:
to strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
a frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine;
mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan.
and grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone:
of thee forgetful if I form a song,
my lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue.

578 That awful form, which (so the heavens decree)
 must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,
 in nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 or rous'd by fancy meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls or crowded courts invite,
 the unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 if in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
 if pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 his shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
 'twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 clear'd some great truth or rais'd some serious song;
 there patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 a candid censor and a friend severe:
 there taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
 the price for knowledge, taught us how to die.

T. TICKELL

579

THE COUNTRY LIFE

THE damaske meddowes and the crawlinge streames
 sweeten and make soft thy dreames;
 the purlinge springes, groves, birdes, and well-weaved
 bowers,
 with fields enamelled with flowers,
 present thee shapes, while phantasy discloses
 millions of lillyes mixt with roses.
 Then dreame thou hearest the lambe with many a
 bleat
 woo'd to come sucke the milkey teate;
 whilst Faunus in the vision vowes to keepe
 from ravenouse wolfe the woolley sheepe;
 with thowsand such enchantinge dreames, which meet
 to make sleepe not so sound as sweet.
 Nor can these figures so thy rest endeere,
 as not to up when chaunticleere
 speaks the last watch, but with the dawne dost rise
 to worke, but first to sacrifice:
 makeinge thy peace with Heaven for some late fault,
 with holy meale and cracklinge salt.

R. CORBET

580

PHILLIS AND CORIDON

PHILLIS kept sheep along the western plains,
 and Coridon did feed his flocks hard by:
 this shepherd was the flower of all the swains
 that traced the downs of fruitful Thessaly,
 and Phillis, that did far her flocks surpass
 in silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.
 He little knew to paint a tale of love,
 shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say:
 Phillis gan smile and wily thought to prove
 what uncouth grief poor Coridon did pay;
 she asked how his flocks or he did fare,
 yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.
 The Shepherd blushed when Phillis questioned so,
 and swore by Pan it was not for his flocks;
 'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this woe,
 my thoughts are trapped within thy lovely locks,
 thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath set on fire;
 fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire.'

R. GREENE

581

THE LAND OF THE SUN

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 are emblems of deeds that are done in their
 clime,
 where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine
 where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:
 where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál in her bloom;
 where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 and the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
 where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 and the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
 where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 and all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
 'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
 can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 - are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
 they tell.

LORD BYRON

582

MIGNON'S SONG

KNOW'ST thou the land where bloom the citron
 bowers,
 where the gold-orange lights the dusky grove?
 High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
 and through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove.
 Know'st thou it well? There, there, with thee,
 O friend! O loved one! fain my steps would flee.
 Know'st thou the dwelling? There the pillars rise,
 soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;
 and forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
 to say—'Poor child! what thus has wrought thee woe?'
 Know'st thou it well? There, there with thee,
 O my protector, homewards might I flee!
 Know'st thou the mountain? High its bridge is hung,
 where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way;
 there lurk the dragon-race deep caves among,
 o'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent-spray.
 Know'st thou it well? With thee, with thee
 There lies my path, O father, let us flee!

F. HEMANS

583

THY DAYS ARE DONE

THY days are done, thy fame begun;
 thy country's strains record
 the triumphs of her chosen Son,
 the slaughters of his sword!
 the deeds he did, the fields he won,
 the freedom he restored!
 Though thou art fall'n, while we are free
 thou shalt not taste of death!
 the generous blood that flow'd from thee
 disdain'd to sink beneath:
 within our veins its currents be,
 thy spirit on our breath!
 Thy name our charging hosts along,
 shall be the battle-word!
 thy fall, the theme of choral song
 from virgin voices pour'd!
 to weep would do thy glory wrong;
 thou shalt not be deplored.

LORD BYRON

584 STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEFECTION NEAR NAPLES

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
the waves are dancing fast and bright,
blue isles and snowy mountains wear
the purple noon's transparent might:
the breath of the moist earth is light
around its unexpanded buds;
like many a voice of one delight,
the winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
the City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
with green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
the lightning of the noon-tide ocean
is flashing round me, and a tone
arises from its measured motion;
how sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion

585 Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
nor peace within nor calm around,
nor that content surpassing wealth
the sage in meditation found,
and walked with inward glory crowned;
nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround;
smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
to me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
and weep away the life of care
which I have borne, and yet must bear
till death like sleep might steal on me,
and I might feel in the warm air
my cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

P. B. SHELLEY

586

DELIA

TELL me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
 and doomed its woes without its joys to prove,
 canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
 the dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
 canst thou exclude that habitant divine,
 to place some meaner idol in her shrine?
 O task, for feeble reason too severe!
 O lesson nought could teach me but despair!
 must I forbid my eyes that heavenly sight,
 they've viewed so oft with languishing delight?
 must my ears shun that voice, whose charming sound
 seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?
 O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
 to the soft notes of elegant desire!
 though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
 though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
 yet were your pains less exquisite than mine:
 'tis easier far to lose than to resign.

LORD LYTTTELTON

587 *THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF
 HER FAWN*

THE wanton troopers riding by
 have shot my faun, and it will die.
 Ungentle men, they cannot thrive
 who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
 them any harm: alas nor could
 thy death yet do them any good.
 I'm sure I never wished them ill;
 nor do I for all this, nor will:
 but, if my simple prayers may yet
 prevail with heaven to forget
 thy murder, I will join my tears
 rather than fail. But, O my fears!
 it cannot die so. Heaven's King
 keeps register of every thing,
 and nothing may we use in vain;
 even beasts must be with justice slain,
 else men are made their deodands.
 Though they should wash their guilty hands

in this warm life-blood which doth part
from thine and wound me to the heart,
yet could they not be clean, their stain
is dyed in such a purple grain.

588 I have a garden of my own,
but so with roses overgrown,
and lilies, that you would it guess
to be a little wilderness,
and all the spring time of the year
it only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
have sought it oft, where it should lie,
yet could not, till itself would rise,
find it, although before mine eyes;
for, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
it like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
until its lips e'en seemed to bleed,
and then to me 'twould boldly trip,
and print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
on roses thus itself to fill,
and its pure virgin limbs to fold
in whitest sheets of lilies cold:
had it lived long, it would have been
lilies without, roses within.

A. MARVELL

589

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
nor the furious winter's rages;
thou thy worldly task hast done,
home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
golden lads and girls all must,
as chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
care no more to clothe and eat;
to thee the reed is as the oak:
the sceptre, learning, physic, must
all follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
 nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 fear not slander, censure rash;
 thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
 all lovers young, all lovers must
 consign to thee, and come to dust.

W. SHAKESPEARE

590

THE MISERIES OF EXILE

FAR different there from all that charmed before,
 the various terrors of that horrid shore;
 those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 and fiercely shed intolerable day;
 those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 but silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 the rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
 where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 and savage men more murderous still than they;
 while oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 far different these from every former scene,
 the cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 the breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 that only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

O. GOLDSMITH

591

TO MRS BLOUNT ON HER BIRTH-DAY

O BE thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
 long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
 not with those toys the female world admire,
 riches that vex and vanities that tire.
 With added years if life bring nothing new,
 but like a sieve let every blessing through,
 some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 and all we gain, some sad reflection more;
 is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
 'tis but the funeral of the former year.
 Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
 and the gay conscience of a life well spent,

calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
till death unfelt that tender frame destroy
in some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy;
peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
and wake to raptures in a life to come.

A. POPE

592

THE SIESTA

AIRS, that wander and murmur round,
bearing delight where'er ye blow,
make in the elms a lulling sound,
while my lady sleeps in the shade below!
Lighten and lengthen her noon-day rest,
till the heat of the noon-day sun is o'er:
sweet be her slumbers! though in my breast
the pain she has waked may slumber no more.
Breathing soft from the blue profound,
bearing delight where'er ye blow,
make in the elms a lulling sound,
while my lady sleeps in the shade below.
Airs! that over the bending boughs,
and under the shadows of the leaves,
murmur soft, like my timid vows
or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,—
gently sweeping the grassy ground,
bearing delight where'er ye blow,
make in the elms a lulling sound,
while my lady sleeps in the shade below.

W. C. BRYANT

593

SONG OF HINDA

O H! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
but 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
to glad me with its soft black eye,
but when it came to know me well,
and love me, it was sure to die!

Now too—the joy most like divine
 of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 to see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
 oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
 Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
 those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
 no, never come again—though sweet,
 though heaven, it may be death to thee.
 Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
 better to sit and watch that ray,
 and think thee safe, though far away,
 than have thee near me, and in danger.

T. MOORE

594

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 I with woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 a most enchanting wizzard did abide,
 than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
 and there a season atween June and May,
 half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
 a listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 no living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
 sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
 and flowery beds, that slumberous influence kest,
 from poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant green,
 where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 and hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
 that as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

595

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills,
 were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 and flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 and vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
 and now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
 that drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
 and still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
 yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 a sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 as Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:
 and up the hills, on either side, a wood
 of blackening pines, aye waving to' and fro,
 sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood:
 and where this valley winded out below,
 the murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

J. THOMSON

596

THE HOUR OF DEATH

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 and flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 and stars to set;—but all,
 thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
 eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;—
 but all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour—
 its feverish hour, of mirth and song and wine:
 there comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
 a time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
 may look like things too glorious for decay,
 and smile at thee—but thou art not of those
 that wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

597

We know when moons shall wane,
 when Summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
 when autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
 but who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale
 comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
 is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
 they have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
 thou art where music melts upon the air;
 thou art around us in our peaceful home,
 and the world calls us forth—and thou art here.

Thou art where friend meets friend
 beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
 thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 the skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.
 Leaves have their time to fall,
 and flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 and stars to set;—but all,
 thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

F. HEMANS

598 *ON HIS MISTRESS THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA*

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 that poorly satisfy our eyes
 more by your number than your light,
 you common people of the skies,
 what are you, when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
 by your pure purple mantles known
 like the proud virgins of the year
 as if the spring were all your own,—
 what are you, when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood
 that warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 thinking your passions understood
 by your weak accents; what's your praise,
 when Philomel her voice doth raise?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 in sweetness of her looks and mind,
 by virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 tell me, if she were not designed
 th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

SIR H. WOTTON

599

A SUMMER'S EVE

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
 all chequer'd was the sky,
 thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
 veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,
that leisurely it blew
to make one leaf the next to kiss
that closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
look'd as they most desired,
to see whose head with orient pearls
most curiously was tired.

The rills, that on the pebbles played,
might now be heard at will;
this world the only music made,
eise every thing was still.

And to itself the subtle air
such sovereignty assumes,
that it receive too large a share
from nature's rich perfumes.

M. DRAYTON

600

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

HARK! the very heaven is ringing
with the matin song of peace:
hark! a thousand warblers singing
waft their music on the breeze:
all to life, to love are waking,
from their wings their slumbers shaking:
but my Lila still is sleeping
in her fair and flowery nest:
and the Zephyr, round her creeping,
fondly fans her breathing breast.
Sleep thou loved one! sweetly sleep!
angels here their vigils keep!
blest, in innocence arrayed
I from fortune's favours flee;
shrouded in the forest-shade,
more than blest by love and thee.
Calm and peaceful time rolls by;
O! has gold a ray so bright
as thy seraph-smile of light
throws o'er happy poverty?

601

THE ROSE

O, lovely rose,
 tell her, that wastes her time and me
 that now she knows,
 when I resemble her to thee,
 how sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
 and shuns to have her graces spied
 that, hadst thou sprung
 in deserts where no men abide,
 thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 of beauty from the light retired:
 bid her come forth,
 suffer herself to be desired,
 and not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 the common fate of all things rare
 may read in thee:
 how small a part of time they share
 that are so wondrous sweet and fair!

E. WALLER

602

WHERE ARE THE JOYS

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 that danc'd to the lark's early sang?
 where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
 at evening the wild woods amang?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 and marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
 no more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 but sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 and grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover
 yet long, long too well have I known:
 all that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

R. BURNS

603

SIR AGILTHORN

AND must sad Eva lose her lord?
and must he seek the martial plain?
O see, she brings his casque and sword!
O hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

'Blest is the village damsel's fate,
though poor and low her station be;
safe from the cares which haunt the great,
safe from the cares which torture me!

'No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
no dread suspense her breast alarms;
no tyrant honour rules her swain,
and tears him from her folding arms.

'She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
in pleasing toil consumes the day;
and tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
or joins her rustic lover's lay.

'Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
the pillow which supports her head;
she sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
shall wake, to mourn an husband dead.'

604 And is thy lord from danger free?
and is the deadly combat o'er?
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
and laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
and tears from Oswy's eyelid fell;
too truly Eva's heart explained
what meant those silent tears to tell.

'Come, come, my babe!' she wildly cried,
'we needs must seek the field of woe:
come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
to dig thy father's grave we go.'

O! see, she roams the bloody field,
 and wildly shrieks her husband's name;
 O! see, she stops and eyes a shield,
 a heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
 a knight lay stretched that shield beside;
 she raised his visor, kissed his face,
 then on his bosom sunk and died.

M. G. LEWIS

605 *TO THE RIVER ISIS, WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS*

SWEET Isis, thy stream as despairing I lie,
 thy muse-haunted marge with wild flowrets entwined,
 make me grieve when I think that the moment draws
 nigh,
 when for ever, I fear, I must leave thee behind.

May thy bosom, with tremulous shadows impress'd
 from the waving green willow that hangs on thy shore,
 with regret miss the steps of a death-stricken guest,
 and Echo list oft for the sound of his oar.

Though her lover be fallen—thy copses among
 when Philomel warbles at close of the day,
 may a friend ne'er be wanting to catch her lorn song,
 and welcome the loveliest herald of May.

May the suns that I've seen and the cloudless blue skies,
 the soft verdant meads, and rich woodlands around,
 still, still feed with rapture a thousand fond eyes,
 though I be far distant,—or cold in the ground.

Why dwell on the thought then? sad fancy depart,
 and charm me no more with thy treacherous spell:
 the first of past joys I dismiss from my heart,
 when to thee, belov'd Isis, I once bid farewell.

H. HEADLEY

606

TO HIS HARP

I N the high-towering poplar thus swinging
 my harp, hang suspended at ease;
 thy strings at wild intervals ringing,
 when swept by the breath of the breeze.

The blue vault its full beauty displaying,
not a cloud the pure ether o'ershades,
while in sighs his soft wishes betraying,
the green foliage fond zephyr pervades.

Thus I leave thee to murmur and quiver,
as whispers the slow-rising wind;
while here stretched on the banks of the river
I repose, in light slumbers reclined.

Ah! along yon horizon dark scowling,
what tempest-fed shadows appear!
clouds, clouds rise, incessantly rolling;
hark! the shower whistles loud on my ear.

O my harp, my companion, my treasure,
let us rise, let us hasten away:
'tis thus flies the phantom of pleasure,
with quick step ever hast'ning away.

607

THE TRAVELLER'S WELCOME

SWEET to the morning traveller
the song amid the sky,
where twinkling in the dewy light
the sky-lark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller
the gales that round him play,
when faint and heavily he drags
along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
full wearily toils he,
the flowing water makes to him
a soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
and all is calm around,
there is sweet music to his ear
in the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
of evening or of morn,
the sweetest is the voice of love
that welcomes his return.

R. SOUTHEY

608

A LAMENT

SHE leaves us: many a gentler breast
will mourn our common loss like me:
the babe her hands, her voice caressed,
the lamb that couched beside her knee.

The touch thou lovest—the robe's far gleam—
thou shalt not find, thou dark-eyed fawn!
thy light is lost, exultant stream,
dim woods, your sweetness is withdrawn.

Descend, dark heaven, and flood with rain
their crimson roofs: their silence rout:
their vapour-laden branches strain,
and force the smothered sadness out!—

that so the ascended moon, when breaks
the cloud, may light once more a scene,
fair as some cheek that suffering makes
only more tearfully serene:—

that so the vale she loved may look
calm as some cloister roofed with snows,
wherein, unseen, in shadowy nook,
a buried vestal finds repose.

609

THE NEREID

THE Nereid maids in days of yore
saw the lost pilot loose the helm,
saw the wreck blacken all the shore,
and every wave some head o'erwhelm.

Afar the youngest of the train
beheld (but fear'd and aided not)
a minstrel from the billowy main
borne breathless near her coral grot;

then terror fled, and pity rose

'Ah me' she cried 'I come too late!
rather than not have soothed his woes,
I would, but may not, share his fate.'

She raised his hand:—'what hand like this
could reach the heart athwart the lyre?
what lips like these return my kiss,
or breathe, incessant, soft desire?'

From eve to morn, from morn to eve,
she gazed his features o'er and o'er,
and those who love, and who believe,
may hear her sigh along the shore.

W. S. LANDOR

610

TO THE EVENING STAR

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,
companion of retiring day,
why at the closing gates of heaven,
beloved Star, dost thou delay?

so fair thy pensile beauty burns
when soft the tear of twilight flows:
so due thy plighted love returns
to chambers brighter than the rose;

to Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
so kind a star thou seem'st to be,
sure some enamour'd orb above
descends and burns to meet with thee!

thine is the breathing, blushing hour
when all unheavenly passions fly,
chased by the soul-subduing power
of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
queen of propitious stars, appear,
and early rise, and long delay,
when Caroline herself is here!

611 Shine on her chosen green resort
whose trees the sunward summit own,
and wanton flowers, that well may court
an angel's feet to tread them down:—

shine on her sweetly-scented road,
thou star of evening's purple dome,
that lead'st the nightingale abroad,
and guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
embalms the soft exhaling dew,
where dying winds a sigh bequeath
to kiss the cheek of rosy hue:—

where winnowed by the gentle air
 her silken tresses darkly flow
 and fall upon her brow so fair,
 like shadows on the mountain-snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
 in converse sweet to wander far—
 O bring with thee my Caroline,
 and thou shalt be my ruling Star!

T. CAMPBELL

612 *VIVE TIBI QVANTVMQVE POTES PRÆLVSTRIA VITA*

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 ambition is nothing to me;
 the one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
 is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 by reason my life let me square;
 the wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 and the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content
 shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display
 unenvied I'll challenge my part;
 for every fair object my eyes can survey
 contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 the many their labours employ!
 since all that is truly delightful in life
 is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

613 *HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI AT THE TOMB OF
 HER MOTHER*

FOND soother of my infant tear,
 fond sharer of my infant joy,
 is not thy shade still lingering here?
 am I not still thy soul's employ?

Oh yes—and, as in former days,
when, meeting on the sacred mount,
our nymphs awaked their choral lays,
and danced around Cassotis' fount:
as then, 'twas all my wish and care,
that mine should be the simplest mien,
my lyre and voice the sweetest there,
my foot the lightest o'er the green:
so still, each look and step to mould,
thy guardian care is round me spread,
arranging every snowy fold,
and guiding every mazy tread.
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
thy spirit still, unseen and free,
hovers between my lip and lyre,
and weds them into harmony.

T. MOORE

614

STANZAS TO 'THE PO

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,
where dwells the lady of my love, when she
walks by thy brink, and there perchance recalls
a faint and fleeting memory of me;
what if thy deep and ample stream should be
a mirror of my heart, where she may read
the thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed!
The current I behold will sweep beneath
her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
the twilight air, unharmed by summer's heat.
Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream,—
yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
that happy wave repass me in its flow!
the wave that bears my tears returns no more:
will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?—
both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore,
I by thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

LORD BYRON

615

THE RIVULET

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 the lovely vale that lies around thee;
 why would'st thou be a sea at eve,
 when but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
 humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
 no blossom bowed its stalk to show,
 where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the noonbeams look,
 usurping, as thou downward driftest,
 its crystal from the clearest brook,
 its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah! what wild haste!—and all to be
 a river, and expire in ocean:
 each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 to that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
 in this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
 and die in peace, an aged rill,
 than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

W. C. BRYANT

616

GONDOLINE

THE night it was still, and the moon it shone
 serenely on the sea,
 and the waves at the foot of the rifted rock
 they murmured pleasantly.

When Gondoline roamed along the shore,
 a maiden full fair to the sight;
 though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
 and turned it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
 it filled her faint blue eye,
 as oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
 her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
 of all our good king's men,
 and he was gone to the Holy Land
 to fight the Saracen.

And many a month had passed away,
and many a rolling year,
but nothing the maid from Palestine
could of her lover hear.

617 Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
the ocean's misty face;
full oft she thought her lover's bark
she on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
in the high rock's lonely tower,
to guide her lover to the land,
should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
and sunken in her eye:
'Oh tell me but if Bertrand live,
and I in peace will die.'

She wandered o'er the lonely shore,
the curlew screamed above—
she heard the scream with a sickening heart,
much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
and this was all her cry—
'Oh tell me but if Bertrand live,
and I in peace shall die.'

H. K. WHITE

618

THE SAILOR BOY

HE rose at dawn, and fired with hope,
shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
and reached the ship and caught the rope,
and whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled loud and long
he heard a fierce mermaiden cry
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
in caves about the dreary bay,
and on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
and in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'

'Fool' he answered 'death is sure
to those that stay and those that roam,
but I will nevermore endure
to sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
my sisters crying "stay for shame,"
my father raves of death and wreck—
they are all to blame, they are all to blame.'

'God help me! save I take my part
of danger on the roaring sea,
a devil rises in my heart
far worse than any death to me.'

A. TENNYSON

619

THE WANDERING BOY

WHEN the winter winds whistle along the wild moor,
and the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
when the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
O, how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest,
and my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast;
no father, no mother, no kindred have I—
oh, I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I once had a home, and I once had a sire,
a mother who granted each infant desire;
our cottage it stood in a wood-embowered vale,
where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summoned away,
and they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
and now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
and no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie,
and death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

H. K. WHITE

620

SILVIA'S GHOST

THE silent moon had scaled the vaulted skies,
and anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
a sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
and Silvia stood before my couch confessed.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
that led the dance beneath the festive shade,
but she that in the morning of her day
entombed beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast,
no more her breast inspired the lover's flame;
no more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass'd,
yet seemed her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd the living face,
nor such her voice as charm'd the listening crowd:
nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
alas! all vanished for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
that dear distinction every doubt removed;
perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
forgets one feature of the nymph he loved.

W. SHENSTONE

621

REPENTANCE

THE fields which with covetous spirit we sold,
those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,
would have brought us more good than a burthen of gold,
could we but have been as contented as they.

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;
unfettered as bees that in gardens abide;
we could do what we liked with the land, it was ours;
and for us the brook murmured that ran by its side.

But now we are strangers, go early or late;
and often, like one overburthened with sin,
with my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,
or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,
a stern face it puts on, as if ready to say
'What ails you, that you must come creeping to me!'

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad ;
 our comfort was near if we ever were crost ;
 but the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,
 we slighted them all,—and our birth-right was lost.

W. WORDSWORTH

622

HER brow hath opened on me—see it there,
 brightening the umbrage of her hair ;
 so gleams the crescent moon, that loves
 to be descried through shady groves.
 Tenderest bloom is on her cheek ;
 wish not for a richer streak ;
 nor dread the depth of meditative eye ;
 but let thy love, upon that azure field
 of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
 its homage offered up in purity.
 What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
 or under leaves of thickest shade,
 was such a stillness e'er diffused
 since earth grew calm while angels mused?
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
 to crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt
 on the flower's breast ; as if she felt
 that flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
 with all their fragrance, all their glistening,
 call to the heart for inward listening.

623

THE LEGEND OF BRIAN'S BIRTH

OF Brian's birth strange tales were told :
 his mother watch'd a midnight fold,
 built deep within a dreary glen,
 where scatter'd lay the bones of men,
 in some forgotten battle slain
 and bleached by drifting wind and rain.
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
 to view such mockery of his art :
 the knot-grass fetter'd there the hand
 which once could burst an iron band ;
 beneath the broad and ample bone,
 that bucklered heart to fear unknown,
 a feeble and a timorous guest,
 the fieldfare framed her lowly nest ;

there the slow blind-worm left his slime
on the fleet limbs that mock'd at time;
and there, too, lay the leader's skull,
still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,
for heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
supplied the bonnet and the plume.

SIR W. SCOTT

624

GRONGAR HILL

NOW I gain the mountain's brow,
what a landskip lies below!
no clouds, no vapours intervene,
but the gay, the open scene,
does the face of nature show,
in all the hues of heaven's bow;
and swelling to embrace the light
spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
proudly towering in the skies:
rushing from the woods the spires
seem from hence ascending fires;
half his beams Apollo sheds
on the yellow mountain-heads!
gilds the fleeces of the flocks
and glitters on the broken rocks;
below me trees unnumbered rise,
beautiful in various dyes;
the gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
the yellow beech, the sable yew,
the slender fir that taper grows,
the sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.

625 And see the rivers, how they run
through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
wave succeeding wave, they go
a various journey to the deep,
like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought
to instruct our wandering thought;
thus she dresses green and gay,
to disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
when will the landskip tire the view!

the fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 the woody valleys, warm and low;
 the windy summit, wild and high,
 roughly rushing on the sky!
 the pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
 the naked rock, the shady bower;
 the town and village, dome and farm,
 each give each a double charm,
 as pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

T. DYER

626

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

SINCE our country, our God—Oh, my sire!
 demand that thy daughter expire;
 since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
 strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

and the voice of thy mourning is o'er,
 and the mountains behold me no more:
 if the hand that I love lay me low,
 there cannot be pain in the blow!

and of this, oh, my Father! be sure—
 that the blood of thy child is as pure
 as the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 and the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 be the judge and the hero unbent!
 I have won the great battle for thee,
 and my father and country are free!

when this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
 when the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
 let my memory still be thy pride,
 and forget not I smiled as I died!

LORD BYRON

627

NOVEMBER

THE sheep, before the pinching heaven,
 to sheltered dale and down are driven,
 where yet some faded herbage pines,
 and yet a watery sun-beam shines:

in meek despondency they eye
the withered sward and wintry sky,
the shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
and wraps him closer from the cold;
his dogs no merry circles wheel,
but, shivering, follow at his heel;
a cowering glance they often cast,
as deeper moans the gathering blast.
My imps, though hardy, bold and wild,
as best befits the mountain child,
feel the sad influence of the hour,
and wail the daisy's vanished flower;
their summer gambols tell, and mourn,
and anxious ask 'Will spring return,
and birds and lambs again be gay,
and blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?'

SIR W. SCOTT

628

ONE HOUR WITH THEE

AN hour with thee!—When earliest day
dapples with gold the eastern grey,
oh, what can frame my mind to bear
the toil and turmoil, cark and care,
new griefs, which coming hours unfold,
and sad remembrance of the old?—

One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When burning June
waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
what shall repay the faithful swain
his labour on the sultry plain;
and more than cave or sheltering bough,
cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?—

One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
oh, what can teach me to forget
the thankless labours of the day;
the hopes, the wishes, flung away;
the increasing wants, and lessening gains,
the master's pride, who scorns my pains?—

One hour with thee!

SIR W. SCOTT

629

THE DISDAINFUL

SHOULD I but live a little more,
 nor die beneath thy cold disdain,
 these eyes shall see thy triumphs o'er,
 shall see the close of Beauty's reign.

For Time's transmuting hand shall turn
 thy locks of gold to silvery wires;
 those starry lamps shall cease to burn,
 as now, with more than heav'nly fires.

Thy ripen'd cheek no longer wear
 the ruddy blooms of rising dawn;
 and every tiny dimple there
 in wrinkled lines be roughly drawn!

And oh! what show'rs of fruitless woe
 shall fall upon that fatal day—
 how wilt thou weep the frequent 'No,'
 how mourn occasion past away.

Those vain regrets, and useless sighs,
 shall in my heart no pity move—
 I'll deem them but a sacrifice
 due to the shade of buried Love!

LORD STRANGFORD *from* CAMOENS

630

SONG TO A DRYAD

HERE, oh nymph of race divine,
 here we heap thy grassy shrine:
 here, oh nymph, above our heads,
 thine own elm its branches spreads:
 up its brown and furrowed rind
 glossy curls of ivy wind,
 through whose white-cupped flowers on high
 peers the squirrel's sparkling eye.
 Here the rill with warbling tone
 answers to the stock-dove's moan,
 and, as bubbling on it glides,
 kisses on its mossy sides
 flowers of beauty, meet to be
 crowns for us and crowns for thee;

flowers, whose richness and perfume
mocks thy breath and mocks thy bloom:
here, oh nymph of race divine,
let us heap thy grassy shrine.

631

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

MY mother's grave, my mother's grave!
oh! dreamless is her slumber there,
and drowsily the banners wave
o'er her that was so chaste and fair;
yea! love is dead, and memory faded!
but when the dew is on the brake,
and silence sleeps on earth and sea,
and mourners weep and ghosts awake,
oh, then she cometh back to me,
in her cold beauty darkly shaded:

I cannot guess her face or form:
but what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
to give me back each buried grace
of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
and that we meet and that we part;
and that I drink within my ear,
and that I clasp around my heart,
her sweet still voice and soft caresses!

W. M. PRAED

632

NATURE'S BOOK

OF the bright things in earth and air
how little can the heart embrace!
soft shades and gleaming lights are there—
I know it well, but cannot trace.

Mine eye unworthy seems to read
one page of Nature's beauteous book:
it lies before me, fair outspread—
I only cast a wistful look.

I cannot paint to Memory's eye
the scene, the glance, I dearest love—
unchang'd themselves, in me they die,
or faint or false their shadows prove.

In vain, with dull and tuneless ear,
 I linger by soft Music's cell,
 and in my heart of hearts would hear
 what to her own she deigns to tell.

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound—
 I only know 'tis fair and sweet—
 'tis wandering on enchanted ground
 with dizzy brow and tottering feet.

J. KEBLE

633

FRIENDSHIP

OH Friendship, cordial of the human breast!
 so little felt, so fervently professed!
 thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years;
 the promise of delicious fruit appears:
 but soon, alas, we find the rash mistake
 that sanguine inexperience loves to make,
 and view with tears the expected harvest lost,
 decayed by time or withered by a frost.
 Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
 should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
 prepared for martyrdom and strong to prove
 a thousand ways the force of genuine love.
 He may be called to give up health and gain,
 to exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
 to echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
 and wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.
 The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
 when most relied on, is most sure to fail;
 and, summoned to partake its fellow's woe,
 starts from its office, like a broken bow.

W. COWPER

634

THE SWISS PEASANT

NO product here the barren hills afford
 but man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
 no vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 but winter lingering chills the lap of May.
 Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 redress the clime and all its rage disarm:
 though poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
 he sees his little lot the lot of all;

sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
to shame the meanness of his humble shed;
cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
with patient angle trolls the finny deep;
or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep;
at night returning, every labour sped,
he sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
his children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
and haply too some pilgrim thither led
with many a tale repays the nightly bed.

O. GOLDSMITH

635

THE PATRIOT'S BOAST

AS some lone miser, visiting his store,
bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
pleased with each good that heaven to man supplies,
yet oft a sigh prevails and sorrows fall,
to see the hoard of human bliss so small;
and oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
some spot to real happiness consign'd,
where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
may gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
who can direct when all pretend to know?
the shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
the naked negro, panting at the line,
boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
his first best country ever is at home.

O. GOLDSMITH

636

THE FORSAKEN

THE dead are in their silent graves,
and the dew is cold above,
and the living weep and sigh
over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
 but now the living cause my pain:
 how could'st thou steal me from my tears,
 to leave me to my tears again?

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—
 her rest is calm and very deep:
 I wished that she could see our loves,—
 but now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
 the morning saw them turned to gray,
 once they were black and well belov'd,
 but thou art chang'd—and so are they!

The useless lock I gave thee once,
 to gaze upon and think of me,
 was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
 in sorrow that I send to thee!

T. HOOD

637

JULIA ALPINULA

'TIS past—the struggle now is o'er,
 which I have borne for thee;
 a daughter's prayers can bend no more
 those hearts of cruelty.

Thou hast been true and just and brave;
 and such the victor may not save;
 and now to join thee in the grave
 alone is left for me.

Yes, I have bent before him low,
 a daughter for her sire;
 and seen unmov'd his vengeful brow,
 unquench'd his glance of ire.

And I have knelt for mercy down,
 with priestly garb and sacred crown,
 but his is not a heart to own
 one spark of heavenly fire.

But earthly hopes and earthly fears,
 I lay them now aside;
 thy love shall dry thy daughter's tears,
 whatever woe betide.

J. N. SIMPKINSON

638

SUMMER

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky
far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
thy light to distant worlds supply,
and wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
refresh me with a cooling air,
and cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
her living carpet Nature spreads;
where the green bower with roses crown'd,
in showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
let music die along the grove;
around the bowl let myrtles twine,
and every strain be tuned to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
come, born to fill its vast desires!
thy looks perpetual joy impart,
thy voice perpetual love inspires.

S. JOHNSON

639

DIVINE PRAISE

O H! by yonder mossy seat,
in my hours of sweet retreat,
might I thus my soul employ,
with sense of gratitude and joy,
pleasing all men, hurting none,
pleas'd and bless'd with God alone;
then while the gardens take my sight,
with all the colours of delight,
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
and thee, great Source of nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
to light the world and give the day;
the moon that shines with borrow'd light;
the stars that gild the gloomy night;
the seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
the wood that spreads its shady leaves;

the field, whose ears conceal the grain,
 the yellow treasure of the plain;—
 all of these, and all I see,
 should be sung, and sung by me:
 they speak their Maker as they can,
 but want and ask the tongue of man.

T. PARNELL

SWEET Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
 is not thy home among the flowers?
 do not the bright June roses blow,
 to meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread—
 yon stretching valleys, green and gay,
 and yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
 the loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
 and many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
 to cool thee when the mid-day suns
 have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy and youth and love,
 spirit of the new-wakened year!
 the sun in his blue realm above
 smoothes a bright path when thou art here.

Ah! thou art like our wayward race;—
 when not a shade of pain or ill
 dims the bright smile of Nature's face,
 thou lovest to sigh and murmur still.

W. C. BRYANT

NO marble statue, nor high
 aspiring pyramidd, be rais'd
 to lose its head within the skie!
 What claime have I to memorie?
 GOD, be thou onely prais'd!

How can the feeble workes of art
hold out against the assault of stormes?
or how can brasse to him impart
sence of surviving fame, whose heart
is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blind folie of triumphing pride!
Æternitie, why buildst thou here?
dost thou not see the highest tide
its humbled stream in th' ocean hide,
and nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
as sent abroad by th' angry sea
to levell vastest buildings lowe,
and all our trophes overthrowe,
ebbes like a theefe away.

W. HABINGTON

642 .

DANAE

ὍΤΕ λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμός τέ μιν
κινηθείσά τε λίμνα
δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς
ἄμφι τε Περσεῖ βάλλε φίλαν χέρα
εἶπέ τε· ὦ τέκος, οἶον ἔχω πόνον·
σὺ δ' ἄωτεῖς γαλαθηνῶ τ' ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπέι
δώματι χαλκεογόμφῳ,
νυκτιλάμπει κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ τανυσθεῖς.
αὐαλέαν δ' ὑπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
παρίοντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,
οὐδ' ἄνεμον φθόγγων,
κείμενος ἐν πορφυρέᾳ χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
Εἰ δὲ τοῖ δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,
καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπείχες οὖας.
κέλομαι δ' εὐδε βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,
εὐδέτω δ' ἄμετρον κακόν·
μεταιβολία δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ,
ἐκ σέο· ὅττι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος
εὐχομαι, τεκνόφι δίκαν σύγγνωθί μοι·

SIMONIDES

643

NOVEMBER EVENING

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
 the line of yellow light dies fast away
 that crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
 falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,
 and echo bids good-night from every glade;
 yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
 each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
 and yet no second spring have they in store,
 but where they fall, forgotten to abide,
 is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
 a thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
 the green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
 and all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
 in all the world of busy life around
 no thought of them: in all the bounteous sky
 no drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

J. KEBLE

644

THE POPLAR FIELD

THE poplars are felled—farewell to the shade
 and the whispering sound of the cool colonnade:
 the winds play no longer and sing in their leaves,
 nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
 of my favourite field and the bank where they grew;
 and now in the grass behold they are laid, *
 and the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
 where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
 and the scene where his melody charmed me before
 resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 and I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 with a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
 ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

W. COWPER

645 *THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD TO HIS LOVE*

COME live with me and be my Love,
and we will all the pleasures prove
that hills and valleys, dale and field,
woods or steepie mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks
seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
by shallow rivers, to whose falls
melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
and a thousand fragrant posies,
a cap of flowers and a kirtle
embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
with coral clasps and amber studs:
and if these pleasures may thee move,
come live with me and be my Love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
for thy delight each May-morning;
if these delights thy mind may move,
then live with me and be my Love.

C. MARLOWE

646 *THY NYMPHS REPLY*

IF that the World and Love were young,
and truth in every shepherd's tongue,
these pretty pleasures might me move
to live with thee and be thy Love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
when rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
and Philomel becometh dumb,
and all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
to wayward winter reckoning yield:
a honey tongue, a heart of gall,
is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
all these in me no means can move
to come to thee, and be thy Love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
had joys no date, nor age no need;
then those delights my mind might move
to live with thee, and be thy Love.

SIR W. RALEIGH

647

YOUTH'S DRAUGHT OF JOY

THE heart of childhood is all mirth:
we frolic to and fro,
as free and blithe as if on earth
were no such thing as woe.

But if indeed with reckless faith
we trust the flattering voice,
which whispers 'Take thy fill ere death;
indulge thee and rejoice;'

too surely, every setting day,
some lost delight we mourn;
the flowers all die along our way,
till we too die forlorn.

Such is the world's gay garish feast,
in her first charming bowl
infusing all that fires the breast,
and cheats the unstable soul.

and still, as loud the revel swells,
the fevered pulse beats higher,
till the seared taste from foulest wells
is fain to slake its fire.

J. KEBLE

648

SING on, sweet bird; thy artless lay
reminds me of my home;
I would I were as free as thou
o'er native fields to roam!

but ruthless chains and darkness drear
my helpless limbs confine;
I cannot see the clear blue sky,
nor feel the sun to shine.
But I can hear the forest wave,
the water's splashing sound;
and I pine away in a living grave,
while all is blithe around.
And though as once o'er woodlands wild
I may not wander free,
yet the insect's hum, and the skylark's note,
carole me mournfully.
O bring me then one little flower,
one twig from off thy tree;
a withered leaflet from thy nest
were gold and gems to me.

649

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

I N that soft season, when descending show'rs
I call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
when opening buds salute the welcome day,
and earth relenting feels the genial ray;
as balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
and love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(what time the morn mysterious visions brings,
while purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
a train of phantoms in wild order rose,
and join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas and skies,
the whole creation open to my eyes:
in air self-balanced hung the globe below,
where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
there towery cities, and the forests green;
here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
there trees and intermingled temples rise:
now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
the transient landscape now in clouds decays.

650 O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
like broken thunders that at distance roar,
or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:

then gazing up a glorious pile beheld,
 whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
 the wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 and seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 the greater part by hostile time subdued;
 yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 and poets once had promised they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd:
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 and fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 their own like others soon their place resign'd,
 or disappear'd, and left the first behind.

651 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 but felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
 for fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
 like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
 the rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past
 from time's first birth with time itself shall last;
 these ever new, nor subject to decays,
 spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
 So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
 pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 and on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
 eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky;
 as Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 the gather'd winter of a thousand years.

652 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
 stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands:
 whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and every face
 of various structure but of equal grace:
 four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 salute the different quarters of the sky.

Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
the walls in venerable order grace:
heroes in animated marble frown,
and legislators seem to think in stone.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
with jewels blazed, magnificently great;
bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
and lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
and forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

653 When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
scarce seemed her stature of a cubit's height;
but swell'd to larger size, the more I gazed,
till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
and ampler vistas opened to my view;
upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
and arches widen and long aisles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
a thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
and thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
with eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
for fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
with time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
and last, eternal, through the length of days.

654 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
the trumpets sounded and the Temple shook,
and all the nations, summoned at the call,
from different quarters fill the crowded hall:
of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard,
in various garbs promiscuous throngs appeared;
thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
when the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky
o'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
and all degrees before the goddess bend;
the poor, the rich, the valiant and the sage,
and boasting youth and narrative old age.

Their pleas were different, their requests the same,
 for good and bad alike are fond of fame:
 some she disgrac'd and some with honours crown'd:
 unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 and undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

- 655 Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
 plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 'Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
 the praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
 but safe in deserts from the applause of men,
 would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen:
 'tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake
 to follow virtue even for virtue's sake.'
 'And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 who then with incense shall adore our name?
 but, mortals, know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 to blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
 Rise, Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
 these must not sleep in darkness and in death.'
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 and on the winds triumphant swell the notes.

A. POPE

656

BOADICEA

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 bleeding from the Roman rods,
 sought, with an indignant mien,
 counsel of her country's gods;

sage beneath the spreading oak
 sat the Druid, hoary chief;
 every burning word he spoke
 full of rage, and full of grief:

'Princess! if our aged eyes
 weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'tis because resentment ties
 all the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word
 in the blood that she has spilt;
 perish, hopeless and abhorred,
 deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
tramples on a thousand states;
soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

657 'Other Romans shall arise,
heedless of a soldier's name;
sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
from the forests of our land,
armed with thunder, clad with wings,
shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew
thy posterity shall sway;
where his eagles never flew,
none invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
pregnant with celestial fire,
bending as he swept the chords
of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
felt them in her bosom glow:
rushed to battle, fought and died;
dying hurled them at the foe:

'Ruffians! pitiless as proud,
heaven awards the vengeance due;
empire is on us bestowed,
shame and ruin wait for you.'

W. COWPER

658

THE MIGHT OF LOVE

LOVE! in what poison is thy dart
L dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
none know, but they who feel the smart.

How happy he that loves not lives!
him neither hope nor fear deceives
to fortune who no hostage gives.

Nor fire nor foe nor fate nor night
the Trojan hero did affright,
who bravely twice renewed the fight;

tho' still his foes in number grew,
thicker their darts and arrows flew,
yet left alone no fear he knew:

but death in all her forms appears,
from every thing he sees and hears
for whom he leads and whom he bears.

Love making all things else his foes,
like a fierce torrent, overflows
whatever doth his course oppose.

Well may he keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
the tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
his thunder to the God of Love.

SIR J. DENHAM

659

PEACE

I HAVE found Peace in the bright earth
and in the sunny sky;
by the low voice of summer-seas,
and where streams murmur by;

I find it in the quiet tone
of voices that I love;
by the flickering of a twilight fire,
and in a leafless grove;

I find it in the silent flow
of solitary thought;
in calm half-meditated dreams,
and reasonings self taught;

but seldom have I found such peace
as in the soul's deep joy
of passing onward free from harm
through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire
and lift our hopes too high;
the constant flowers that line our way
alone can satisfy.

H. ALFORD

660

THE DAISY

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
with silver crest and golden eye,
that welcomes every changing hour,
and weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
in gay but quick succession shine,
race after race their honours yield,
they flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
while moon and stars their courses run,
wreathes the whole circle of the year,
companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
to sultry August spreads its charms,
lights pale October on his way,
and twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
on moory mountains catch the gale;
o'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
the violet in the vale.

661 But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
hides in the forests, haunts the glen,
plays on the margin of the rill,
peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
it shares the sweet carnation's bed;
and blooms on consecrated ground
in honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
the wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
the blue-fly bends its pensile stem
light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page: in every place,
in every season, fresh and fair,
it opens with perennial grace,
and blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 its humble buds unheeded rise;
 the rose has but a summer-reign,
 the daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
 which Mary to Anna convey'd;
 the plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
 and weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 and it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
 to weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 on the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
 for a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;
 and swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
 I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 some act by the delicate mind,
 regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
 and the tear that is wip'd with a little address
 may be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

W. COWPER

FAREWELL my lute! and would that I
 had never touched thy burning chords!
 poison has been upon thy sigh,
 and fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
 thy power, thy spell, my gentle lute?
 I should have been the wretch I am
 had every string of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
it was not song that taught me love,
but it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
and pulse and hand and heart are flame;
it is thy work, thou faithless one,
but no! I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath are vowed to thee!
long be their light upon my grave—
my glorious grave! yon dark blue sea!
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave.

L. E. L.

664

THE AMBUSCADE

'HAVE, then, thy wish!'—he whistled shrill,
and he was answered from the hill;
wild as the scream of the curlew,
from crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant through copse and heath arose
bonnets and spears and bended bows;
on right, on left, above, below,
sprang up at once the lurking foe;
from shingles gray their lances start,
the bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
the rushes and the willow-wand
are bristling into axe and brand,
and every tuft of broom gives life
to plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
at once with full five hundred men,
as if the yawning hill to heaven
a subterranean host had given:
watching their leader's beck and will,
all silent there they stood and still.

SIR W. SCOTT

665

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS

'TWAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
as they floated in light away,
by the opening and the folding flowers
that laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 and its graceful cup and bell,
 in whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
 like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

、 To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
 in a golden current on,
 ere from the garden, man's first abode,
 the glorious guests were gone.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
 marked thus—even thus—on earth,
 by the closing of one hope's delight,
 and another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
 shutting in turn, may leave
 a lingerer still for the sunset hour,
 a charm for the shaded eve.

F. HEMANS

666 *EARTH'S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH*

EARTH'S Children cleave to earth—her frail
 decaying children dread decay.
 Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
 and lessens in the morning ray:
 look how by mountain rivulet
 it lingers as it upward creeps,
 and clings to fern and copsewood set
 along the green and dewy steeps:
 clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
 to precipices fringed with grass,
 dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
 and bowers of fragrant sassafras.
 Yet all in vain—it passes still
 from hold to hold, it cannot stay,
 and in the very beams that fill
 the world with glory wastes away,
 till, parting from the mountain's brow,
 it vanishes from human eye,
 and that which sprung of earth is now
 a portion of the glorious sky.

W. C. BRYANT

667

IN HIS THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

MY days are in the yellow leaf:
the flowers and fruits of love are gone,
the worm, the canker, and the grief
are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
is lone as some volcanic isle;
no torch is kindled at its blaze—
a funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
the exalted portion of the pain
and power of love, I cannot share,
but wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
where glory decks the hero's bier,
or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
glory and Greece around me see!
the Spartan, borne upon his shield,
was not more free.

LORD BYRON

668

THE BLIND BOY

O SAY what is that thing called Light
which I must ne'er enjoy;
what are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
you say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
whene'er I sleep or play;
and could I ever keep awake
with me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
you mourn my hapless woe;
but sure with patience I can bear
a loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
 my cheer of mind destroy;
 whilst thus I sing, I am a king
 although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER

DANCING, bright lady, then began to be,
 when the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
 the fire, air, earth and water, did agree,
 by Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
 to leave their first disordered combating;
 and in a dance such measure to observe,
 as all the world their motion should preserve.

Since when they still are carried in a round,
 and changing come one in another's place;
 yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
 but every one doth keep the bounded space
 wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace;
 this wondrous miracle did Love devise,
 for dancing is Love's proper exercise.

Like this he framed the gods' eternal bower,
 and of a shapeless and confused mass,
 by his through-piercing and digesting power,
 the turning vault of heaven formed was;
 whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,
 as that their musings do a music frame,
 and they themselves still dance unto the same.

SIR J. DAVIES

WE wandered to the Pine Forest
 that skirts the Ocean's foam,
 the lightest wind was in its nest,
 the tempest in its home.
 The whispering waves were half asleep,
 the clouds were gone to play,
 and on the bosom of the deep
 the smile of heaven lay;

it seemed as if the hour were one
sent from beyond the skies,
which scattered from above the sun
a light of Paradise.
We paused amid the pines that stood
the giants of the waste,
tortured by storms to shapes as rude,
as serpents interlaced:
now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
like green waves on the sea,
as still as in the silent deep
the ocean-woods may be.

671 We paused beside the pools that lie
under the forest bough;
each seemed as 'twere a little sky
gulfed in a world below;
a firmament of purple light
which in the dark earth lay,
more boundless than the depth of night
and purer than the day—
in which the lovely forests grew,
as in the upper air,
more perfect both in shape and hue
than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
and through the dark green wood
the white sun twinkling like the dawn
out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
can never well be seen
were imaged by the water's love
of that fair forest green:
and all was interfused beneath
with an Elysian glow,
an atmosphere without a breath,
a softer day below.

P. B. SHELLEY

672

THE GRAVE

I STOOD within the grave's o'ershadowing vault;
gloomy and damp it stretch'd its vast domain;
shades were its boundary; for my strain'd eye sought
for other limit to its width in vain.

Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
whereof the silence ach'd upon my ear:
more and more noiseless did I make my tread,
and yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;
whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
swept by ten thousands to the arms of Death.

Death's various shrines—the Urn, the Stone, the Lamp—
were scatter'd round, confused, amid the dead;
Symbols and Types were mould'ring in the damp,
their shapes were waning and their meaning fled.

One place alone had ceas'd to hold its prey:
a form had press'd it and was there no more:
the garments of the Grave beside it lay,
where once they wrapped him on the rocky floor.

673 He only with returning footsteps broke
the eternal calm, wherewith the Tomb was bound:
among the sleeping Dead alone He woke
and bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host around.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
to soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
and pour their wo the loaded air along.

They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
and on the insuperable threshold stand;
with cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove,
and stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.

But vainly there they seek their soul's relief,
and of th' obdurate Grave its prey implore;
till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
closing their eyes by those they wept before.

All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose,
where death collects his Treasures, heap on heap;
o'er each one's busy day the nightshades close;
its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—sleep.

674

THE BRAES OF YARROW

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
when first on them I met my lover;
thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
when now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
for never on thy banks shall I
behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
my passion I as freely told him;
clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
that I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
it vanished with a shriek of sorrow;
thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
and gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd
with all the longing of a mother;
his little sister weeping walk'd
the green-wood path to meet her brother:
they sought him east, they sought him west,
they sought him all the forest thorough;
they only saw the cloud of night,
they only heard the roar of Yarrow!

675 No longer from thy window look—
thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
no longer walk, thou lovely maid;
alas, thou hast no more a brother!
no longer seek him east or west
and search no more the forest thorough;
for, wandering in the night so dark,
he fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
no other youth shall be my marrow;
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
and then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
no other youth became her marrow;
she found his body in the stream,
and now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

J. LOGAN

676

THE AGED INDIAN

WARRIORS! my noon of life is past,
 the brightness of my spirit flown;
 I crouch before the wintry blast,
 amidst my tribe I dwell alone:
 the heroes of my youth are fled,
 they rest among the warlike dead.

Ye slumberers of the narrow cave,
 my kindred-chiefs in days of yore,
 ye fill an unremembered grave,
 your fame, your deeds, are known no more,
 the records of your wars are gone,
 your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth
 to join the brethren of his prime;
 then will the memory of your birth
 sleep with the hidden things of time:
 with him, ye sons of former days,
 fades the last glimmering of your praise.

677 His eyes, that hailed your spirits' flame
 still kindling in the combat's shock,
 have seen, since darkness veiled your frame,
 sons of the desert and the rock,
 another and another race
 rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead,
 fearless of heart and firm of hand!
 O! let me join their spirits fled,
 O! send me to their shadowy land:
 age hath not tamed Ontara's heart;
 he shrinks not from the friendly dart.

Sons of the brave, delay no more,
 the spirits of my kindred call;
 'tis but one pang, and all is o'er!
 oh, bid the aged cedar fall
 to join the brethren of his prime,
 the mighty of departed time.

F. HEMANS

678

: *DAPHNAIDA, AN ELEGY*

HOW happie was I when I saw her leade
the shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd!
how trimly would she trace and softly tread
the tender grasse with rosye garland crownd!
and when she list aduance her heavenly voyce,
both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
and flocks and shepherds caused to rejoyce.

But now, ye shepherd lasses, who shall lead
your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
that was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
and into plaints convert your joyous playes,
and with the same fill every hill and dale.

My litle flocke, whom earst I loved so well
and wont to feed with finest grasse that grew,
feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrofell
and stinking smallage and unsaverie rew;
and when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
be ye the pray of wolves: ne will I rew,
that with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

679 Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe, I pray,
ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
to carelesse heavens I doo dailie call:
but heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
and cruell death doth scorn to come at call,
or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage
throughout the world from one to other end,
and in affliction waste my bitter age:
my bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
my drink the teares which fro' mine eyes do raine,
my bed the ground that hardest I may fynd:
so will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
when she beholds from her celestially throne
(in which shee joyeth in eternall blis)
my bitter penance, will my case bemone,

and pittie me that living thus doo die:
for heavenly spirits have compassion
on mortall men, and rue their miserie.

E. SPENSER

ENCHANTRESS, farewell! who so oft hast decoy'd me

at the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell! and take with thee thy numbers wild
speaking,

the language alternate of rapture and woe;
oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
the pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came
sorrow

or pale disappointment to darken my way,
what voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day?
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
the grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage:
nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
the langour of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
to sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain;
and a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
and held to his lips the cold goblet in vain:
as vain thy enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
to a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
and the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers,—
farewell then, enchantress I meet thee no more.

SIR W. SCOTT

THE nymph must lose her female friend,
if more admired than she—
but where will fierce contention end,
if flow'rs can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
appear'd two lovely foes,
aspiring to the rank of queen,
the Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
and swelling with disdain,
appeal'd to many a poet's page
to prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
a fair imperial flow'r;
she seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
the sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
the goddess chanc'd to hear,
and flew to save, ere yet too late,
the pride of the parterre:

'Yours is' she said 'the nobler hue,
and yours the statelier mien;
and, till a third surpasses you,
let each be deemed a queen.'

Thus, sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
the fairest British fair:
the seat of empire is her cheeks,
they reign united there.

W. COWPER

'TIS not a pyramid of marble-stone,
tho' high as our ambition;
'tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
give life to th' ashes of a man;
but verses only they shall fresh appear,
whilst there are men to read or hear,
when time shall make the lasting brass decay,
and eat the pyramid away,
turning that monument, wherein men trust
their names, to what it keeps, poor dust;
then shall the Epitaph remain, and be
new graven in eternity.
Poets by death are conquered, but the wit
of poets triumphs over it.

What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus took
 his lyre, and gently on it strook,
 the learned stones came dancing all along,
 and kept time to the charming song:
 the laurel to the poet's hand did bow
 craving the honour of his brow:
 happy, O happy they, whose tomb might be,
 Mausolus, envied by thee!

A. COWLEY

WING'D Love away doth fly,
 and with it time doth bear;
 and both take suddenly
 the sweet, the fain, the dear.
 A shining day and clear
 succeeds an obscure night,
 and sorrow is the hue of sweet delight.

Enjoy thy April now,
 whilst it doth freely shine;
 this lightning flash and show,
 with that clear spirit of thine,
 will suddenly decline;
 and those fair murth'ring eyes
 shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

That which on Flora's breast,
 all fresh and flourishing,
 Aurora newly drest
 saw in her dawning spring,
 quite dry and languishing,
 depriv'd of honour quite,
 day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

What then will it avail,
 O Youth advised ill,
 in lap of beauty frail
 to nurse a wayward will,
 like snake in sun-warm hill?
 Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
 that springs, and parcheth in one short hour.

S. DANIEL *from* MARINO

684

CONRAD AND ELLENORE

THRICE the sad father tore thee from his heart,
 and thrice return'd to bless thee, and to part;
 thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
 the plaint that owned unutterable woe.
 'And weep not thus,' he cried, 'young Ellenore,
 my bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
 short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
 and soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
 But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
 the immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
 these shall resist the triumph of decay,
 when time is o'er and worlds have passed away!
 cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
 but that which warmed it once shall never die!
 that spark unburied in its mortal frame,
 with living light, eternal and the same,
 shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
 unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears.
 —But when I gain the home without a friend,
 and press the uneasy couch where none attend,
 this last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
 shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part;
 thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
 and hush the groan of life's last agony!'

T. CAMPBELL

685

THE DOVE'S NEST

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 but let me that plunder forbear;
 she will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
 for he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 and I loved her the more when I heard
 such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 how that pity was due to—a dove:

that it ever attended the bold,
 and she call'd it the sister of love.
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 so much I her accents adore,
 let her speak, and whatever she say,
 methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 unmoved when her Corydon sighs?
 will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 these plains and this valley despise?
 dear regions of silence and shade,
 soft scenes of contentment and ease!
 where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
 if aught in her absence could please.

W. SHENSTONE

686 *ALL THINGS SOMETIME FIND EASE OF THEIR PAIN,
 SAVE ONLY THE LOVER*

I SEE there is no sort
 of things that live in grief
 which at some time may not resort
 whereas they have relief.

The stricken deer by kind
 of death that stands in awe,
 for his recure an herb can find
 the arrow to withdraw.

The owl with feeble sight
 lies lurking in the leaves,
 the sparrow in the frosty night
 may shroud her in the eaves.

But woe to me, alas!
 in sun nor yet in shade
 I cannot find a resting-place,
 my burden to unlade.

But day by day still bears
 the burden on my back,
 with weeping eyes and wat'ry tears
 to hold my hope aback.

All things I see have place
 wherein they bow or bend,

save this, alas! my woeful case,
which nowhere findeth end.

687

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
and the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
when the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
that host with their banners at sunset were seen:
like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
that host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
and breathed on the face of the foe as he passed:
and the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
and their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
but through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
and the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
and cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
with the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
the lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
and the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
and the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON

688

TIMES GO BY TURNS

THE loppéd tree in time may grow again,
most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
the sorest wight may find release of pain,
the driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;
times go by turns and chances change by course,
from foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
 she draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
 her time hath equal times to come and go,
 her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
 no joy so great but runneth to an end,
 no hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
 not endless night yet not eternal day;
 the saddest birds a season find to sing,
 the roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
 thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 that man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
 the well that holds no great, takes little fish;
 in some things all, in all things none are crossed,
 few all they need, but none have all they wish;
 unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 who least hath some, who most hath never all.

R. SOUTHWELL

689

THE BIRDIE'S SONG

AS I came o'er the distant hills,
 I heard a wee bird sing:
 'O pleasant are the primrose buds
 in the perfumed breath of spring!
 and pleasant are the mossy banks
 beneath the birchen bowers—
 but a home wherein no children play,
 is a garden shorn of flowers!'

And once again I heard the bird,
 his song was loud and clear:
 'how glorious are the leafy woods
 in the summer of the year!
 all clothed in green, the lovely boughs
 spread wide o'er land and lea—
 but the home wherein no son is born
 is a land without a tree!'

The birdie ceased its happy song,
 I heard its notes no more;
 the water rippled silently
 to the blue lake's quiet shore:

but a mother sang her cradle hymn:
'all hallowed be your rest,
and angels watch the shining heads
that leaned on Jesu's breast!'

C. NORTON

690

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE

WHEN first, beloved, in vanished hours,
the Blind Man sought thy hand to gain,
they said thy cheek was bright as flowers
new freshened by the summer's rain.
The beauty, which made them rejoice,
my darkened eyes might never see,
but well I knew thy gentle voice,
and that was all in all to me.

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
they talked to me of Time's decay,
of roses from thy soft cheek gone,
of ebon tresses turned to grey.
I heard them; but I heeded not;
the withering change I could not see;
thy voice still cheered my darkened lot,
and that was all in all to me.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
we'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
and only know that we are old
by counting happy years gone by.
Thy cheek may lose its blushing hue,
thy brow less beautiful may be;
but oh! the voice, which first I knew,
still keeps the same sweet tone to me!

C. NORTON

691

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
lie slaughtered on their native ground;
thy hospitable roofs no more
invite the stranger to the door;
in smoky ruins sunk they lie,
the monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
 his all become the prey of war;
 bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
 where once they fed their wanton flocks;
 thy ravished virgins shriek in vain,
 thy infants perish on the plain.

The rural pipe and merry lay
 no more shall cheer the happy day;
 no social scenes of gay delight
 beguile the dreary winter night:
 no strains but those of sorrow flow,
 and nought be heard but sounds of woe;
 while the pale phantoms of the slain
 glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

T. G. SMOLLETT

692 *ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE*

OH that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 with me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 the same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 voice only fails, else how distinct they say
 'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (blest be the art that can immortalize,
 the art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 to quench it) here shines on me still the same.
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here,
 who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 but gladly as the precept were her own:
 and, while that face renews my filial grief,
 fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 a momentary dream, that thou art she.

693 My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
ah! that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
and, turning from my nursery window, drew
a long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
adieux and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
the parting word shall pass my lips no more!
thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
oft gave me promise of thy quick return:
what ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
and, disappointed still, was still deceived.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
but, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

694 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(the storms all weather'd and the ocean crost)
shoots into port at some well havened isle,
where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile;
there sits quiescent on the floods that show
her beauteous form reflected clear below,
while airs impregnated with incense play
around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
so thou, with sails, how swift! hast reached the shore,
where tempests never beat nor billows roar,
and thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
always from port withheld, always distressed—
me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
and day by day some current's thwarting force
sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
—Yet, oh! the thought that thou art safe and he!—
that thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

W. COWPER

THE blue Ægean girds this chosen home
 with ever-changing sound and light and foam,
 kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
 and all the winds wandering along the shore
 undulate with the undulating tide:
 there are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
 and many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
 as clear as elemental diamond,
 or serene morning air; and far beyond,
 the mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
 (which the rough shepherd treads but once a year)
 pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
 built round with ivy, which the waterfalls
 illumining, with sound that never fails
 accompany the noonday nightingales;
 and all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
 the light clear element which the isle wears
 is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
 which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
 and falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
 and from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
 and dart their arrowy odour through the brain
 till you might faint with that delicious pain.

P. B. SHELLEY

OH my lost love! no tomb is placed for thee
 that may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart;
 thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
 and no memorial but this breaking heart.
 Forth to the world, a widowed wanderer driven,
 I pour to wind and waves the unheeded tear,
 try with vain effort to submit to Heaven,
 and fruitless call on him—who cannot hear.
 Oh! might I fondly clasp him once again,
 while o'er my head the infuriate billows pour,
 forget in death this agonizing pain,
 and feel his father's cruelty no more!
 Part, raging waters! part, and shew beneath,
 in your dread caves, his pale and mangled form;
 now, while the demons of despair and death
 ride on the blast and urge the howling storm!

Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze
 I see him rise the whitening waves above
 no longer such as when in happier days
 he gave the enchanted hours—to me and love.

Such as, when daring the enchafed sea
 and courting dangerous toil, he often said
 that every peril, one soft smile from me,
 one sigh of speechless tenderness o'erpaid.

C. SMITH

697

TO THE MEMORY OF MR OLDHAM

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
 whom I began to think and call my own:
 for sure our souls were near allied, and thine
 cast in the same poetic mould with mine:
 one common note on either lyre did strike,
 and knaves and fools we both abhorred alike:
 to the same goal did both our studies drive;
 the last set out the soonest did arrive:
 thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
 whilst his young friend performed and won the race.
 Oh early ripe, to thy abundant store
 what could advancing age have added more?
 It might (what nature never gives the young)
 have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue;
 but satire needs not that, and wit will shine
 through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
 A noble error, and but seldom made,
 when poets are by too much force betrayed.
 Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
 still shewed a quickness; and maturing time
 but mellowed what we write, to the dull sweets of rhyme.
 Once more, hail and farewell; farewell thou young,
 but ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue!
 thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
 but fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

J. DRYDEN

698

PICTURE OF MATERNAL TENDERNESS

LO! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps
 her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;

she, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 and weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
 ‘Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
 no ling’ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
 no sigh that rends thy father’s heart and mine;
 bright as his manly sire the son shall be
 in form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
 thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
 shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
 with many a smile my solitude repay,
 and chase the world’s ungenerous scorn away.
 And say, when summoned from the world and thee
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
 and soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
 Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
 the tears of Memory o’er my narrow bed;
 with aching temples on thy hand reclined,
 muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
 and think on all my love, and all my woe?’

T. CAMPBELL

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of Heaven,
 the noble mind’s delight and pride,
 to men and angels only given,
 to all the lower world denied!

while love, unknown among the bless’d,
 parent of thousand wild desires,
 the savage and the human breast
 torments alike with raging fires.

With bright but oft destructive gleam
 alike o’er all his lightnings fly;
 thy lambent glories only beam
 around the favourites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
 on fools and villains ne’er descend;
 in vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
 and hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
oh guide us through life's darksome way!
and let the tortures of mistrust
on selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
when souls to peaceful climes remove;
what raised our virtue here below
shall aid our happiness above.

S. JOHNSON

700

SPRING—AN IDYLL

ΧΕΙΜΑΤΟΣ ἤνεμόεντος ἀπ' αἰθέρος οἰχομένοιο,
πορφυρέη μείδησε φερανθέος εἵαρος ὥρη.
γαῖα δὲ κυανέη χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην,
καὶ φυτὰ θηλήσαντα νέοις ἐκόμησε πετήλοισ.
οἱ δ' ἀπαλὴν πίνοντες ἀξιφύτου δρόσον ἡοῦς
λειμῶνες γελώουσιν ἀνοιγομένοιο ῥόδοιο.
χαίρει καὶ σύριγγι νομεὺς ἐν ὄρεσσι λιγαίνων,
καὶ πολιοῖς ἐρίφοις ἐπιτέρπεται αἰπόλος αἰγῶν.
ἦδη δὲ πλώουσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα κύματα ναῦται
πνοιῇ ἀπημάντω ζεφύρου λῖνα κολπώσαντες.
ἦδη δ' εὐάζουσι φερεσταφύλῳ Διονίσῳ
ἄνθει βοτρυνέεντος ἐρευψάμενοι τρίχα κισσοῦ.
ἔργα δὲ τεχνήεντα βοηγενέεσσι μελίσσαις
καλὰ μέλει, καὶ σίμβλῳ ἐφήμεναι ἐργάζονται
λευκὰ πολυτρήτοιο νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ.
πάντη δ' ὀρνίθων γενεὴ λιγύφωννον αἰεῖδει·
ἀλκύνες περὶ κῦμα, χελιδόνες ἀμφὶ μέλαθρα,
κύκνος ἐπ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῦ, καὶ ὑπ' ἄλσος ἀηδὼν.
εἰ δὲ φυτῶν χαίρουσι κόμαι καὶ γαῖα τέθηλεν,
συρίζει δὲ νομεὺς καὶ τέρπεται εὐκομα μῆλα,
καὶ ναῦται πλώουσι, Διώνυσος δὲ χορεύει,
καὶ μέλπει πετεεινά, καὶ ὠδίνουσι μέλισσαι,
πῶς οὐ χρὴ καὶ αἰοδὸν ἐν εἵαρι καλὸν αἰεῖσαι;

MELEAGER

701

CUPID TURNED STROLLER

Μεσυνυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις,
στρέφεται ὅτ' ἄρκτος ἦδη
κατὰ χεῖρα τὴν Βοώτου,

μερόπων δὲ φύλα πάντα
 κέεται κόπῳ δαμέντα,
 τότ' Ἴρωσ ἐπισταθείς μεν
 θυρέων ἔκοπτ' ὀχῆας.
 'Τίς' ἔφην 'θύρας ἀράσσει;
 κατὰ μεῦ σχίζεις ὀνείρους.'
 ὁ δ' Ἴρωσ 'ἄνοιγέ' φησιν,
 'βρέφος εἰμί, μὴ φόβησαι·
 βρέχομαι δὲ κασέληνον
 κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.'
 ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκούσας,
 ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἄψας,
 ἀνέψξα καὶ βρέφος μὲν
 ἔσορῶ φέροντα τόξον
 πτέρυγας τε καὶ φαρέτρην.
 παρὰ δ' ἰστιὴν καθίσα,
 παλάμαις τε χεῖρας αὐτοῦ
 ἀνέθαλπον, ἐκ δὲ χαίτης
 ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.
 ὁ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύος μεθήκεν,
 'φέρει' φησὶ 'πειράσωμεν
 τόδε τόξον, εἴ τι μοι νῦν
 βλάβεται βραχεῖσα νευρή.'
 τανύει δὲ καὶ με τύπτει
 μέσον ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ οἰστρος·
 ἀνὰ δ' ἄλλεται καχάζων,
 'ξένε δ'' εἶπε 'συγχάρηθι
 κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἔστιν,
 σὺ δὲ καρδίην πονήσεις.'

ANACREON

SWEETLY-breathing vernal Air,
 that with kind warmth dost repair
 winter's ruins; from whose breast
 all the gums and spice of th' east
 borrow their perfumes: whose eye
 gilds the morn and clears the sky;

whose dishevelled tresses shed
pearls upon the violet-bed ;
on whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
the halcyon sits and builds her nest ;
beauty, youth and endless spring,
dwell upon thy rosy wing !
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
down whole forests when he blows,
with a pregnant flowery birth
canst refresh the teeming earth.
If he nip the early bud,
if he blast what's fair or good,
if he scatter our choice flowers,
if he shake our halls or bowers,
if his rude breath threaten us,
thou canst stroke great Æolus,
and from him the grace obtain
to bind him in an iron chain

T. CAREW

703

THE LARK AND THE NIGHTINGALE

'TIS sweet to hear the merry lark,
that bids a blithe good-morrow ;
but sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,
to the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh nightingale ! what doth she ail ?
and is she sad or jolly ?
for ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
so like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
no worldly thought o'ertakes him ;
he sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
and the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
the nightingale is trilling ;
with feeling bliss, no less than his,
her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon, a sigh,
peers through her lavish mirth ;
for the lark's bold song is of the sky,
and hers is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay,
 to drive away all sorrow;
 for bliss, alas, to-night must pass,
 and woe may come to-morrow.

H. COLERIDGE

704

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY

THE swallows in their torpid state
 compose their useless wing,
 and bees in hives as idly wait
 the call of early Spring.
 The keenest frost that binds the stream,
 the wildest wind that blows,
 are neither felt nor feared by them,
 secure of their repose.
 But man, all feeling and awake,
 the gloomy scene surveys;
 with present ills his heart must ache
 and pant for brighter days.
 Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
 bids me and Mary mourn;
 but lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
 and whispers your return.
 Then April, with her sister May,
 shall chase him from the bowers,
 and weave fresh garlands every day,
 to crown the smiling hours.
 And, if a tear that speaks regret
 of happier times appear,
 a glimpse of joy, that we have met,
 shall shine and dry the tear.

W. COWPER

705

ABSENCE

TIME was when Nature's glowing scene
 my breast with soft emotion warmed:
 the springing flower, the turf so green,
 and all the smiling landscape charmed.
 This sparkling brook, this cool retreat,
 the fragrant treasures of this air;
 these birds, their note so wildly sweet;
 all, all could please,—for He was there.

But now, ah! now I cannot look
 on all that gave delight before:
 I fly the murmur of the brook;
 the groves are sad, nor please me more.
 I chide the thorn, and spurn the rose
 which erst could win my fostering care:
 no ease my fretful bosom knows;
 'tis hateful all,—He is not there!

Yet still before my gladdened view
 its wonted charm could each adorn;
 still could I each lost joy renew
 of fanning breeze, or blushing morn.
 The springing flower, the verdant mead,
 the brook, the grove, the perfumed air;
 the linnet's note, the plaintive reed;
 'twere rapture all,—were he but there!

ABOVE the rest a rural nymph was famed,
 thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona named;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 the Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
 Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
 but by the crescent and the golden zone:
 she scorned the praise of beauty and the care;
 a belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 a painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 and with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
 beyond the forest's verdant limits strayed,
 Pan saw and loved, and swift through brake and briar
 pursued her flight, her flight increased his fire:
 not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 when the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 when through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 as from the god she flew with furious pace,
 or as the god, more furious, urged the chase.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 now close behind his sounding steps she hears;

and now his shadow reached her as she run,
 his shadow lengthened by the setting sun;
 and now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 707 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 nor could Diana help her injured maid:
 faint, breathless, thus she prayed nor prayed in vain;
 'Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banished from thy train,
 let me, oh, let me to the shades repair,
 my native shades—there weep and murmur there.'
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 in a soft silver stream dissolved away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 for ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 and bathes the forest where she ranged before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 and with celestial tears augments the waves:
 oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 the headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 the watery landscape of the pendent woods,
 and absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 in the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 and floating forests paint the waves with green,
 through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
 then foaming pour along and rush into the Thames.

A. POPE

708

TO SLEEP

SWEET sleep, that loves the cottar's hut
 beyond the baron's hall,
 sweet sleep, that hears the peasant's prayer,
 nor heeds the monarch's call!

Sweet sleep, that seals the wearied eye,
 that soothes the throbbing pain;
 that sheds awhile the evening hour
 o'er all thy tranquil reign!

Yet sternly just—where guilty care
 doth rack the conscious breast,
 thou shed'st no genial influence there,
 thou giv'st no placid rest.

Where guilt is fix'd, thou ne'er canst live,
nor where it reigns, abide;
nor be thy calm dominion shared
by Avarice or Pride.

Though man all other Nature's gifts
summon by force or skill,
no art can force thee to obey,
or bend thee to his will.

Freely thou roam'st o'er hill and vale,
thy presence none control,
but whomsoever thou visit'st not,
Heaven save the wretched soul.

R. SOUTHEY

709

THE LOVELINESS OF YOUTH

THY smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays
so beautiful approve thee,
so winning light are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee:
thy balmy breath upon my brow
is like the summer air,
as o'er my cheek thou leanest now
to plant a soft kiss there:
thy steps are dancing toward the bound
between the child and woman,
and thoughts and feelings more profound
and other years are coming.

And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
more precious to the heart:
but never canst thou be again
that lovely thing thou art!
And youth shall pass with all the brood
of fancy-fed affection,
and care shall come with womanhood
and waken cold reflection:
thou'lt learn to toil and watch and weep
o'er pleasures unreturning,
like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
unto the cares of morning.

710

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 soft maids and village hinds shall bring
 each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
 and rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 to vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
 but shepherd lads assemble here,
 and melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
 no goblins lead their nightly crew;
 the female fays shall haunt the green,
 and dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
 shall kindly lend its little aid,
 with hoary moss and gathered flowers,
 to deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 in tempests shake thy sylvan cell,
 or 'midst the chase on every plain,
 the tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 for thee the tear be duly shed;
 belov'd till life can charm no more,
 and mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

W. COLLINS

711

TO THE SNOWDROP

THOU first-born of the year's delight,
 pride of the dewy glade,
 in vernal green and virgin white,
 thy vestal robes, arrayed;

'tis not because thy drooping form
 sinks graceful on its nest,
 when chilly shades from gath'ring storm
 affright thy tender breast;

nor for yon river islet wild
 beneath the willow spray,
 where, like the ringlets of a child,
 thou weav'st thy circle gay;

'tis not for these I love thee dear—
thy shy averted smiles
to Fancy bode a joyous year,
one of Life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
and cheer th' ungenial day,
and tell us, all will glisten soon
as green and bright as they.

Is there a heart, that loves the spring,
their witness can refuse?
yet mortals doubt, when angels bring
from Heaven their Easter news.

J. KEBLE

712

THE EXILE

THE swallow with summer
will wing o'er the seas,
the wind that I sigh to
will visit thy trees,
the ship that it hastens
thy ports shall contain,
but me—I must never
see England again!

There's many that weep there,
but one weeps alone,
for the tears that are falling
so far from her own;
so far from thy own, love,
we know not our pain;
if death is between us,
or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
on the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
and dream upon thee;
but the cloud spreads its wings
to the blue heaven, and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
except in the skies!

T. HOOD

713

DELIA

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
 her glossy plumage laves,
 and, sailing down the silver tide,
 divides the whispering waves:
 the silver tide, that wandering flows,
 sweet to the bird must be!
 but not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 as Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
 on yonder fruit-tree sung,
 and still the pendant nest she viewed,
 that held her callow young:
 dear to the mother's fluttering heart
 the genial brood must be;
 but not so dear, the thousandth part,
 as Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
 were natives of the dale;
 scarce plucked, and in a garland bound,
 before their sweets grew pale!
 my vital bloom would thus be froze,
 if luckless torn from thee;
 for what the root is to the rose,
 my Delia is to me.

J. CUNNINGHAM

714

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 and the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 and thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 the weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 by the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 at the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 and thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
 'twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 to the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
in life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
and knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
from my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
my little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
and my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
and fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
but sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
and the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL

715

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me!
spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
though bush or floweret never grow
my dark unwarmed shade below;
nor summer bud perfume the dew
of rosy blush, or yellow hue!
nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
my green and glossy leaves adorn;
nor murmuring tribes from me derive
th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
yet leave this barren spot to me:
spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
the sky grow bright, the forest green;
and many a wintry wind have stood
in bloomless, fruitless solitude,
since childhood in my pleasant bower
first spent its sweet and sportive hour,
since youthful lovers in my shade
their vows of truth and rapture made;
and on my trunk's surviving frame
carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
first breathed upon this sacred ground;

by all that Love has whispered here,
 or Beauty heard with ravished ear;
 as Love's own altar honour me:
 spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

T. CAMPBELL

716

THE INFANT MOSES

WHEN the mournful Jewish mother
 laid her infant down to rest,
 in doubt and fear and sorrow,
 on the water's changeful breast;
 she knew not what the future
 should bring the sorely-tried;
 that the High Priest of her nation
 was the babe she sought to hide.
 No, in terror wildly flying
 she hurried on her path,
 her swollen heart full to bursting
 of woman's helpless wrath;
 ah! no doubt, in such an hour
 her thoughts were rash and wild;

* * * *

when that prayer arose for justice
 which God hath sworn to hear.
 He heard it! from His heaven
 in its blue and cloudless scope,
 He saw that task of anguish,
 and that fragile ark of hope:
 when she turned from the lost infant
 her weeping eyes of love,
 and the cold reeds bent beneath it,
 His angels watched above.

717

THE ALMA

THOUGH till now ungraced in story,
 scant although thy waters be,
 Alma! roll those waters proudly,
 proudly roll them to the sea!
 yesterday, unnamed, unhonoured,
 but to wandering Tartar known,
 now thou art a voice for ever,
 to the world's four corners blown.

In two nations' annals graven,
 thou art now a deathless name;
 and a star for ever shining
 in their firmament of fame.
 Many a great and ancient river,
 crowned with city, tower and shrine,
 little streamlet! knows no magic,
 boasts no potency like thine;
 cannot shed the light thou sheddest
 around many a living head;
 cannot lend the light thou lendest
 to the memories of the dead.
 Yea:—nor all unsoothed their sorrow,
 who can, proudly mourning, say—
 when the first strong burst of anguish
 shall have wept itself away—
 'He has past from us, the loved one,
 but he sleeps with them that died
 by the Alma, at the winning
 of that terrible hill-side.'
 Yes—and in the days far onward,
 when we all are cold as those,
 who beneath thy vines and willows
 on their hero-beds repose,
 thou on England's banners blazoned
 with the famous fields of old,
 shalt, where other fields are winning,
 wave above the brave and bold:
 and our sons unborn shall nerve them
 for some great deed to be done,
 by that twentieth of September,
 when the Alma's heights were won.
 O thou river! dear for ever
 to the gallant, to the free,
 Alma! roll thy waters proudly,
 proudly roll them to the sea!

R. C. TRENCH

WHERE I am, thou ask'st, and where I wended
 when my fleeting shadow pass'd from thee?
 Am I not concluded now and ended?
 have not life and love been granted me?

Ask, where now those nightingales are singing
 who, of late, on the soft nights of May
 set thine ears with soul-fraught music ringing—
 only, while their love liv'd, lasted they.

Find I him, from whom I had to sever?
 doubt it not, we met, and we are one:
 there, where what is join'd, is joined for ever,
 there, where tears are never more to run.

There thou too shalt live with us together,
 when thou too hast borne the love we bore;
 there, from sin deliver'd, dwells my Father,
 track'd by Murder's bloody sword no more.

There he feels, it was no dream deceiving
 lur'd him starwards to uplift his eye:
 God doth match his gifts to man's believing;
 believe, and thou shalt find the Holy nigh.

All thou augurest here of lovely seeming
 there shall find fulfilment in its day:
 dare, O Friend, be wandering, dare be dreaming;
 lofty thought lies oft in childish play.

M. ARNOLD *from* SCHILLER

719

FAREWELL TO BUONAPARTE

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,
 severed from thy faithful few?
 who can tell thy warriors' grief,
 maddening o'er that long adieu?
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,
 dear as both have been to me—
 what are they to all I feel,
 with a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul!
 first in fight, but mightiest now:
 many could a world control;
 thee alone no doom can bow.
 By thy side for years I dared
 death; and envied those who fell,
 when their dying shout was heard,
 blessing him they served so well.

Would that I were cold with those,
since this hour I live to see;
when the doubts of coward foes
scarce dare trust a man with thee,
dreading each should set thee free!
Oh! although in dungeons pent,
all their chains were light to me,
gazing on thy soul unbent.

LORD BYRON

720

ELEGY ON THYRZA

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
as aught of mortal birth,
and form so soft and charms so rare
too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received thee in her bed,
and o'er the spot the crowd may tread
in carelessness or mirth,
there is an eye which could not brook
a moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low
nor gaze upon the spot;
there flowers or weeds at will may grow
so I behold them not:
it is enough for me to prove
that what I loved and long must love
like common earth can rot;
to me there needs no storm to tell
'tis Nothing that I loved so well.

721 Yet I did love thee to the last
as fervently as thou
who didst not change through all the past
and canst not alter now;
the love where death has set his seal
nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
nor falsehood disavow:
and what were worse, thou canst not see
or wrong, or change, or fault in me.
The better days of life were ours;
the worst can be but mine:
the sun that cheers, the storm that lours
shall never more be thine.

The silence of that dreamless sleep
 I envy now too much to weep;
 nor need I to repine
 that all those charms have passed away
 I might have watched through long decay.

722 The flower in opened bloom unmatched
 must fall the earliest prey;
 though by no hand untimely snatched,
 the leaves must drop away.
 And yet it were a greater grief
 to watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
 than see it pluck'd to-day;
 since earthly eye but ill can bear
 to trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
 to see thy beauties fade;
 the night that followed such a morn
 had worn a deeper shade:
 the day without a cloud hath past
 and thou wert lovely to the last,
 extinguished, not decayed;
 as stars that shoot along the sky
 shine brightest as they fall from high.

LORD BYRON

723

THE TWA CORBIES

AS I was walking all alane
 I heard twa corbies making a mane;
 the tane unto the t'other say,
 'Where sall we gang and dine today?'

'—In behint yon auld fail dyke,
 I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;
 and naebody kens that he lies there,
 but his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
 his hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
 his lady's ta'en another mate,
 so we may mak our dinner sweet.

• ‘Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
and I’ll pick out his bonny blue een :
wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair
we’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

‘Mony a one for him makes mane,
but nane sall ken where he is gane;
o’er his white banes, when they are bare,
the wind sall blaw for evermair.’

ANON.

724

ENDYMION AND THE NAIAD

THE dashing fount poured on, and where its pool
lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
and fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
holding his forehead to keep off the burr
of smothering fancies, patiently sat down;
and, while beneath the evening’s sleepy frown
glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
thus breathed he to himself: ‘Whoso encamps
to take a fancied city of delight,
O what a wretch is he! and when ’tis his,
after long toil and travelling, to miss
the kernel of his hopes, how more than vile!
yet for him there’s refreshment even in toil:
another city doth he set about,
free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
that he will seize on trickling honey-combs:
alas! he finds them dry; and then he foams
and onward to another city speeds.’

J. KEATS

725

*LAMIA AFTER HER TRANSFORMATION
FROM A SERPENT*

WHITHER fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
a full-born beauty new and exquisite?
She fled into that valley they pass o’er
who go to Corinth from Cenchrea’s shore;

and rested at the foot of those wild hills,
 the rugged founts of the Peraean rills,
 and of that other ridge whose barren back
 stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
 south-westward to Cleone. There she stood
 about a young bird's flutter from a wood,
 fain, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
 by a clear pool, wherein she passioned
 to see herself escaped from so sore ills,
 while her robes flaunted with the daffodils.
 Ah, happy Lycius!—for she was a maid
 more beautiful than ever twisted braid,
 or sighed or blushed or on spring-flowered lea
 spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
 a virgin purest lipped, yet in the lore
 of love deep learned to the red heart's core;
 not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
 to unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain.

J. KEATS

EVERY one that flatters thee
 is no friend in misery:
 words are easy, like the wind,
 faithful friends are hard to find:
 every man will be thy friend
 while thou hast wherewith to spend:—
 but if store of crowns be scant
 no man will supply thy want:
 if that one be prodigal,
 bountiful they will him call;
 if he be addiçt to vice,
 quickly him they will entice;
 but if fortune once do frown,
 then farewell his great renown:
 they that fawned on him before
 use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed
 he will help thee in thy need:
 if thou sorrow, he will weep,
 if thou wake, he cannot sleep;

thus of every grief in heart
he with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
faithful friend from flattering foe.

727

ASTROPHILL

YOU knew—who knew not Astrophill?
(that I should live to say I knew
and have not in possession still!)
things knowne permit me to renew,
of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie
he chiefe delight and pleasure tooke;
and on the mountaine Parthenie,
upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
the Muses met him every day,
that taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount
his personage seemed most divine:
a thousand graces one might count
upon his lovely cheerfull eie:
to heare him speake and sweetly smile
you were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace;
a full assurance given by lookes;
continuall comfort in a face,
the lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie
whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

ANON.

728

ART AND NATURE

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
and flowery tapestry:
there's living roses on the bush
and blossoms on the tree:
stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
some random bud will meet;
thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
the daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
 when earth was born in bloom:
 the light is made of many dyes,
 the air is all perfume.
 There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
 the very rainbow showers
 have turned to blossoms where they fell,
 and sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,
 the Garden of the sun;
 the very streams reflect the hues
 and blossom as they run;
 while morn opes like a crimson rose
 still wet with pearly showers
 then, Lady, leave the silken thread
 thou twinest into flowers!

COULD Love part thus? was it not well to speak,
 to have spoken once? It could not but be well.
 The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
 the slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
 and all good things from evil, brought the night
 in which we sat together and alone,
 and to the want, that hollow'd all the heart,
 gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,
 that burn'd upon its object thro' such tears
 as flow but once a life. The trance gave way
 to those caresses, when a hundred times
 in that last kiss, which never was the last,
 farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died,
 then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words
 that make a man feel strong in speaking truth;
 till now the dark was worn, and overhead
 the lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd
 in that brief night; the summer night, that paused
 among her stars to hear us; stars that hung
 love-charm'd to listen; all the wheels of Time
 spun round in station, but the end had come.
 O then like those, that clench their nerves to rush
 upon their dissolution, we two rose,

there—closing like an individual life—
in one blind cry of passion and of pain,
like bitter accusation ev'n to death,
caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,
and bade adieu for ever.

A. TENNYSON

730

THE CIVILISING INFLUENCE OF POETS

THESE benefits from poets we received,
from whence are rais'd those fictions since believed,
that Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
drew rocks and woods, and raised the Theban towers;
these miracles from numbers did arise:
since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries
and by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes praised,
and noble minds by great examples raised;
then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
to till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were, by the poet's aid,
in easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
and pleasingly their precepts did impart;
first charm'd the ear, and then engaged the heart;
the Muses thus their reputation raised,
and with just gratitude in Greece were praised.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
and sacrificed to their divinity;
but want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
and old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
their works were filled with fulsome flatteries.

J. DRYDEN

731

OENONE

ON the holy mount of Ida,
where the pine and cypress grow,
sate a young and lovely woman,
weeping ever, weeping low.

Drearily throughout the forest
 did the winds of autumn blow,
 and the clouds above were flying,
 and Scamander rolled below.

'Faithless Paris! cruel Paris!'
 thus the poor deserted spake—
 'wherefore thus so strangely leave me?
 why thy loving bride forsake?
 why no tender word at parting—
 why no kiss, no farewell take?
 would that I could but forget thee—
 would this throbbing heart might break!

'Is my face no longer blooming?
 are my eyes no longer bright?
 ah! my tears have made them dimmer,
 and my cheeks are pale and white.
 I have wept since early morning,
 I shall weep the livelong night;
 now I long for sullen darkness,
 as I once have longed for light.

732 'Paris! canst thou then be cruel!
 fair and young and brave thou art—
 can it be that in thy bosom
 lies so cold, so hard a heart?
 Children were we bred together—
 she who bore me suckled thee;
 I have been thine old companion,
 when thou hadst no more but me.

'When I sang of Ariadne,
 sang the old and mournful tale,
 how her faithless lover, Theseus,
 left her to lament and wail;
 then thine eyes would fill and glisten,
her complaint could soften thee:
 thou hast wept for Ariadne—
 Theseus' self might weep for me!

'Thou mayst find another maiden
 with a fairer face than mine—
 with a gayer voice, and sweeter,
 and a spirit liker thine:

for if e'er my beauty bound thee,
lost and broken is the spell,
but thou canst not find another
that will love thee half so well.

- 733 'O thou hollow ship, that bearest
Paris o'er the faithless deep!
wouldst thou leave him on some island
where alone the waters weep;
where no human foot is moulded
in the wet and yellow sand—
leave him there, thou hollow vessel!
leave him on that lonely land!

'Then his heart will surely soften,
when his foolish hopes decay,
and his older love rekindle
as the new one dies away.
Visionary hills will haunt him,
rising from the glassy sea,
and his thoughts will wander homeward
unto Ida and to me!'

Thus lamented fair CEnone
weeping ever, weeping low,
on the holy mount of Ida
where the pine and cypress grow.
In the self-same hour, Cassandra
shrieked her prophecy of woe,
and into the Spartan dwelling
did the faithless Paris go.

W. E. AYTOUN

734

THE AGED MINSTREL

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
the minstrel was infirm and old;
his withered cheek and tresses gray,
seemed to have known a better day:
the harp, his sole remaining joy,
was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
who sung of Border chivalry;
for, well-a-day, their date was fled,
his tuneful brethren all were dead;

and he, neglected and oppressed,
 wished to be with them and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 he carolled, light as lark at morn ;
 no longer courted and caressed,
 high placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 he poured to lord and lady gay
 the unpremeditated lay :
 old times were changed, old manners gone ;
 a stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
 the bigots of the iron time
 had called his harmless art a crime :
 a wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 he begged his bread from door to door ;
 and tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 the harp, a king had loved to hear.

SIR W. SCOTT

735

PITT—NELSON—FOX

TO mute and to material things
 new life revolving summer brings :
 the genial call dead Nature hears ;
 and in her glory re-appears.
 But O ! my country's wintry state
 what second spring shall renovate ?
 what powerful call shall bid arise
 the buried warlike and the wise ;
 the mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 the hand that grasped the victor steel ?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 even on the meanest flower that blows ;
 but vainly, vainly may he shine
 where Glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine,
 and vainly pierce the solemn gloom
 that shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb !
 Deep graved in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart !
 say to your sons,—Lo here his grave,
 who victor died on Gadite wave ;
 to him, as to the burning levin,
 short, bright, resistless course was given ;

where'er his country's foes were found,
was heard the fatal thunder's sound,
till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

736 With more than mortal powers endowed,
how high they soared above the crowd!
theirs was no common party race,
jostling by dark intrigue for place;
like fabled gods, their mighty war
shook realms and nations in its jar:
beneath each banner proud to stand,
looked up the noblest of the land;
till through the British world were known
the names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
e'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
though his could drain the ocean dry,
and force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and spent with these,
the wine of life is on the lees:
genius, and taste, and talent gone,
for ever tombed beneath the stone,
where,—taming thought to human pride!—
the mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
The solemn echo seems to cry
'Here let their discord with them die;
speak not for those a separate doom,
whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
but search the land of living men,
where wilt thou find their like agen?'

SIR W. SCOTT

737

PITT

AND thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels power,
whom earth applauded through her peopled shores;
alas! whom earth too early lost deplores:
young without follies, without rashness bold,
and greatly poor amidst a nation's gold;
in every veering gale of faction true,
untarnished Chatham's genuine child, adieu!

unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
 expands from twilight to intenser day;
 thy blaze broke forth at full meridian sway.
 O proved in danger! not the fiercest flame
 of discord's rage thy constant soul could tame;
 not when, far striding o'er thy palsied land,
 gigantic treason took his bolder stand;
 not when wild zeal, by murderous faction led,
 on Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread;
 or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
 defied the native soil they wont to save.—
 Undaunted Patriot! in that dreadful hour,
 when pride and genius own a stronger power;
 when the dimmed eyeball and the struggling breath
 and pain and terror mark advancing death;
 still in that breast thy country held her throne,
 thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were hers alone,
 thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting groan.

R. HEBER

738 *A NIGHT SCENE AT THE SIEGE OF CORINTH*

'TIS midnight: on the mountains brown
 the cold round moon shines deeply down;
 blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 bespangled with those isles of light,
 so wildly, spiritually bright;
 who ever gazed upon them shining
 and turned to earth without repining,
 nor wished for wings to flee away,
 and mix with their eternal ray?
 The waves on either shore lay there
 calm, clear, and azure as the air;
 and scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
 but murmur'd meekly as the brook.
 The winds were pillowed on the waves,
 the banners drooped along their staves:
 and, as they fell around them furling,
 above them shone the crescent curling;
 and that deep silence was unbroke,
 save where the watch his signal spoke,

save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
and echo answer'd from the hill,
and the wide hum of that wild host
rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
as rose the Muezzin's voice in air,
in midnight call to wonted prayer;
it rose, that chanted mournful strain,
like some lone spirit's o'er the plain.

LORD BYRON

739

THE EMIGRANTS' SACRED SONG

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
in the ocean's bosom unespied,
from a small boat, that rowed along,
the listening winds received this song.
'What should we do but sing His praise
that led us through the watery maze,
unto an isle so long unknown,
and yet far kinder than our own?
where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
that lift the deep upon their backs.
He lands us on a grassy stage,
safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
which here enamels every thing,
and sends the fowls to us in care
on daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
like golden lamps in a green night;
and in these rocks for us did frame
a temple, where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
till it arrive at heaven's vault;
which, thence, perhaps, rebounding, may
echo beyond the Mexique bay!'

Thus sung they in the English boat
a holy and a cheerful note:
and all the way, to guide their chime,
with falling oars they kept the time.

A. MARVELL

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
as all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
he climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
and busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,
recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
charms with the magic of a moonlight-view;
its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
this, the last wish that would with life depart,
to see the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her-silver line,
or Eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
when sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,
still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
attends his little bark from pole to pole;
and, when the beating billows round him roar,
whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
in many a plantain-forest, waving wide;
where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
and giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
and hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
in each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled;
soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
and clasps the maid he singled from the world.

S. ROGERS

741

ATYS AND ADRASTUS

WHEN the shades of night descended,
and the mournful crowd was gone,
and the funeral rites were ended,
by the grave he stood alone.

And he looked, where, vainly weeping,
lay the monarch of the land,
grief's unceasing vigils keeping;
and he gazed upon his hand.

'Hand accurst! shall Hermus' water
wash thee twice with blood defiled?
thou hast wrought a brother's slaughter,
thou hast slain my patron's child!

'With a doom of ceaseless sorrow
who like me by fate opprest?
wherefore live to meet a morrow
that can bring me nought of rest?

'Wherefore live? shall aught of gladness
pierce again my night of grief?
live accurst; the thought is madness!
come, oh death, my sole relief!'

J. E. BODE

742

THE GROUND SWELL

HOW soft the shades of evening creep
o'er yonder dewy lea,
where balmy winds have lull'd to sleep
the tenants of the tree.

No wandering breeze is here to sweep
in shadowy ripple o'er the deep;
yet swells the heaving sea!

How calm the sky! rest, ocean, rest!
from storm and ruffle free,
calm as the image on thy breast,
of her that governs thee!
and yet beneath the moon's mild reign
thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,
thou dark and silent sea.

There are whom fortune vainly wooes
 with all her pageantry,
 whom every flattering bliss pursues,
 yet still they fare like thee;
 the spell is laid within their mind,
 least wretched then when most resigned,
 their hearts throb silently !

R. HEBER

743

FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME SPRING

FLED are the frosts, and now the fields appear
 re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant diaper:
 thaw'd are the snows, and now the lusty spring
 gives to each mead a neat enamelling:
 the palms put forth their gems, and every tree
 now swaggers in her leafy gallantry:
 the while the Daulian Minstrel sweetly sings
 with warbling notes her Terean sufferings.
 What gentle winds perspire? as if here
 never had been the northern plunderer
 to strip the trees, and fields, to their distress,
 leaving them to a pitied nakedness.
 And look how when a frantic storm doth tear
 a stubborn oak, or holme long growing there,
 but lull'd to calmness, then succeeds a breeze
 that scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees:
 so when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
 our salt, our corn, our honey, wine and oil,
 falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 his inconsiderate frenzy off at last,
 the gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
 bring in her bill, once more, the Branch of Peace.

R. HERRICK

744

HIS RETURN TO LONDON

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,
 to see the day-spring from the pregnant East,
 ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
 to thee, blest place of my nativity!

thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
with thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful Genius! that bestowest here
an everlasting plenty, year by year.
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
all nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a freeborn Roman; suffer then,
that I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
into a long and irksome banishment;
yet since called back; henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess by thee!
for, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn:
weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
give thou my sacred reliques burial.

R. HERRICK

745 .

THE REVENGE OF AMERICA

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
o'er ravaged fields of rich Peru,
struck with his bleeding people's woes,
old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone
and heard a thousand nations groan;
for grief his feathery crown he tore,
to see huge Plata foam with gore;
he broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground
to view his cities smoking round.
'What woes' he cried 'hath lust of gold
o'er my poor country widely rolled;
plunderers proceed! my bowels tear,
but ye shall meet destruction there;
from the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
with lucre's universal thirst:
the rage that sweeps my sons away
my baneful gold shall well repay.'

J. WARTON

746

THE TRAVELLER

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
 or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
 against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
 or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 a weary waste expanding to the skies—
 where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 my heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
 still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 and drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
 Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 and round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 to pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
 blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 and every stranger finds a ready chair;
 blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 where all the ruddy family around
 laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 and learn the luxury of doing good.

O. GOLDSMITH

747

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

HOW often have I paus'd on every charm—
 the shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 the never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 the decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill,
 the hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 for talking age and whispering lovers made;
 how often have I blessed the coming day
 when toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 and all the village train, from labour free,
 led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 while many a pastime circled in the shade,
 the young contending as the old survey'd:
 and many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 and sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
 and still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;

the dancing pair that simply sought renown
by holding out to tire each other down;
the swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
while secret laughter titter'd round the place:
the bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
the matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
these were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
with sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
these round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
these were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

O. GOLDSMITH

748 *TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, TOGETHER WITH
PARNELL'S POEMS*

ABSENT or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(a sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
who, careless now of interest, fame or fate,
perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if ought below the seats divine
can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
a soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
above all pain, all passion and all pride,
the rage of power, the blast of public breath,
the lust of lucre and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
the Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace:
when interest calls off all her sneaking train,
and all th' obliged desert and all the vain;
she waits or to the scaffold or the cell,
when the last lingering friend has bid farewell.

A. POPE

749 *TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING*

BID me to live, and I will live
thy Protestant to be:
or bid me love, and I will give
a loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 a heart as sound and free,
 as in the whole world thou canst find,
 that heart Ile give to thee.

Did that heart stay, and it will stay,
 to honor thy Decree :
 or bid it languish quite away,
 and't shall doe so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 while I have eyes to see ;
 and having none, yet I will keep
 a heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,
 under that cypresse tree :
 or bid me die, and I will dare
 e'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 the very eyes of me :
 and hast command of every part,
 to live and die for thee.

R. HERRICK

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 sleep the sleep that knows not breaking :
 dream of battled fields no more,
 days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall
 hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 fairy strains of music fall,
 every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 dream of fighting fields no more ;
 sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
 trump nor pibroch summon here
 mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
at the day-break from the fallow,
and the bittern sound his drum
booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
guards nor warders challenge here,
here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
shouting clans or squadron's stamping.

SIR W. SCOTT

751

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD

I'ME no slave to such as you be;
neither shall a snowy brest,
wanton eye, or lip of ruby
ever rob me of my rest;
goe, goe, display
thy beauties ray
to some ore-soon enamoured swaine;
those common wiles
of sighs and smiles
are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
turne away thy tempting eyes:
shew not me a naked beautie,
these impostures I despise;
my spirit lothes
where gawdy clothes
and fained othes may love obtaine.
I love her so,
whose looke sweares No;
that all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies
which on every brest are worn,
that may plucke the spotlesse roses
from their never-touched thorne?

You labour may
to lead astray
the heart that constant shall remaine:
and I the while
will sit and smile,
to see you spend your time in vaine.

G. WITHER

752

THE VANITY OF AVARICE

WE'LE sit, my love, upon the shore,
 and while proud billowes rise
 to warre against the skie, speak ore
 our love's so sacred misteries;
 and charme the sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame,
 where ever statues are?
 and purchase glory to my name
 in the smooth court or rugged warre?
 My love hath layd the devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow,
 unmarkt i' th' shaded vale,
 than on the hill those terrors know
 are breath'd forth by an angry gale;
 there is more pomp above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine philosopher,
 while covetous landlords rent
 and courtiers dignity preferre,
 instructs us to a sweete content;
 greatnesse itself doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
 the treasures we possesse?
 we two are all and one, wee move
 like stars i' the orbe of happinesse:
 all blessings are epitomized in love.

W. HABINGTON

753

TO CHLORIS

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 the primrose banks how fair:
 the balmy gales awake the flowers,
 and wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 and o'er the cottage sings:
 for nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 to shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
in lordly lighted ha':
the shepherd stops his simple reed,
blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
our rustic dance wi' scorn;
but are their hearts as light as ours
beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
in shepherd's phrase will woo:
the courtier tells a finer tale,
but is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
that spotless breast o' thine:
the courtier's gems may witness love—
but 'tis na love like mine.

R. BURNS

754

THE SHRUBBERY—

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION

O H, happy shades—to me unblest!
friendly to peace, but not to me:
how ill the scene that offers rest,
and hearts, that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
those alders quivering to the breeze,
might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
and please, if any thing could please.

But fixed unalterable care
foregoes not what she feels within,
shows the same sadness every where,
and slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
while Peace possess'd these silent bowers,
her animating smile withdrawn,
has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
 this moss-grown alley musing, slow;
 they seek like me the secret shade,
 but not like me to nourish wo!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
 alike admonish not to roam;
 these tell me of enjoyments past,
 and those of sorrows yet to come.

W. COWPER

755

THE PASSAGE

MANY a year is in its grave,
 since I crossed this restless wave;
 and the evening, fair as ever,
 shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then, in the same boat, beside,
 sat two comrades old and tried;
 one with all a father's truth,
 one with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
 and his grave in silence sought;
 but the younger, brighter form,
 passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
 back upon the days gone by,
 saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,—
 friends, who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
 but that soul with soul can blend?
 soul-like were those hours of yore;
 let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
 take,—I give it willingly;
 for, invisible to thee,
 spirits twain have crossed with me!

From UHLAND

756

CORONACH

HE is gone on the mountain,
he is lost to the forest,
like a summer-dried fountain,
when our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing
from the raindrops shall borrow,
but to us comes no cheering,
to Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
takes the ears that are hoary;
but the voice of the weeper
wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
waft the leaves that are serest,
but our flower was in flushing
when blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
sage counsel in cumber,
red hand in the foray,
how sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
like the foam on the river,
like the bubble on the fountain,
thou art gone, and for ever!

SIR W. SCOTT

757

THE LAUREL

'TIS sung in ancient minstrelsy
that Phœbus wont to wear
the leaves of any pleasant tree
around his golden hair;
till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
of his imperious love,
at her own prayer transformed, took root
a laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
his brow with laurel green;
and 'mid his bright locks never shorn
no meaner leaf was seen;

and poets sage, in every age,
 about their temples wound
 the bay; and conquerors thank'd the gods,
 with laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling time
 so far runs back the praise
 of beauty, which disdains to climb
 along forbidden ways;
 that scorns temptation, power defies,
 where mutual love is not;
 and to the tomb for rescue flies
 when life would be a blot.

W. WORDSWORTH

758

THE SLEEPING LOVE

AS late each flower that sweetest blows
 I plucked, the garden's pride,
 within the petals of a Rose
 a sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
 of many a lucent hue;
 all purple glowed his cheek beneath,
 inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
 nor scared his balmy rest;
 and placed him, caged within the flower,
 on spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
 awoke the prisoner sweet,
 he struggled to escape awhile,
 and stamped his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
 subdued the impatient boy:
 he gazed; he thrilled with deep delight;
 then clapped his wings for joy.

'And O!' he cried 'of magic kind
 what charms this Throne endear!
 some other Love let Venus find—
 I'll fix my empire here.'

S. T. COLERIDGE

759

TO THE EVENING STAR

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,
fair Star, to love and lovers dear!
while trembling on the falling dew,
like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
to mark that image trembling there,
thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
to see thy lovely face so fair.

'Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
the moon thy timid beams outshine
as far as thine each starry light;—
her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
when twilight lingers on the plain,
and whispers to the closing flowers,
that soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
as music, wafts the lover's sigh,
that bids the yielding heart expand
in love's delicious extasy.

Fair Star! though I be doomed to prove
that rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love!—
but sweeter to be loved again.

J. LEYDEN

760

THE FAIRIES' GROTTO—
INSCRIPTION ON A ROOT-HOUSE

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
we rural Fays and Fairies dwell;
though rarely seen by mortal eye,
when the pale moon, ascending high,
darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
we frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
afford the light our revels crave;

this turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor:
nor yet for artful strains we call,
but listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
be sure your bosoms be serene,
devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
devoid of all that poisons life;
and much it 'vails you in their place
to graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favoured bowers,
nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flowers;
so may your path with sweets abound,
so may your couch with rest be crowned!
but harm betide the wayward swain
who dares our hallowed haunts profane!

W. SHENSTONE

761

THE SHIP-WRECK

O H! many a dream was in the ship
an hour before her death;
and sights of home with sighs disturbed
the sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
the sailor heard the humming tree
alive through all its leaves,
the hum of the spreading sycamore
that grows before his cottage-door,
and the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
to the dangers his father had passed;
and his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
as she looked on the father of her child
returned to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
and the rush of waters is in his soul;
astounded the reeling deck he paces,
'mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
the whole ship's crew are there!
wailings around and overhead,
brave spirits stupefied or dead,
and madness and despair.

J. WILSON

762

THE RIVULET

THE visions of my youth are past—
too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
the colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
she promised to my earliest youth:
the radiant beauty shed abroad
on all the glorious works of God,
shews freshly, to my sober'd eye,
each charm it wore in days gone by.
A few brief years shall pass away,
and I all trembling weak and gray,
bow'd to the earth, which waits to fold
my ashes in the embracing mould,
(if haply the dark will of fate
indulge my life so long a date),
may come for the last time to look
upon my childhood's favourite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
the sparkle of thy dancing stream;
and faintly on my ear shall fall
thy prattling current's merry call;
yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
as when thou met'st my infant sight.

W. C. BRYANT

763

THE ROSEBUD

'SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
how bright beneath the bush it glows:
how safely there it lurks concealed;
how quickly blasted when revealed!
'The sun with warm attractive rays
tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
a blast descends from eastern skies,
and all its blushing radiance dies.
'Then guard, my fair! your charms divine,
and check the fond desire to shine,
where fame's transporting rays allure,
while here more happy, more secure.

'The breath of some neglected maid
shall make you sigh you left the shade:
a breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
as to the rose an eastern wind.'

The nymph replied 'You first, my swain,
confine your sonnets to the plain;
one envious tongue alike disarms
you of your wit, me of my charms.

'What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill,
or what, unknown, the poet's skill?
what, unadmired, a charming mien,
or what the rose's blush, unseen?'

W. SHENSTONE

'MOOR, moor the barge, ye gallant crew;
and, gentle ladye, deign to stay:
rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
The blackening wave is edged with white,
to inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
the fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
Last night the gifted seer did view
a wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'
O'er Roslin all that dreary night
a wonderous blaze was seen to gleam;
'twas broader than the watchfire's light,
and redder than the bright moonbeam.
There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
lie buried within that proud chapelle;
each one the holy vault doth hold—
but the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.
And each St Clair was buried there
with candle, with book, and with knell;
but the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung
the dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR W. SCOTT

765

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
the glittering host bestud the sky;
one star alone, of all the train,
can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
from every host, from every gem;
but one alone the Saviour speaks,
it is the Star of Bethlehem.
Once on the raging seas I rode,
the storm was loud, the night was dark,
the ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
the wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
when suddenly a star arose—
it was the Star of Bethlehem.
It was my guide, my light, my all,
it bade my dark forebodings cease;
and through the storm and danger's thrall
it led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
for ever and for evermore,
the Star—The Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE

766

THE ISLES OF GREECE

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
where burning Sappho loved and sung,
where grew the arts of war and peace,—
where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
but all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
and Marathon looks on the sea;
and musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free:
for standing on the Persians' grave
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 and ships by thousands lay below,
 and men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day;
 and when the sun set where were they?

LORD BYRON

767

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF

'OH! call my brother back to me!
 I cannot play alone;
 the summer comes with flower and bee—
 where is my brother gone?

'The butterfly is glancing bright
 across the sunbeam's track;
 I care not now to chase its flight—
 Oh! call my brother back!

'The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
 around our garden tree;
 our vine is drooping with its load—
 O! call him back to me!'

'He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
 he may not come to thee;
 the face that once like spring-time smiled
 on earth no more thou'lt see.

'A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 such unto him was given;
 go—thou must play alone, my boy!
 thy brother is in heaven.'

'And has he left his birds and flowers;
 and must I call in vain?
 and through the long, long summer hours,
 will he not come again?

'And by the brook and in the glade
 are all our wanderings o'er?
 Oh! while my brother with me played,
 would I had loved him more!'

F. HEMANS

768

THE MEETING AT TWILIGHT

IT is the hour when from the boughs
 the nightingale's high note is heard;
 it is the hour when lovers' vows
 seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
 and gentle winds and waters near
 make music to the lonely ear.
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
 and in the sky the stars are met,
 and on the wave is deeper blue,
 and on the leaf a browner hue,
 and in the heaven that clear obscure,
 so softly dark and darkly pure,
 which follows the decline of day,
 as twilight melts beneath the moon away.
 But it is not to list to the waterfall
 that Parisina leaves her hall,
 and it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
 that the lady walks in the shadow of night;
 and if she sits in Este's bower,
 'tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
 she listens—but not for the nightingale—
 though her ear expects as soft a tale.
 There glides a step through the foliage thick,
 and her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick:
 there whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
 and her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
 a moment more—and they shall meet—
 'tis past—her lover's at her feet.

LORD BYRON

769

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!
 what fruitless tears have bathed thy honoured
 bier!
 what sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
 whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
 Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
 could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
 could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;

thou still hadst lived to bless my aching sight,
 thy comrade's honour and thy friend's delight.
 If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 the spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie,
 here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 a grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 but living statues there are seen to weep;
 affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
 affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,
 a father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
 though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
 yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
 but who with me will hold thy former place?
 thine image what new friendship can efface?
 Ah! none!—a father's tears will cease to flow,
 time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
 to all, save one, is consolation known,
 while solitary friendship sighs alone.

LORD BYRON

770

TO THE CUCKOO

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
 thou messenger of spring!
 now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 and woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 thy certain voice we hear;
 hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant, with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 and hear the sound of music sweet
 from birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 to pluck the primrose gay,
 starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 and imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
thou fliest thy vocal vale,
an annual guest in other lands,
another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
thy sky is ever clear;
thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
no winter in thy year!

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
we'd make, with joyful wing,
our annual visit o'er the globe,
companions of the Spring.

J. LOGAN

771

MARCH

THE stormy March is come at last
with wind and cloud and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast
that through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
wild stormy month, in praise of thee;
yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
the glad and glorious sun dost bring,
and thou hast joined the gentle train,
and wear'st the gentle name of spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm
smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
when the changed winds are soft and warm,
and heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
and the full springs from frost set free,
that brightly leaping down the hills
are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
of wintry storms the sullen threat;
but in thy sternest frown abides
a look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
 and that soft time of sunny showers,
 when the wide bloom on earth that lies
 seems of a brighter world than ours.

W. C. BRYANT

HAIL, meek-eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
 whose soft approach the weary woodman loves;
 as homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
 jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
 you lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
 the drooping daisies bathe in honey-dews,
 and nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
 to inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
 return to trip in wanton evening dance;
 old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
 light skims the swallow o'er the watery scene;
 and from the sheep-cote and fresh furrowed field
 stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
 his supping sheep and lengthening shadow spies;
 pleased with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
 and with hoarse humming of unnumbered flies.

Now every Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
 and pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
 an holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
 Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
 a wandering votary in thy pensive train;
 listening to every wildly-warbling throat
 that fills with farewell sweet thy darkening plain.

J. WARTON

773 *NATURE HAS HER WAY: SORROW ITS RIGHTS*

I SING to him that rests below,
and, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
and make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
and sometimes harshly will he speak
‘This fellow would make weakness weak,
and melt the waxen hearts of men.’

Another answers ‘Let him be,
he loves to make parade of pain,
that with his piping he may gain
the praise that comes to constancy.’

A third is wroth, ‘Is this an hour
for private sorrow’s barren song,
when more and more the people throng
the chairs and thrones of civil power?

a time to sicken and to swoon,
when science reaches forth her arms
to feel from world to world, and charms
her secret from the latest moon?’

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
ye never knew the sacred dust;
I do but sing because I must,
and pipe but as the linnets sing:

and one is glad ; her note is gay,
for now her little ones have ranged ;
and one is sad ; her note is changed,
because her brood is stol’n away.

A. TENNYSON

774

THE MORNING DREAM

’T WAS in the glad season of spring,
asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream’d what I cannot but sing,
so pleasant it seemed as I lay.

I dream'd that, on ocean afloat
 far hence to the westward I sailed,
 where the billows high lifted the boat,
 and the fresh-blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage a woman I saw;
 such at least was the form that she wore,
 whose beauty impressed me with awe,
 ne'er taught me by woman before.

He sat, and a shield at her side
 shed light, like a sun on the waves,
 and smiling divinely she cried—
 'I go to make freemen of slaves.'

Then raising her voice to a strain,
 the sweetest that ear ever heard,
 she sung of the slave's broken chain,
 wherever her glory appeared.

Some clouds, which had over us hung,
 fled, chased by her melody clear,
 and methought while she liberty sung,
 'twas liberty only to hear.

W. COWPER

775

LOVE AND INNOCENCE

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 the little birds, that fly
 with careless ease from tree to tree,
 were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 of mine increased their stream:
 or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent one sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 and I'm by beauty caught;
 the tender chains of sweet desire
 are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 ye swains that haunt the grove,
 ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 ye close retreats of love!

with all of nature, all of art,
assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
to make fair Nancy mine.
The very thought of change I hate,
as much as of despair;
nor ever covet to be great,
unless it be for her.
'Tis true, the passion in my mind
is mix'd with soft distress;
yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

T. PARNELL

776

TO RICHARD BENTLEY

I N silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse admire,
while Bentley leads her sister-art along,
and bids the pencil answer to the lyre.
See, in their course, each transitory thought
fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
to local symmetry and life awake!
The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
to censure cold, and negligent of fame,
in swifter measures animated run,
and catch a lustre from his genuine flame.
Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
his quick creation, his unerring line;
the energy of Pope they might efface,
and Dryden's harmony submit to mine.
But not to one in this benighted age
is that diviner inspiration given,
that burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
the pomp and prodigality of heaven.
As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
the meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
together dart their intermingled rays,
and dazzle with a luxury of light.
Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
my lines a secret sympathy impart;
and as their pleasing influence flows confest,
a sigh of soft reflection heave the heart.

T. GRAY

777

THE POET AND THE ROSE

AS in the cool of early day
 a poet sought the sweets of May,
 the garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 and every stalk with odour bends;
 a rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
 thus singing, as the Muse inspired.

'Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 how happy should I prove,
 might I supply that envied place
 with never-fading love;
 there, phoenix-like, beneath her eye
 involved in fragrance burn and die!

'Know hapless flower, that thou shalt find
 more fragrant roses there;
 I see thy withering head reclined
 with envy and despair.
 one common fate we both must prove;
 you die with envy, I with love.'

'Spare your comparisons' replied
 an angry Rose, who grew beside:
 'of all mankind you should not flout us:
 what can a poet do without us?
 in every love-song roses bloom;
 we lend you colour and perfume.
 Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
 to sound her praise on our abuse?
 must we, to flatter her, be made
 to wither, envy, pine and fade?'

J. GAY

778

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth
 within the enclosure of his little ground:
 happy the man whom the same humble place
 (the hereditary cottage of his race)
 from his first rising infancy has known,
 and by degrees sees gently bending down
 with natural propension to that earth,
 which both preserved his life and gave him birth.

Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
could ever into foolish wanderings get:
he never dangers either saw or feared:
the dreadful storms at sea he never heard:
he never heard the shrill alarms of war,
or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:
no change of consuls marks to him the year;
the change of seasons is his calendar:
the cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers he knows:
he measures time by land-marks, and has found
for the whole day the dial of his ground:
a neighb'ring wood, born with himself he sees,
and loves his old contemporary trees:
he has only heard of near Verona's name,
and knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:
does with a like concernment notice take
of the Red sea and of Benacus' lake:
thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
and sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
the voyage life is longest made at home.

A. COWLEY

779

REBECCA'S HYMN

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
out from the land of bondage came,
her fathers' God before her moved,
an awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
the cloudy pillar glided slow;
by night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
returned the fiery column's glow.

Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
and trump and timbrel answered keen,
and Zion's daughters poured their lays,
with priest and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
forsaken Israel wanders lone:
our fathers would not know Thy ways,
and Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
 when brightly shines the prosperous day,
 be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 to temper the deceitful ray.

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 in shade and storm the frequent night,
 be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 a burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by burning streams,
 the tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
 no censer round our altar beams,
 and mute are timbrel, harp and horn.
 But Thou hast said 'The blood of goat,
 the flesh of rams I will not prize;
 a contrite heart, a humble thought,
 are mine accepted sacrifice.'

SIR W. SCOTT

780 *THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA*

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 as his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 o'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 the sod with our bayonets turning,
 by the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 and the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 but he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 with his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 and we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 but we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 and we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
 and smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 that the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 and we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
but nothing he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
in the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
when the clock struck the hour for retiring:
and we heard the distant and random gun
that the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
from the field of his fame fresh and gory;
we carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
but we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE

781

WINIFREDA

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing,
my Winifreda, move your care;
let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
with pompous titles grace our blood;
we'll shine in more substantial honors,
and to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke:
and all the great ones, they shall wonder
how they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
no mighty treasures we possess;
we'll find within our pittance plenty,
and be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
sufficient for our wishes give;
for we will live a life of reason,
and that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling
we'll hand in hand together tread;
sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling
and babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 while round my knees they fondly clung:
 to see them look their mother's features,
 to hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported
 shall think to rob us of our joys,
 you'll in your girls again be courted,
 and I'll go a wooing in my boys.

782

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 hovers within my gates,
 and my divine Althea brings
 to whisper at the grates;
 when I lie tangled in her hair,
 and fettered to her eye,
 the birds that wanton in the air
 know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 with no allaying Thames,
 our careless heads with roses crowned,
 our hearts with loyal flames;
 when thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 when healths and draughts go free—
 fishes that tippie in the deep
 know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confined, I
 with shriller notes shall sing
 the sweetness, mercy, majesty
 and glories of my King;
 when I shall voice aloud how good
 he is, how great should be,
 enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
 know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 nor iron bars a cage;
 minds innocent and quiet take
 that for an hermitage:
 if I have freedom in my love,
 and in my soul am free,
 angels alone, that soar above,
 enjoy such liberty.

R. LOVELACE

783

TO MARY

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee;
 but I forgot, when at thy side,
 that thou couldst mortal be:
 it never through my mind had past,
 the time would e'er be o'er,
 and I on thee should look my last,
 and thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 and think 'twill smile again;
 and still the thought I will not brook,
 that I must look in vain!
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 what thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
 and now I feel, as well I may,
 sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
 all cold and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 and where thy smiles have been!
 while e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
 thou seemest still mine own;
 but there I lay thee in the grave,—
 and I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 thou hast forgotten me;
 and I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
 in thinking too of thee;
 yet there was round thee such a dawn
 of light ne'er seen before,
 as fancy never could have drawn
 and never can restore.

C. WOLFE

784 TO AN OAK TREE SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF
 CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
 full proudly may thy branches wave,
 where loyalty lies low in death,
 and valour fills a timeless grave.

Yct who, in fortune's summer-shine
 to waste life's longest term away,
 would change that glorious dawn of thine,
 though darkened ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
 brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
 Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,
 as Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb,
 repine not if our clime deny
 above thine honoured sod to bloom
 the flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
 beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
 before the winter storm decay—
 and can their worth be type of thine?

No! for 'mid storms of Fate opposing
 still higher swelled thy dauntless heart,
 and, while Despair the scene was closing,
 commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill
 (when England's sons the fight resigned,)
 a rugged race resisting still,
 and unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
 no holy knell thy requiem rung;
 thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
 thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

SIR W. SCOTT

YE banks and braes and streams around
 the castle o' Montgomery,
 green be your woods and fair your flowers,
 your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes
 and there the langest tarry;
 for there I took the last fareweel
 o' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
how rich the hawthorn's blossom,
as underneath their fragrant shade

I clasped her to my bosom!
the golden hours on angel wings
flew o'er me and my dearie;
for dear to me as light and life
was my sweet Highland Mary.

With monie a vow and locked embrace
our parting was fu' tender;
and pledging aft to meet again
we tore oursels asunder.

But O fell death's untimely frost,
that nipt my flower sae early!
now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
that wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
and closed for aye the sparkling glance
that dwelt on me sae kindly;
and mouldering now in silent dust
that heart that lo'ed me dearly!
but still within my bosom's core
shall live my Highland Mary.

R. BURNS

786

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
that lovest to greet the early morn,
again thou usher'st in the day
my Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade,
where is thy place of blissful rest?
seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
can I forget the hallowed grove
where by the winding Ayr we met,
to live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
those records dear of transports past;
thy image at our last embrace—
ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
 o'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
 the fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
 twined amorous round the raptured scene;
 the flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 the birds sang love on every spray;
 till too, too soon, the glowing west
 proclaimed the speed of wingéd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 and fondly broods with miser care;
 time but the impression deeper makes,
 as streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade,
 where is thy place of blissful rest?
 seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

R. BURNS

787

SLIGHTED LOVE

THE tears I shed must ever fall;
 I mourn not for an absent swain,
 for thought may past delights recal,
 and parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead,
 their toils are past, their sorrows o'er:
 and those they loved their steps shall tread,
 and death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
 if certain that his heart is near,
 a conscious transport glads each scene,
 soft is the sigh and sweet the tear:
 e'en when by death's cold hand removed
 we mourn the tenant of the tomb,
 to think that e'en in death he loved
 can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
 of her who slighted love bewails,
 no hope her dreary prospect cheers,
 no pleasing melancholy hails:

hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
of blasted hope, of withered joy,
the flattering veil is rent aside,
the flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
the hours once tinged in transport's dye;
the sad reverse soon starts to view,
and turns the past to agony.
e'en time itself despairs to cure
those pangs to every feeling due;
ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
to win a heart—and break it too.

MRS D. STEWART

788

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED

TREAD softly—bow the head,
in reverent silence bow—
no passing bell doth toll;
yet an immortal soul
is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
with lowly reverence bow;
there's one in that poor shed,
one by that paltry bed,
greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof
lo! Death doth keep his state:
enter—no crowds attend—
enter—no guards defend
this palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
no smiling courtiers tread;
one silent woman stands,
lifting with meagre hands
a dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
an infant wail alone;
a sob suppressed—again
that short, deep gasp and then
the parting groan.

Oh! change—oh! wondrous change—
 burst are the prison bars—
 this moment there so low,
 so agonised, and now
 beyond the stars!

Oh! change, stupendous change!
 there lies the soulless clod;
 the sun eternal breaks,
 the new immortal wakes—
 wakes with his God.

C. BOWLES

789 *ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED
 IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES*

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
 where China's gayest art had dyed
 the azure flowers that blow;
 demurest of the tabby kind,
 the pensive Selima, reclined,
 gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd:
 the fair round face, the snowy beard,
 the velvet of her paws,
 her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
 her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 she saw; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed; but midst the tide
 two beauteous forms were seen to glide,
 the Genii of the stream:
 their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 through richest purple to the view
 betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw
 a whisker first, and then a claw:
 with many an ardent wish,
 she stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:
 what female heart can gold despise?
 what cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
again she stretch'd, again she bent,
nor knew the gulf between:
(malignant Fate sat by and smiled)
the slippery verge her feet beguiled,
she tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
she mew'd to every watery god,
some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard;
a fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
and be with caution bold:
not all that tempts your wandering eyes
and heedless hearts is lawful prize,
nor all that glisters gold.

T. GRAY

790

THE CHILD OF EARTH

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow:
yet doth she fondly cling to earth and say
'I am content to die—but oh! not now!—
not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
not while the birds such songs of gladness sing:
not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die—but oh! not now!'

The spring hath ripened into summer time;
the season's viewless boundary is past;
the glorious sun hath reached his burning prime:
'oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
with silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
greet's my dull ear with music in its tone!
pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die,—but oh! not now!'

Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
 tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn;
 the huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
 'Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 on the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,
 to watch in silence while the evening rays
 slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 cooler the breezes play around my brow;
 I am content to die,—but oh! not now!

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers, far and near,
 drift without echo to the whitening ground;
 autumn hath passed away, and cold and drear
 winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
 yet still that prayer ascends: 'Oh! laughingly
 my little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
 our home-fire blazes broad, and bright and high,
 and the roof rings with voices light and loud:
 spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die,—but oh! not now!

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
 again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
 the wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
 the child of earth is number'd with the dead!
 Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
 the steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
 Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow;
 why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!

C. NORTON

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 they filled one home with glee;—
 their graves are severed, far and wide,
 by mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 o'er each fair sleeping brow;
 she had each folded flower in sight—
 where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the west
by a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
he lies where pearls lie deep;
he was the loved of all, yet none
o'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
above the noble slain:
he wrapt his colours round his breast
on a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
she faded 'midst Italian flowers—
the last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
beneath the same green tree;
whose voices mingled as they prayed
around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
and cheered with song the hearth—
alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
and nought beyond, O earth!

F. HEMANS

THE moon had climbed the highest hill
which rises o'er the source of Dee,
and from the eastern summit shed
her silver light o'er tower and tree;
when Mary laid her down to sleep,
her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
when soft and low a voice was heard,
saying 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently raised
her head, to ask who there might be,
and saw young Sandy shivering stand,
with visage pale and hollow e'e.

'O Mary dear! cold is my clay;
it lies beneath a stormy sea;
far, far from thee I sleep in death,
so, Mary, weep no more for me!

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
we tossed upon the raging main;
and long we strove our bark to save,
but all our striving was in vain:
e'en then, when horror chilled my blood,
my heart was filled with love for thee:
the storm is past, and I at rest;
so, Mary, weep no more for me!

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
we soon shall meet upon that shore
where love is free from doubt and care,
and thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
no more of Sandy could she see;
but soft the passing spirit said
'sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

A. LOWE

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
how sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
not all the gay flowers of the field,
not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
the linnet, the lark and the thrush,
the blackbird and sweet-cooing dove
with music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
let us see how the primroses spring;
we'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
and love while the feathered folk sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
do they never carelessly stray
while happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
kind nature indulging my bliss,
to ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
no beauty with her may compare;
love's graces around her do dwell;
she's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
oh, tell me at noon where they feed;
shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay
or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

R. CRAWFORD

HIGH in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd
(his sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
the god appeared; he turn'd his azure eyes
where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;
then bowed and spoke; the winds forget to roar
and the hushed waves glide softly to the shore.
'Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long expected days,
that Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
from heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
and harvest on a hundred realms bestows;
these now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams:
let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
and groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:

safe on my shore each unmolested swain
shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
the shady empire shall retain no trace
of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
the trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
and arms employed on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas on my side
project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
and temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
there mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
the world's great oracle in times to come;
there kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
once more to bend before a British Queen.

- 795 Thy trees, fair Windsor, now shall leave their woods,
and half thy forests rush into thy floods,
bear Britain's thunder and her cross display
to the bright regions of the rising day;
tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole:
or under southern skies exalt their sails,
led by new stars and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
the coral redden, and the ruby glow,
the pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
and Phoebus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
and seas but join the regions they divide;
earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
and the new world launch forth to seek the old:
then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
and feathered people crowd my wealthy side,
and naked youths and painted chiefs admire
our speech, our colour and our strange attire!
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace, from shore to shore,
till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
till the freed Indians in their native groves
reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;

Peru once more a race of kings behold,
and other Mexicos be roofed with gold:
exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell
in brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell:
gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
and mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
there purple Vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,
her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
there hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
and Persecution mourn her broken wheel;
there Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
and grasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.'

A. POPE

796

γὰρ κόσμος, φυτῶν ἀγλαΐσμα

HERE is verdure and bloom on the bush and the
tree,

and many a flower sweetly blows:
but one is the dearest of all to me;
'tis the joy of my heart, 'tis the Rose.
The snowdrop is fair, and the pansies are gay,
the daisy with smile cheers the ground;
and sweet in the bush is the white-thorn of May,
and woodbine that clusters around:
but the flower of my soul hath a lustre more bright
and a loveliness deeper than those;
the pride of the garden, the summer's delight,
O! the queen of them all is the Rose.

The lily with grace doth her petals unfold,
the tulip with rich scarlet glows,
the daffodil wears a mantle of gold,
but all these must yield to the Rose:
she blushes like fairest of maiden-kind,
she laughs like the Goddess of day;
she sheds pearly tears, and the beam and the wind
contend who shall kiss them away.
Then virgins, your posies, your garlands entwine,
mingle hues of each flower that grows;
but none shall compare with this flowret of mine:
thee I wear next my heart, lovely Rose.

The summer is short, and the winter must come
 with her hail and her storm and her snows,
 and things that are fairest in our pleasant home
 must wither alike with the Rose:
 o'er glade and o'er valley the glories of June
 bleak winds of December shall sweep,
 and leaves, now that glitter, on earth shall be strewn,
 and flowers in their cold bed shall sleep:
 but whilst I have life my love shall endure;
 like a fountain for ever that flows,
 like a sunbeam that shines immortal and pure,
 is the love of my heart for the Rose.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 are sparkling to the moon:
 my breath to heaven like vapour goes:
 may my soul follow soon!
 the shadows of the convent-towers
 slant down the snowy sward,
 still creeping with the creeping hours
 that lead me to my Lord:
 make thou my spirit pure and clear
 as are the frosty skies,
 or this first snowdrop of the year
 that in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 to yonder shining ground;
 as this pale taper's earthly spark,
 to yonder argent round;
 so shows my soul before the Lamb,
 my spirit before Thee;
 so in mine earthly house I am,
 to that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 thro' all yon starlight keen,
 draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 in raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
the flashes come and go:
all heaven bursts her starry floors,
and strows her lights below,
and deepens on and up! the gates
roll back, and far within
for me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
to make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
one sabbath deep and wide—
a light upon the shining sea—
the Bridegroom with his Bride!

A. TENNYSON

798

THE HERMIT

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
and mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
when nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
and nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
while his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
no more with himself or with nature at war,
he thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

'Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
for spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
and sorrow no longer thy bosom intral:
but, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
mourn, sweetest complainer! man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
full quickly they pass—but they never return.

'Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
the Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
but lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
she shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
the path that conducts thee to splendour again:
but Man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain?

‘Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 for morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
 nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
 but when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

J. BEATTIE

MY sister! my sweet sister! if a name
 dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
 mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
 no tears, but tenderness to answer mine:
 go where I will, to me thou art the same—
 a loved regret which I would not resign.
 There yet are two things in my destiny,—
 a world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
 it were the haven of my happiness;
 but other claims and other ties thou hast,
 and mine is not the wish to make them less.
 A strange doom is thy father’s son’s, and past
 recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
 reversed for him our grandsire’s fate of yore,—
 he had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
 in other elements, and on the rocks
 of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
 I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,
 the fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
 my errors with defensive paradox;
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
 the careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
 my whole life was a contest, since the day
 that gave me being, gave me that which marred
 the gift, a fate or will that walked astray;

and I at times have found the struggle hard,
and thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
but now I fain would for a time survive,
if but to see what next can well arrive.

LORD BYRON

800

THE PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL

IT is not Beauty I demand,
a crystal brow, the moon's despair,
nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
your lips that seem on roses fed,
your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
a breath that softer music speaks
than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds: nay what are lips?
coral beneath the ocean-stream,
whose brink when your adventurer slips
full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
that wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
do Greece or Ilium any good?

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
a tender heart, a loyal mind
which with temptation I would trust,
yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
could pour my secret heart of woes,
like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
that hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love
so indefeasible might be
that, when my spirit wonn'd above,
hers could not stay for sympathy.

ANON.

801 *THE KITE, OR PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL*

ONCE on a time a paper kite
was mounted to a wondrous height,
where, giddy with its elevation,
it thus expressed self-admiration:
'See how yon crowds of gazing people
admire my flight above the steeple;
how would they wonder if they knew
all that a kite like me could do?
were I but free, I'd take a flight,
and pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
but ah! like a poor prisoner bound,
my string confines me near the ground:
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
might I but fly without a string.'
It tugged and pulled, while thus it spoke,
to break the string,—at last it broke:
deprived at once of all its stay,
in vain it tried to soar away;
unable its own weight to bear,
it fluttered downward thro' the air;
unable its own course to guide
the winds soon plunged it in the tide.
Ah! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
how couldst thou fly without a string?

My heart replied 'O Lord, I see
how much this kite resembles me!
forgetful that by thee I stand,
impatient of thy ruling hand;
how oft I've wished to break the lines
thy wisdom for my lot assigns!
how oft indulged a vain desire
for something more or something higher!
and, but for grace and love divine,
a fall thus dreadful had been mine.'

J. NEWTON

AND the Spring arose on the garden fair,
and the spirit of Love fell every where;
and each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
and their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
from the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
and narcissi, the fairest among them all,
who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
till they die of their own dear loveliness.

and the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
that the light of its tremulous bells is seen
through their pavilions of tender green;

and the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
it was felt like an odour within the sense;

and the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
the soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

and the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
as a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
till the fiery star, which is its eye,
gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky;

and the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
the sweetest flower for scent that blows;
and all rare blossoms from every clime,
grew in that garden in perfect prime.

P. B. SHELLEY

803

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS

‘SHE may be fair,’ he sang, ‘but yet
far fairer have I seen
than she, for all her locks of jet,
and eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
as one day I may be,
my heart should own no foreign charms—
a Danish maid for me.

‘I love my father’s Northern land,
where the dark pine-trees grow,
and the bold Baltic’s echoing strand
looks o’er each grassy oe:
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loath to go,
and leaving on the billows bright,
to cheer the short-lived summer-night,
a path of ruddy glow.

‘But most the Northern maid I love,
with breast like Denmark’s snow,
and form as fair as Denmark’s pine,
who loves with purple heath to twine
her locks of sunny glow;
and sweetly blend that shade of gold
with the cheek’s rosy hue,
and Faith might for her mirror hold
that eye of matchless blue.

‘’Tis hers the manly sports to love
that southern maidens fear,
to bend the bow by stream and grove,
and lift the hunter’s spear:
she can her chosen champion’s flight
with eye undazzled see,
clasp him victorious from the strife,
or on his corpse yield up her life—
a Danish maid for me!’

SIR W. SCOTT



PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION

INTO

LATIN HEXAMETER VERSE.



PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION
 INTO LATIN HEXAMETER VERSE

804

MORAL

Θυμέ, θύμ' ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσιν κυκώ·ιενε,
 ἄνεχε, δυσμένεων δ' ἀλέξεу προσβαλὼν ἐναντίον
 στέρνον, εἰδόκοισιν ἐχθρῶν πλησίον κατασταθεὶς
 ἀτφαλέως· καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφάδην ἀγάλλεο,
 μηδὲ νικηθεὶς ἐν οἴκῳ καταπεσὼν οὔρυεο·
 ἀλλὰ χαρτοῖσιν τε χαῖρε καὶ κακοῖσιν ἀσχάλα
 μὴ λήην· γίγνωσκε δ' οἷος ῥυσμὸς ἀνθρώπους ἔχει.

ARCHILOCHVS

805

A WISH

Αἴθε πατήρ μ' ἐδίδαξε δασύτριχα μῆλα νομεύειν·
 ὥς κεν ὑπὸ πτελέῃσι καθήμενος, ἢ ὑπὸ πέτρῃς
 συρίσδων καλάμοισιν ἐμὰς τέρπεσκον ἀνίας·
 Πιερίδες φεύγωμεν ἐϋκτιμένην πόλιν, ἄλλην
 πατρίδα μαστεύσωμεν· ἀπαγγελέω δ' ἄρα πᾶσιν,
 ὥς ὄλοοι κηφῆνες ἐδηλήσαντο μελίσσας.

CYRVS

806

EPITAPH ON PROTE

Οὐκ ἔθανες, Πρώτη, μετέβης δ' ἐς ἀμείνονα χῶρον,
 καὶ ναίεις μακάρων νήσους θαλίῃ ἐνὶ πολλῇ,
 ἔνθα κατ' Ἑλυσίων πεδίων σκιρτῶσα γέγηθας
 ἄνθεςιν ἐν μαλακοῖσι κακῶν ἔκτοσθεν ἀπάντων·
 οὐ χείμων λυπεῖ σ', οὐ καῦμ', οὐ νοῦσος ἐνοχλεῖ,
 οὐ πεινῆς, οὐ δίψος ἔχεις· ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ποθεινὸς
 ἀνθρώπων ἔτι σοι βίोटος, ζῶεις γὰρ ἀμέμπτως
 αὐγαῖς ἐν καθαραῖσιν Ὀλύμπου πλησίον ὄντος.

ANTHOLOGIA

25—2

807

THE MOTH

THUS the gay moth, by sun and vernal gales
 call'd forth to wander o'er the dewy vales,
 from flower to flower, from sweet to sweet will stray,
 till, tired and satiate with her food and play,
 deep in the shades she builds her peaceful nest,
 in loved seclusion pleased at length to rest;
 there folds those wings that erst so wildly bore,
 becomes a household nymph and seeks to range no more.

808

THE LARK

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
 but if (the promise of a cloudless day)
 Aurora smiling bids her rise and play;
 then straight she shows, 'twas not for want of voice
 or power to climb, she made so low a choice;
 singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretched
 towards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetched.

E. WALLER

809

ON THE DEATH OF KIRKE WHITE

UNHAPPY White! while life was in its spring
 and thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
 the spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
 has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
 when Science 'self destroyed her favourite son!
 Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 she sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit:
 'twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
 and helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
 810 So the struck eagle, stretcht upon the plain,
 no more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 viewed his own feather on the fatal dart
 and winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far, to feel
 he nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
 whilst the same plumage, that had warmed his nest,
 drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

LORD BYRON

811

ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR HOWARD

THERE have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
and mine were nothing, had I such to give;
but when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
and saw around me the wide field revive
with fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
with all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

LORD BYRON

812

MODERN GREECE

AND yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now;
thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
commingling slowly with heroic earth,
broke by the share of every rustic plough:
so perish monuments of mortal birth,
so perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth.

LORD BYRON

813

OBLIVION

YET what avails the sanguine poet's hope
to conquer ages and with time to cope?
new eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
and other victors fill the applauding skies;
a few brief generations fleet along,
whose sons forget the poet and his song:
when fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
and glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
exhales her odours, blazes and expires.

LORD BYRON

814

THE BEAUTY OF THE CYCLADES

THUS lived—thus died she; never more on her
 shall sorrow light or shame. She was not made
 through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
 which colder hearts endure till they are laid
 by age in the earth: her days and pleasures were
 brief but delightful, such as had not staid
 long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
 by the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

LORD BYRON

815

THE SOUL AND THE BODY

SO every spirit, as it is most pure,
 and hath in it the more of heavenly light,
 so it the fairer body doth procure
 to habit in, and it more fairly dight
 with cheerful grace and amiable sight;
 for of the soul the body form doth take;
 for soul is form, and doth the body make.

E. SPENSER

816

BELIAL

A FAIRER person lost not Heaven; he seemed
 for dignity composed and high exploit;
 but all was false and hollow—though his tongue
 dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
 the better reason, to perplex and dash
 maturest counsels—for his thoughts were low;
 to vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear.

J. MILTON

817

LAVINIA

THOUGHTLESS of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 recluse among the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 beneath the shelter of encircling hills
 a myrtle rises, far from human eyes,
 and breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 so flourished blooming and unseen by all
 the sweet Lavinia.

A. POPE

818

THE EVILS OF TYRANNY

THE fields are ravished from the industrious swains,
 from men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
 the levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er;
 the hollow winds through naked temples roar;
 round broken columns clasping ivy twined;
 o'er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind;
 the fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 and savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

A. POPE

819

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE

SO Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
 rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away:
 her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
 that faintly tipt the feathery surge with light;
 but now the morn with orient hues pourtrayed
 each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
 all touched the talisman's resistless spring,
 and lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

S. ROGERS

820

CALEDONIA

HEAVEN'S arch is oft their roof, the pleasant shed
 of oak and plane oft serves them for a bed:
 to suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
 run over panting mountains crowned with ice,
 rivers o'ercome, the wasted lakes appal,
 (being to themselves oars, steerers, ships and all)
 is their renown: a brave all-daring race,
 courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace.

W. DRUMMOND

821

THE EAGLE

THEN, as an eagle, who with pious care
 was beating wildly on the wing for prey,
 to her now silent eyrie does repair
 and finds her callow infants forced away.
 stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
 the broken air loud whistling as she flies:
 she stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
 and guides her pinions by her young one's cries.

J. DRYDEN

822

THE SPIDER

SO the false spider, when her nets are spread,
 deep ambushed in her silent den does lie;
 and feels far off the trembling of her thread,
 whose filmy cord should bind the straggling fly:
 then if at last she finds him fast beset,
 she issues forth and runs along her loom:
 she joys to touch the captive in her net,
 and drag the little wretch in triumph home.

J. DRYDEN

823

THE BEE AND THE ANT

TELL me, ye studious, who pretend to see
 far into nature's bosom, whence the bee
 was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
 through trackless paths and an abyss of air:
 whence she avoids the slimy marsh and knows
 the fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows
 and honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose:
 how from the thickened mist and setting sun
 finds she the labour of her day is done?
 who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
 to bring her burden to the certain hive,
 and through the liquid fields again to pass,
 duteous and hearkening to the sounding brass?
 And O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
 midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,
 by constant journeys careful to prepare
 her stores; and bringing home the corny ear,
 by what instruction does she bite the grain,
 lest, hid in earth and taking root again,
 it might elude the foresight of her care?
 Distinct in all the insect's deeds appear
 the marks of thought, contrivance, hope and fear.

M. PRIOR

824

GREAT WITS

GR^EAT wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 and rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
 from vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 and snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,

which, without passing through the judgment, gains
the heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
which out of nature's common order rise,
the shapeless rock or hanging precipice.

A. POPE

825

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON

O H! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
to me thy aid thou guardian genius lend!
when rage misguides me or when fear alarms,
when pain distresses or when pleasure charms,
in silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
and turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
till bliss shall join nor death can part us more.

T. TICKELL

826

A COMPLAINT

WHENCE is it that the flouret of the field doth
fade,
and lyeth buried long in Winters bale;
yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
it floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
but thing on earth that is of most availe,
as vertues branch and beauties budde,
reliuen not for any good:
the braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaille.

E. SPENSER

827

HORACE

HORACE still charms with graceful negligence,
and without method talks us into sense;
will, like a friend, familiarly convey
the truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment as in wit
might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire:
his precepts teach but what his works inspire.

A. POPE

828 *THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE THE COMMON
PROPERTY OF ALL*

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny:
 you cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
 you cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
 you cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 the woods and lawns by living stream at eve.
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 and I their toys to the great children leave:
 of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

J. THOMSON

829 *A SIMILE*

AS when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
 placed far amid the melancholy main,
 (whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles,
 or that ærial beings sometimes deign
 to stand embodied, to our senses plain)
 sees on the naked hill or valley low,
 the whilst in Ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 a vast assembly moving to and fro:
 then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

J. THOMSON

830 *SUNSET IN SUMMER*

LOW walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees
 just o'er the verge of day: the shifting clouds
 assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
 in all their pomp attend his sitting throne;
 air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
 as if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 of Amphitrite and her tending nymphs,
 (so Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
 now half immersed; and now a golden curve
 gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

J. THOMSON

831

LIBERTY

HENCE flourished Greece; and hence a race of men,
 As gods by conscious future times adored;
 in whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
 each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
 each art was nature. Spartan valour hence
 at the famed Pass firm as an isthmus stood,
 and the whole eastern ocean, waving far
 as eye could dart its vision, nobly checked;
 while in extended battle at the field
 of Marathon my keen Athenians drove
 before their ardent bands a host of slaves.

J. THOMSON

832

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS

RIGHT in the midst of that Paradise
 there stood a stately mount, on whose round top
 a gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
 whose shady boughes sharpe steele did never lop,
 nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
 but like a girlond compassed the hight,
 and from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
 that all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
 threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

833 And in the thickest covert of that shade
 there was a pleasant Arber, not by art
 but of the trees owne inclination made,
 which knitting their rancke braunches, part to part,
 with wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,
 and eglantine and caprifole emong,
 fashioned above within their inmost part,
 that neither Phœbus beams could through them throng,
 nor Æolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

E. SPENSER

834

ABSENCE

WHILST thou wast thence, all dead in dole did
 lie;
 the woods were heard to wail full many a sigh,

and all the birds with silence to complain;
 the fields with faded flowers did seem to mourn,
 and all their flocks from feeding to refrain;
 the running waters wept for thy return,
 and all their fish with languor did lament:
 but now both woods and fields and floods revive,
 sith thou art come, their cause of merriment.

E. SPENSER

835

A SIMILE

AS gentle shepherd in sweete even-tide,
 when ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
 high on an hill, his flocke to viewen wide,
 markes which do bite their hastie supper best;
 a cloud of cumbrous gnats doe him molest,
 all striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
 that from their noyance he nowhere can rest;
 but with his clownish hands their tender wings
 he brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

E. SPENSER

836

JUSTICE

SHE was a virgin of austere regard,
 not, as the world esteems her, deaf and blind,
 but as the eagle that hath oft compared
 her eye with heaven's, so and more brightly shined
 her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
 into the solid heart, and with her ears
 the silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
 and in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

G. FLETCHER

837

AMBITION

AH! curst ambition, to thy lures we owe
 all the great ills that mortals bear below:
 curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
 his year's whole sweat, and vainly ripened fields;
 curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,
 when left a widow, though not yet a bride;
 by mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
 and scatter useless roses on the dead.

T. TICKELL

838

IMMORTALITY

SHALL I be left forgotten in the dust,
 when fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
 is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
 with disappointment, penury, and pain?
 No: heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
 and man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 bright thro' the eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

J. BEATTIE

839

JONATHAN'S FIRST SIGHT OF DAVID

HE saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
 to see the strength, the feature, and the grace
 of his young limbs: he saw his comely face,
 where love and reverence so well mingled were;
 and head, already crowned with golden hair:
 he saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
 gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame:
 he saw his valour, by their safety proved;
 he saw all this, and as he saw, he loved.

A. COWLEY

840

TO THE RAINBOW

MILD arch of promise! on the evening sky
 thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
 each in the other melting. Much mine eye
 delights to linger on thee; for the day,
 changeful and many-weathered, seem'd to smile,
 flashing brief splendour through its clouds awhile,
 that deepen'd dark anon, and fell in rain:
 but pleasant it is now to pause, and view
 thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
 and think the storm shall not return again.

R. SOUTHEY

841

OLD AGE AND ITS ENJOYMENTS

NOW in their turn assisting, they repay
the anxious cares of many and many a day;
and now by those he loves relieved, restored,
his very wants and weaknesses afford
a feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,
leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,
while they look up! Their questions, their replies,
fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,
gladdening his spirit: and, his theme the past,
how eloquent he is! his thoughts flow fast.

S. ROGERS

842

SUNSHINE AFTER A STORM

WHEN tempests with their train impend on high,
darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
when heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
all ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
when loud and long the deep-mouthed thunder rolls,
and peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
if from the opening clouds thy form appears,
her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

J. LOGAN

843

DEATH

THE strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
and life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
the noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,
on heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
when Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

T. CAMPBELL

844 *MASSACRE OF THE POLISH PATRIOTS AT THE
BRIDGE OF PRAGUE*

THE sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
on Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
his blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
the storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
a thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call;
earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
and conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

T. CAMPBELL

845 *SONG ON MAY MORNING*

NOW the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
the flowery May, who from her green lap throws
the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
mirth and youth and warm desire!
woods and groves are of thy dressing,
hill and dale doth boast thy blessing:
thus we salute thee with our early song,
and welcome thee, and wish thee long.

J. MILTON

846 *THE SONS OF BRITAIN*

STERN o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
with daring aims irregularly great;
pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
by forms unfashioned, fresh from nature's hand,
fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
true to imagined right, above control;
while e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
and learns to venerate himself as man.

O. GOLDSMITH

847

THE FORGE

IN other part stood one, who, at the forge
 labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
 had melted—whether found where casual fire
 had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,
 down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
 to some cave's mouth, or whether washed by stream
 from underground. The liquid ore he drained
 into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed
 first his own tools, then, what might else be wrought
 fusil or graven in metal.

J. MILTON

848

*VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
 DELINEATED AS ZIMRI*

A MAN so various, that he seemed to be
 not one but all mankind's epitome:
 stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
 was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
 but, in the course of one revolving moon,
 was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
 in squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
 nothing went unrewarded but desert:
 beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
 he had his jest, and they had his estate.

J. DRYDEN

849

TO THE BUTTERFLY

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 mingle with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
 and where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
 quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
 there shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
 —Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
 on the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
 And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
 to burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

S. ROGERS

850

THE SONS OF HOLLAND

METHINKS her patient sons before me stand,
where the broad ocean leans against the land;
and, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow
the firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
while the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
sees an amphibious world beneath him smile.

O. GOLDSMITH

851

THE POET'S THEME

NOISE is there not enough in doleful war
but that the heaven-born poet must stand forth
and lend the echoes of his sacred shell
to multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs are there not enough in hopeless love,
and in requited passion all too much
of turbulence anxiety and fear,
but that the minstrel of the rural shade
must tune his pipe insidiously to nurse
the perturbation in the suffering breast?

852

TRUE JOY

NO! 'tis not worldly gain, altho' by chance
the sons of learning may to wealth advance;
nor station high, though in some favouring hour
the sons of learning may arrive at power;
nor is it glory, though the public voice
of honest praise will make the heart rejoice:
but 'tis the mind's own feelings give the joy,
pleasures she gathers in her own employ—
pleasures that gain or praise cannot bestow,
yet can dilate and raise them when they flow.

853

THE PRIME WISDOM

GOD hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
 and not molest us, unless we ourselves
 seek them with wandering thoughts and notions vain.
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
 unchecked; and of her roving is no end,
 till warned, or by experience taught, she learn
 that not to know at large of things remote
 from use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 that which before us lies in daily life,
 is the prime wisdom.

J. MILTON

854

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS'

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
 year,
 of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown
 and sear,
 heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves
 lie dead;
 they rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
 Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
 lately sprang and stood
 in brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
 Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
 flowers
 are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good
 of ours.
 The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
 rain
 calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
 again.

W. C. BRYANT

855

CENONE

SHE with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
 the herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
 half whisper'd in his ear 'I promise thee
 the fairest and most loving wife in Greece.'
 She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
 but when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
 and I beheld great Here's angry eyes,

as she withdrew into the golden cloud,
and I was left alone within the bower:
and from that time to this I am alone,
and I shall be alone until I die.

A. TENNYSON

856 *ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE*

MY boast is not, that I deduce my birth
from lords enthroned and rulers of the earth;
but higher far my proud pretensions rise—
the son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
his wonted course, yet what I wished is done;
and while the wings of fancy still are free,
and I can view this mimic show of thee,
time has but half succeeded in his theft—
thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. COWPER

857 *NEPTUNE'S HALL*

FAR as the mariner on the highest mast
can see all round upon the calméd vast,
so wide was Neptune's hall: and as the blue
doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
their doming curtains, high, magnificent,
awed from the throne aloof;—and when storm-rent
disclosed the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air;
but soothed as now, flashed sudden everywhere,
noiseless, sub-marine cloudlets, glittering
death to a human eye.

J. KEATS

858 *MEMORY IN SUPERIOR BEINGS*

OFt may the spirits of the dead descend
to watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
to hover round his evening walk unseen,
and hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
to hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
and heaven and nature opened to their view!

Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
 a smiling circle emulous to please;
 there may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 and bless the scene they loved in life so well!

S. ROGERS

859

THE STAG

SO the tall stag, upon the brink
 of some smooth stream about to drink,
 surveying there his arméd head,
 with shame remembers that he fled
 the scornéd dogs, resolves to try
 the combat next; but if their cry
 invades again his trembling ear,
 he straight resumes his wonted care,
 leaves the untasted spring behind,
 and, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

E. WALLER

860

THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE

TWAS noon, and Afric's dazzling sun on high
 with fierce resplendence filled the unclouded sky;
 no zephyr waved the palm's majestic head,
 and smooth alike the seas and deserts spread;
 while desolate, beneath a blaze of light,
 silent and lonely, as at dead of night,
 the wreck of Carthage lay. Her prostrate fanes
 had strewed their precious marble o'er the plains:
 dark weeds and grass the column had o'ergrown,
 the lizard basked upon the altar-stone;
 whelmed by the ruins of their own abodes,
 had sunk the forms of heroes and of gods;
 while near, dread offspring of the burning day,
 coiled midst forsaken halls the serpent lay.

F. HEMANS

861

THE VANITY OF HUMAN NATURE

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,
 as I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 are melted into air, into thin air.
 and, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 the solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

and, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
as dreams are made on; and our little life
is rounded with a sleep.

W. SHAKESPEARE

862 **A**T the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
to the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
thine eye;
and I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions
of air
to revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to
me there
and tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear
when our voices, commingling, breathed like one on
the ear;
and as echo far off through the vale my sad orison
rolls,
I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the King-
dom of Souls
faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

T. MOORE

863

SHAKESPEARE

FAR from the sun and summer gale
in thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
what time, where lucid Avon strayed,
to him the mighty mother did unveil
her awful face: the dauntless child
stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take' she said 'whose colours clear
richly paint the vernal year:
thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!
this can unlock the gates of joy;
of horror that and thrilling fears,
or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

T. GRAY

864 *THE HEALING INFLUENCE OF NATURE*

WITH other ministrations thou, O Nature,
 healest thy wandering and distempered child;
 thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
 thy melodies of woods and winds and waters;
 till he relent, and can no more endure
 to be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
 but bursting into tears wins back his way,
 his angry spirit healed and harmonized
 by the benignant touch of love and beauty.

S. T. COLERIDGE

865 *THE DEATH OF THE STAG*

LOW in a grassy dingle he was laid,
 with wild wood primroses bespeckled;
 over his head the wanton shadows played
 of a young olive, that her boughs so spread,
 as with her leaves she seemed to crown his head.
 And here he came, pierced by a fatal blow,
 as in a wood he walked securely feeding,
 and feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
 his heavy head his fainting strength exceeding,
 bade farewell to the woods that round him wave,
 while tears from drooping flowers bedew his turfy grave.

G. FLETCHER

866 *KING EDWARD THE THIRD*

HAD thy great destiny but given thee skill
 to know, as well as power to act, her will;
 that from those kings, who then thy captives were,
 in after times should spring a royal pair
 who should possess all that thy mighty power,
 or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
 to whom their better fate reserves whate'er
 the victor hopes for or the vanquished fear;
 that blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
 and all that since these sister nations bled,
 had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
 that all the blood he spilt had been his own.

SIR J. DENHAM

867

DEPENDENCE ON PROVIDENCE

BEHOLD! and look away your low despair:
see the light tenants of the barren air;
to them, nor stores, nor granaries belong;
nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
on the least wing that flits along the sky:
to him they sing, when spring renews the plain;
to him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
nor is their music nor their plaint in vain;
he hears the gay and the distressful call,
and with unsparing bounty fills them all.

J. THOMSON

868

THE SHIPWRECK

HER rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
with the masts, went by the board:
like a vessel of glass she stove and sank;
ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach
a fisherman stood aghast,
to see the form of a maiden fair
lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
the salt tears in her eyes;
and he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
on the billows fall and rise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

869

THE ALLEGORY OF TITYUS AND SISYPHUS

BUT he's the Tityus, who is robbed of rest
by tyrant passion preying on his breast:
the Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
to vex the government, disturb the laws;
drunk with the fumes of popular applause,

he courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
 and toils in vain to mount the sovereign seat.
 For still to aim at power and still to fail,
 ever to strive and never to prevail,
 what is it, but, in reason's true account,
 to heave the stone against the rising mount?

J. DRYDEN

870

MICHAEL'S APPROACH TO ADAM

HE ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
 not in his shape celestial, but as man
 clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms
 a military vest of purple flowed
 livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 in time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof.
 His starry helm unbuckled shewed him prime
 in manhood where youth ended; by his side,
 as in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.

J. MILTON

871

THE BATTLE ARRAY OF SATAN'S LEGIONS

ALL in a moment through the gloom were seen
 ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 with orient colours waving; with them rose
 a forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 appeared, and serried shields in thick array
 of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
 in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 of flutes and soft recorders: such as raised
 to highth of noblest temper heroes old
 arming to battle, and instead of rage
 deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
 with dread of death to flight or foul retreat.

J. MILTON

872

THE MANIAC'S HOPE

HARK! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
 that wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
 she, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
 watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,

knew the pale form, and shrieking in amaze,
clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze :
poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
till Memory fled her agonising brain;—
but Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
and aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

T. CAMPBELL

873

THE FIRST SIGHT OF A SHIP

FOR, as we stood there waiting on the strond,
behold! an huge great vessel to us came,
dauncing upon the waters back to lond,
as if it scornd the daunger of the same:
yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
glewed together with some subtile matter:
yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
and life to move it selfe upon the water.
Straunge thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
that neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
so proudly, that she made them roare againe.

E. SPENSER

874

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS

DAMON, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
there mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
about their god-like mate, and sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
and every moment gains upon the skies:
the new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,
the sapphire portal, and the golden gate.
Now sing, ye joyful Angels, and admire
your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow,
for like Amyntas none is left below.

J. DRYDEN

875

NARCISSUS

HERE young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
 and view'd his image in the crystal flood:
 the crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 and the pleased image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienced breast subdued,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursued;
 himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 and with fond look the smiling shade desires;
 o'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 his spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 and in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.

J. GAY

876

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS

HIM fortune cannot sink or much elate,
 whose view extends beyond this mortal state;
 by age when summoned to resign his breath,
 calm and serene, he sees approaching death,
 as the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,
 where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:
 he, and he only, is of death afraid,
 whom his own conscience has a coward made;
 whilst he who virtue's radiant course has run
 descends like a serenely setting sun;
 his thoughts triumphant Heaven alone employs,
 and hope anticipates his future joys.

S. JENYNS

877

URIEL DISCOVERING EARTH TO SATAN

LOOK downward on that globe, whose hither side
 with light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
 that place is Earth, the seat of Man: that light
 his day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
 night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon
 (so call that opposite fair star) her aid
 timely interposes, and her monthly round
 still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
 with borrowed light her countenance triform
 hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
 and in her pale dominion checks the night.

J. MILTON

878

FREEDOM

O FREEDOM, thou art not, as poets dream,
a fair young girl with light and delicate limbs,
and wavy tresses gushing from the cap,
with which the Roman master crowned his slave,
when he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
armed to the teeth art thou; one mailéd hand
grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
with tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
his bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
they could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.

879

WARRE

LASTLY stode Warre in glytteryng armes yclad,
with visage grym; sterne-looking and blackely
hewed;
in his right hand a naked sworde hee had
that to the hiltes was al with bloud embrewed;
and in his left (that kinges and kingdomes rewed)
famine and fyer he held, and therewythall
he razed townes and threwe downe towers and all.
Cities he sakt, and realmes that whylom flowered
in honour glory and rule above the best
he overwhelme, and all theyr fame devowred,
consumed, destroyed, wasted and never ceast
tyll he theyr wealth theyr name and all opprest.

T. SACKVILLE

880

AN ISLAND IN THE ÆGEAN

IT is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,
Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
sail onward far upon their fatal way:
the wingéd storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm
to other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
from which its fields and woods ever renew
their green and golden immortality:
and from the sea there rise, and from the sky
there fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
veil after veil, each hiding some delight.

P. B. SHELLEY

881

PALAMON'S PRAYER TO VENUS

CREATOR Venus, genial power of love,
 the bliss of men below and gods above!
 beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
 dost fairest shine and best become thy place:
 for thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
 thy month reveals the spring and opens all the year.
 Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
 earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
 and birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good or fair:
 all nature is thy province, life thy care:
 thou madest the world, and dost the world repair.

J. DRYDEN

882

SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS

'TIS morn; with gold the verdant mountain glows;
 more high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose:
 far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills,
 a mighty waste of mist the valley fills,
 a solemn sea! whose billows wide around
 stand motionless, to awful silence bound:
 pines, on the coast, through mist their tops uprear,
 that like to leaning masts of stranded ships appear.
 A single chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
 gapes in the centre of the sea,—and through
 that dark mysterious gulf ascending, sound
 innumerable streams with roar profound.

W. WORDSWORTH

883

*A BRITON'S THOUGHT ON THE SUBJUGATION
OF SWITZERLAND*

TWO voices are there; one is of the sea,
 one of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
 in both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 they were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven.
 thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
 then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
 for, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 that Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 and Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 and neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

884 *THE CHERUB'S VOICE TO THE DEVIL IN A DREAM
 ON MOUNT AKSBECK*

NO sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes
 of love;
 no mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from
 above;
 no hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy
 scarréd face;
 no voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy
 race;
 but bow thee to the God of Love, and all shall yet be
 well,
 and yet in days of holy rest and love thy soul shall
 dwell.
 And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from
 this torrid heat,
 and I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy
 blistered feet;
 and when the troubled tears shall start to think of all
 the past,
 my mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy
 sorrows fast;
 and thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and
 priests abroad,
 and thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of
 God.

T. AIRD

885

ÆNEAS

'ANCHISES sonne begot of Venus fayre'
 said he 'out of the flames for safegard fled,
 and with a remnant did to sea repayre;
 where he through fatall errour long was led

full many yeares, and weet-lesse wandered
 from shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
 ere rest he fownd: much there he suffered,
 and many perilles past in forreine landes,
 to save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.
 At last in Latium he did arryve,
 where he with cruell warre was entertained
 of th' inland folke which sought him backe to drive.'

E. SPENSER

886 *AN AMBITIOUS LAD WATCHING THE SETTING SUN*

OFTEN would the lad
 watch with sad fixedness the summer-sun
 in blood-red blaze sink hero-like to rest.
 Then '*O to set like thee! but I, alas!
 am weak, a poor unheeded shepherd-boy.*'
 'Twas that *alas* undid him. His ambition,
 once the vague instinct of his nobleness,
 thus tempered in the glowing furnace-heat
 of lone repinings and aye-present aims,
 brightened to hope, and hardened to resolve.
 To hope! what hope is that, whose clearest ray
 is drencht with mother's tears? what that resolve,
 whose strength is crime, whose instrument is death?

887

THE AIM OF LIFE

GO then, forgetful of its toil and strife,
 pursue the joys of this fallacious life;
 like some poor fly who lives but for a day,
 sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,
 and into nothing then dissolve away.
 Are these our great pursuits? is this to live?
 these all the hopes this much-lov'd world can give?
 how much more worthy envy is their fate,
 who search for truth in a superior state!
 not groping step by step, as we pursue,
 and following reason's much-entangled clue,
 but with one great and instantaneous view.

S. JENYNS

888

THE SPEAR OF SATAN

HIS spear—to equal which the tallest pine
hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
of some great ammiral, were but a wand—
he walked with, to support uneasy steps
over the burning marle, not like those steps
on Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called
his legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced,
thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
in Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
high over-arched embower.

J. MILTON

889 *SATAN'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE GULF BETWEEN
HEAVEN AND HELL*

SO he with difficulty and labour hard
moved on; with difficulty and labour he;
but, he once past, soon after, when man fell—
strange alteration!—Sin and Death amain
following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
paved after him a broad and beaten way
over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf
tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
from Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse
with easy intercourse pass to and fro
to tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

J. MILTON

890

THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS

HURRAH! for the great triumph
that stretches many a mile:
hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
and the fine web of Nile,
the helmets gay with plumage
torn from the pheasant's wings,
the belts set thick with starry gems
that shone on Indian kings,

the urns of massy silver,
 the goblets rough with gold,
 the many-coloured tablets bright
 with loves and wars of old,
 the stone that breathes and struggles,
 the brass that seems to speak;—
 such cunning they who dwell on high
 have given to the Greek.

LORD MACAULAY

891

ADVICE TO CRITICS

BUT you, who seek to give and merit fame
 and justly bear a critic's noble name,
 be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 how far your genius taste and learning go.
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 and mark that point where sense and dulness meet:
 nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
 and wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 in other parts it leaves wide sandy plains:
 thus in the soul, while memory prevails,
 the solid power of understanding fails;
 where beams of warm imagination play,
 the memory's soft figures melt away.

A. POPE

892

WIT

UNHAPPY wit, like most mistaken things,
 atones not for the envy which it brings:
 in youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 but soon the short-lived vanity is lost!
 like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 that gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this wit which most our cares employ?
 the owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 still most our trouble, when the most admired;
 the more we give, the more is still required:
 the fame with pains we gain, but lose with ease,
 sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'tis what the vicious fear; the virtuous shun;
 by fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone.

A. POPE

893 *LIBERTY THE SOURCE OF THE HEROIC VIRTUES
AMONG THE ROMANS*

HENCE matchless courage. On Cremera's bank
hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii died,
and Curtius plunged into the flaming gulf:
hence Regulus the wavering fathers firmed
by dreadful counsel never given before;
for Roman honour sued and his own doom:
hence he sustained to dare a death prepared
by Punic rage. On earth his manly look
relentless fixed, he from a last embrace,
by chains polluted, put his wife aside,
his little children climbing for a kiss;
then dumb through rows of weeping, wondering friends,
a new illustrious exile! pressed along.

J. THOMSON

894 *PICTURE OF SLEEP*

BY him lay heavy Slepe the cosin of death,
flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
a very corps, save yelding forth a breath:
small kepe took he whom Fortune frowned on,
or whom she lifted up into the trone
of high renowne; but as a living death,
so dead alyve of lyef he drewe the breath.
The bodyes rest, the quyete of the hart,
the travayles ease, the still nightes seer was he:
and of our life in earth the better parte,
reven of sight, and yet in whom we see
things of that tide, and ofte that never bee:
without respect, esteeming equally
kyng Cresus pompe and Irus povertie.

T. SACKVILLE

895 *JUNO'S PROFFER TO PARIS*

THEN first I heard the voice of her, to whom
coming thro' heaven, like a light that grows
larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
rise up for reverence. She to Paris made

proffer of royal power, ample rule
 unquestioned, overflowing revenue
 wherewith to embellish state, from many a vale
 and river-sundered champaign clothed with corn,
 or laboured mines undrainable of ore.
 'Honour' she said 'and homage, tax and toll,
 from many an inland town and haven large,
 mast-thronged beneath her shadowing citadel
 in glassy bays among her tallest towers.'

A. TENNYSON

O MOTHER, hear me yet before I die.
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
 lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 walking the cold and starless road of Death
 uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 with the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 a fire dances before her, and a sound
 rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 that, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
 all earth and air seem only burning fire.

A. TENNYSON

AND when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
 how he outruns the wind, and with that care
 he cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles;
 the many musets through the which he goes
 are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.
 Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
 to make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
 and sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 to stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
 and sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer:
 danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

W. SHAKSPEARE

898 *THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL*

BUT as the waters of the Northern Sea
(when one strong wind blows steady from the
pole)

come hurrying to the shore, and far and wide
as eye can reach the creaming waves pass on
impatient; or, as trees that bow their tops
one way, when Alpine hollows bring one way
the blast whereat they quiver in the vale,—
so millions pressed to swell the general grief
one way;—for once all men seemed one way drawn.
Or if, through evil hap and unforeseen,
some stayed behind, their hearts, at least, were there
the whole day through,—could think of nothing else,
hear nothing else, see nothing!

J. W. BURGON

899 *PETRA*

OH! passing beautiful in this wild spot
tombs, temples, dwellings—all alike forgot,
one sea of sunlight far around them spread,
and skies of sapphire mantling over-head.
It seems no work of man's creative hand,
by labour wrought, as wavering fancy planned,
but from the rock as if by magic grown,
eternal, silent, beautiful, alone:
not virgin-white like that old doric shrine
where erst Athena held her rites divine,
not saintly grey like many a minster fane
that crowns the hill and consecrates the plain,
but rosy-red, as if the blush of dawn
that first beheld them were not yet withdrawn;
match me such marvel save in eastern clime—
a rose-red city, half as old as Time.

J. W. BURGON

900 *REVOLUTION*

LOOK Nature through, 'tis revolution all;
all change, no death; day follows night, and
night
the dying day; stars rise and set, and rise;
earth takes the example. See, the summer gay,
with her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,

droops into pallid autumn: winter grey,
 horrid with frost and turbulent with storm,
 blows autumn and his golden fruits away:
 then melts into the spring: soft spring with breath
 favonian from warm chambers of the south
 recalls the first: all, to re-flourish, fades;
 as in a wheel all sinks to re-ascend:
 emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

E. YOUNG

901

DREAMS

'TIS past conjecture: all things rise in proof;
 while o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spreads,
 what tho' my soul fantastic measures trod
 o'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
 of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
 hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
 or scaled the cliff or danced on hollow winds
 with antic shapes, wild natives of the brain;
 her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
 of subtler essence than the trodden clod,
 active, aerial, towering, unconfined,
 unfettered with her gross companion's fall:
 even silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
 even silent night proclaims eternal day.

E. YOUNG

902 *THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE APPEARING TO GAMA*

I SPOKE, when rising through the darkened air
 appalled we saw a hideous Phantom glare:
 high and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
 and thwart our way with sullen aspect loured:
 an earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
 erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
 his haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
 revenge and horror in his mien combined:
 his clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
 the inward anguish of his soul declared:
 his red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
 shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
 his voice resounded, while, with visage wan,
 his black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

903 'O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
 by daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,

who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
 through these my waves advance your daring prow
 regardless of the lengthening watery way
 and all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
 who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
 where never hero braved my rage before;
 ye sons of Lusur, who with eyes profane
 have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
 have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
 to veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
 hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
 and bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

904 With every bounding keel that dares my rage
 eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;
 the next proud fleet that through my drear domain,
 with daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
 that gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost
 and raging seas, shall perish on my coast:
 then He who first my secret reign descried
 a naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
 shall drive.—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
 O Lusur, oft shalt thou thy children wail;
 each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
 each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.

W. J. MICKLE

905

ADDRESS TO BACON AND NEWTON

ILLUSTRIOUS souls, if any tender cares
 affect angelic breasts for man's affairs;
 if in your present happy heavenly state
 you're not regardless quite of Britain's fate,
 let this degenerate land again be blest
 with that true vigour which she once possessed;
 compel us to unfold her slumbering eyes,
 and to our ancient dignity to rise.
 Such wondrous powers as these must sure be given
 for most important purposes by Heaven;
 who bids these stars as bright examples shine,
 besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,
 to form to virtue each degenerate time,
 and point out to the soul its origin sublime.

S. JENYNS

906 *KING ARTHUR FORGIVES QUEEN GUINEVERE*

YET think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
 I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
 I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
 to see thee, laying there thy golden head,
 my pride in happier summers, at my feet.
 The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
 the doom of treason and the flaming death,
 (when first I learnt thee hidden here) is past:
 the pang—which, while I weighed thy heart with one
 too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
 made my tears burn—is also past, in part:
 and all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
 lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
 forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.

A. TENNYSON

907 *PHARMAKEUS*

NEXT Pharmakeus of gashly, wild aspect;
 whom Hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:
 full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
 and things to come with double guess foresay,
 by slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' marked flight:
 thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
 and charm'd the sun and moon, and chang'd the day
 and night.

So when the south (dipping his sablest wings
 in humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard
 th' air, earth and seas; his lips' loud thunderings
 and flashing eyes make all the world afeard:
 light with dark clouds, waters with fires are met;
 the Sun but now is rising, now is set;
 and finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

P. FLETCHER

908 *THE VARIOUS BEAUTY OF TREES*

NO tree in all the grove but has its charms,
 though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
 and of a wannish grey: the willow such,

and poplar that with silver lines his leaf,
and ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun,
the maple, and the beech of oily nuts
prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
the sycamore, capricious in attire,
now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

W. COWPER

909 **S**OME men employ their health, an ugly trick,
in making known how oft they have been sick,
and give us in recitals of disease
a doctor's trouble, but without the fees:
relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
how an emetic or cathartic sped:
nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill:
and now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
they put on a damp night-cap, and relapse:
they thought they must have died, they were so bad!
their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

W. COWPER

910

A WISH

NOW when the height of heaven bright Phœbus
gains,
and level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;
when heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
and in the middle pathway basks the snake:
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs:
where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
and with the beech a mutual shade combines;
where flows the murmuring brook inviting dreams,
where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,

whose rolling current, winding round and round,
 with frequent falls makes all the wood resound ;
 upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 and e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

J. GAY

911

THE CREATION OF THE FIFTH DAY

FORTHWITH the sounds and seas, each creek
 and bay
 with fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 of fish, that, with their fins and shining scales,
 glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 bank the mid-sea. Part single or with mate
 graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves
 of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,
 shew to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ;
 or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food
 in jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal
 and bended dolphins play ; part huge of bulk,
 wallowing unwieldly, enormous in their gait,
 tempest the ocean.

J. MILTON

912 *VIEW OF LONDON FROM ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL*

UNDER his proud survey the city lies,
 and like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ;
 whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
 seem at this distance but a darker cloud,
 and is, to him who rightly things esteems,
 no other in effect than what it seems ;
 where with like haste though several ways they run,
 some to undo and some to be undone,
 while luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
 are each the other's ruin and increase ;
 as rivers lost in seas some secret vein
 thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
 O happiness of sweet retired content,
 to be at once secure and innocent !

SIR J. DENHAM

913

THE ALPS

STIFF with eternal ice and hidden snow,
that fell a thousand centuries ago,
the mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run:
no spring nor summer, on the mountain seen,
smiles with gay fruits or with delightful green;
but hoary winter, unadorned and bare,
dwells in the dire retreat and freezes there;
there she assembles all her blackest storms,
and the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
and on the mountain keep their boisterous court,
that in thick showers her rocky summit shrouds,
and darkens all the broken view with clouds.

J. ADDISON

914

A VISION

NOT long I had observed, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
the neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
and sounding trumps that seemed to tear the sky.
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
from whence the ladies did in order move,
come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
that like a deluge poured upon the plain;
on barbéd steeds they rode in proud array,
thick as the college of the bees in May,
when swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
new to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
that the turf trembled underneath their feet.

J. DRYDEN

915

THE SERPENT IN PARADISE

MUCH he the place admired, the person more,
as one, who long in populous city pent,
where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
among the pleasant villages and farms
adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight,

the smell of grain or tedded grass or kine
 or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 if chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
 what pleasing seemed for her now pleases more,
 she most, and in her look sums all delight:
 such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 this flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve,
 thus early, thus alone.

J. MILTON

916

A VISION OF THE WORLD'S VANITIE

IN summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
 I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
 with gilden hornes embowéd like the moone,
 in a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
 up to his eares the verdant grass did growe,
 and the gay floures did offer to be eaten;
 but he with fatnes so did overflowe,
 that he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
 ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
 till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
 through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
 and vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
 and all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased:
 so by the small the great is oft diseased.

E. SPENSER

917

MAY

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
 when love lads masken in fresh aray?
 How falles it then, wee no merrier benc,
 ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
 our bloncket liveries been all to-sadde
 for thilke same season, when all is ycladd
 with pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
 with greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
 Youghthes folke now flocken in every where,
 to gather May buskets and smelling brere;
 and home they hasten the postes to dight,
 and all the kirke pillours eare day-light,
 with hawthorne buds and sweete eglantine,
 and girlonds of roses and sopps in wine.

E. SPENSER

918

THE ISLAND CAVE

THERE is a cave,
all overgrown with trailing odorous plants,
which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,
and paved with veined emerald, and a fountain
leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,
like snow or silver or long diamond spires,
hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light:
and there is heard the ever-moving air
whispering without from tree to tree, and birds
and bees; and all around are mossy seats,
and the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;
a simple dwelling, which shall be our own;
where we will sit and talk of time and change,
as the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.

P. B. SHELLEY

919

HAY-MAKING

WHEN the fresh spring in all her state is crowned,
and high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
the labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
shaving the surface of the waving green;
of all her native pride disrobes the land,
and meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
while with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
the fading herbage round he loosely throws:
but, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
the experienced swain foresees the coming hour;
his sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
and ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
in rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
and spreads along the field in equal rows.

J. GAY

920

THE NIGHTINGALE

HER short performance was no sooner tried,
than she I sought, the nightingale, replied;
so sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
that the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
and I so ravished with her heavenly note,
I stood intranced and had no room for thought;

but all o'erpowered with ecstasy of bliss
 was in a pleasing dream of paradise:
 at length I waked, and looking round the bower,
 searched every tree and pryed on every flower,
 if anywhere by chance I might espy
 the rural poet of the melody:
 for still, methought, she sung not far away;
 at last I found her on a laurel spray.

J. DRYDEN

921

THE BEE'S INSTINCT

HARK! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
 blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn;
 o'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
 and many a stream allures her to its source.
 'Tis noon, 'tis night: that eye so finely wrought,
 beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
 now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
 its orb so full, its vision so confined!
 Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
 who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
 with conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
 of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?
 Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
 guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

S. ROGERS

922

HOPE

AUSPICIOUS Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
 wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe:
 won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
 the way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower:
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
 what peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play
 and sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thoughts away
 Angel of Life! thy glittering wings explore
 Earth's loneliest bounds and ocean's wildest shore:
 lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
 his bark careering o'er unfathomed fields:
 now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
 where Andes, giant of the western star,
 with meteor standard to the winds unfurled
 looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!

T. CAMPBELL

923

THE RIVULET

COME, track with me this little vagrant rill,
wandering in wild course from the mountain's
breast;
now with a brink of varied flowers drest,
and playing with the stooping buds at will;
now moving scarce, with noiseless step and still:
anon it seems too weary of its rest;
and hurries on, leaping with sparkling zest,
adown the ledges of the broken hill.
So let us live—is not the life well spent,
which loves the lot, that kindly nature weaves
for all, inheriting or adorning earth?—
which throws light pleasure over true content;
blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as leaves
and sweetens wisdom with a taste of mirth.

924

SIGNS OF A COMING STORM

WHEN from the pallid sky the Sun descends,
with many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
uncertain wanders stained; red fiery streaks
begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
which master to obey; while rising slow,
blank, in the leaden-coloured east the moon
wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
the stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
and long behind them trail the whitening blaze:
snatch'd in short eddies plays the withered leaf;
and on the flood the dancing feather floats.

J. THOMSON

925

A SUMMER'S EVENING

LO! in the west fast fades the lingering light,
and day's last vestige takes its silent flight:
no more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
which with the dawn from yonder dingle broke;
no more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
the crows assembling seek their wind-rocked bed;

stilled is the village hum—the woodland sounds
 have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds:
 and general silence reigns, save when below
 the murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
 and save when swung by 'nighted rustic late
 oft on its hinge rebounds the jarring gate;
 or when the sheep-bell in the distant vale
 breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

H. KIRKE WHITE, "*Clifton Grove*."

926 *TISIPHONE'S ANSWER TO OEDIPUS' INVOCATION*

THE Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
 her snakes untied sulphureous waters drink;
 but at the summons rolled her eyes around,
 and snatched the starting serpents from the ground:
 not half so swiftly shoots along in air
 the gliding light'ning or descending star:
 through crowds of airy shades she winged her flight,
 and dark dominions of the silent night;
 swift as she passed, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
 and the pale spectres trembled at her view:
 to the iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
 there spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
 The day beheld, and sickening at the sight
 veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.

A. POPE

927

COMPANIONSHIP OF NATURE

THE man to solitude accustomed long
 perceives in everything that lives a tongue;
 not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
 have speech for him, and understood with ease;
 after long drought, when rains abundant fall,
 he hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
 knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
 how glad they catch the largess of the skies;
 but, with precision nicer still, the mind
 he scans of every locomotive kind;
 birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
 that serve mankind or shun them, wild or tame,
 the looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
 have all articulation in his ears.

W. COWPER

928

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE

FIRED at first sight with what the Muse imparts;
 in fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 while from the bounded level of our mind
 short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 but, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 new distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 the eternal snows appear already past,
 and the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 but, those attained, we tremble to survey
 the growing labours of the lengthened way:
 the increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A. POPE

929

THE UNIVERSAL DOOM

ROLL on, ye stars; exult in youthful prime,
 mark with bright curves the printless steps of time,
 near and more near your beamy cars approach,
 and lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
 flowers of the sky, ye too to age must yield,
 frail as your silken sisters of the field!
 star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
 headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 and death and night and chaos mingle all!
 till o'er the wreck emerging from the storm,
 immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
 mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 and soars and shines, another and the same!

E. DARWIN

930

FORCE AUGMENTED BY OPPOSITION

THE current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 thou know'st, being stopt, impatiently doth rage,
 but, when his fair course is not hindered,
 he makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
 giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 he overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

and so by many winding nooks he strays,
 with willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 and make a pastime of each weary step,
 till the last step have brought me to my love;
 and there I'll rest as after much turmoil
 a blessed soul doth in Elysium.

W. SHAKSPEARE

931 **I** LOOKED and hovering o'er the flowery turf
 were seen innumerable shapes, whose wings
 waved in the wind or o'er the glittering field
 who trod in silence. Care with lowering frown
 slow stalked; and Slander, speckled as the snake
 that stings the unwary traveller, along
 the tainted earth trailed loose, or borne on wings
 blue as the brimstone's gleam in secret shot
 her poisoned arrows. Pining Envy gnawed
 a blasted laurel, from the locks of Fame
 snatched, as the goddess to her lips applied
 her mighty trump, and swelled a solemn note
 to Homer's venerable name.

932

TITHONUS

YET hold me not for ever in thine East:
 how can my nature longer mix with thine?
 coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 of happy men that have the power to die,
 and grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground:
 thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
 thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 and thee returning on thy silver wheels.

A. TENNYSON

933

TRUE WIT

SOME to conceit alone their taste confine,
 and glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
 pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
 one glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
 the naked nature and the living grace,
 with gold and jewels cover every part,
 and hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
 what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
 something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 that gives us back the image of our mind.
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 so modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,
 for works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 as bodies perish through excess of blood.

A. POPE

934

HYMN TO THE PENATES

AS on the height of some huge eminence,
 reach'd with long labour, the wayfaring man
 pauses awhile, and, gazing o'er the plain
 with many a sore step travelled, turns him then
 serious to contemplate the onward road,
 and calls to mind the comforts of his home,
 and sighs that he has left them and resolves
 to stray no more: I on my way of life
 muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
 devote myself to you. I will not quit,
 to mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes
 where by the evening hearth Contentment sits
 and hears the cricket chirp; where Love delights
 to dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
 that burns with no extinguishable flame.

R. SOUTHEY

935

*THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY AMONG THE NATIONS
 OF THE NORTH*

MEANTIME o'er rocky Thrace and the deep vales
 of gelid Hæmus I pursued my flight;
 and, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia traversed by a thousand streams:

a sullen land of lakes and fens immense,
 of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 and cruel deserts black with sounding pine
 where Nature frowns; though sometimes into smiles
 she softens and immediate at the touch
 of southern gales throws from the sudden glebe
 luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-compressed, when the whole loaded heaven
 descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
 lies undistinguished earth; and, seized by frost,
 lakes, headlong streams and floods and oceans sleep.

J. THOMSON

936

REPUBLICAN ROME

FULL in the centre of these wondrous works,
 the pride of earth, Rome in her glory see:
 behold her demigods, in senate met,
 all head to counsel and all heart to act;
 the common weal inspiring every tongue
 with fervent eloquence unbribed and bold:
 ere tame Corruption taught the servile herd
 to rank obedient to a master's voice:
 her forum see, warm, popular and loud,
 in trembling wonder hushed, when the two sires,
 as they the private father sternly quelled,
 stood up the public fathers of the state.
 See Justice judging there, in human shape:
 hark how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
 or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

J. THOMSON

937

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 tears from the depth of some divine despair,
 rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 in looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 and thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
 that brings our friends up from the underworld,
 sad as the last which reddens over one
 that sinks with all we love below the verge;
 so sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
to dying ears, when unto dying eyes
the casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
so sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

A. TENNYSON

938

THE SWAN'S DEATH-HYMN

THE wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
of that waste place with joy
hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
the warble was low, and full and clear;
and floating about the under-sky,
prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
but anon her awful jubilant voice,
with a music strange and manifold,
flowed forth on a carol free and bold;
as when a mighty people rejoice
with shawms and with cymbals and harps of gold,
and the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
thro' the open gates of the city afar,
to the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.

A. TENNYSON

939

APPEARANCE OF SPRING

WHEN Venus from her orb descends in showers,
to glad the ground and paint the fields with
flowers;
when first the tender blades of grass appear,
and buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year;
till gentle heat and soft repeated rains
make the green blood to dance within their veins:
then, at their call, emboldened out they come,
and swell the gems, and burst the narrow room;
broader and broader yet their bloom display,
salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
to scent the skies and purge the unwholesome air:
joy spreads the heart, and with a general song
spring issues out and leads the jolly months along.

J. DRYDEN

940 *HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE IN THE VALE OF
CHAMOUNI*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 in his steep course? so long he seems to pause
 on thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 the Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form,
 risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 how silently! Around thee and above
 deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 an ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 as with a wedge! But when I look again,
 it is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

941 Ye ice falls, ye that from the mountain's brow
 adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
 torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice
 and stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 GOD! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 answer! and let the ice-plains echo, GOD!
 GOD! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 and they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 and in their perilous fall shall thunder, GOD!

S. T. COLERIDGE

942 *LANDING OF THE MOORISH ARMY IN SPAIN*

THOU, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient Rock
 renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called
 from gods and heroes of the years of yore,
 Kronos or hundred-handed Briareus,
 Bacchus or Hercules; but doomed to bear

the name of thy new Conqueror, and henceforth
to stand his everlasting monument.
Thou sawest the dark-blue waters flash before
their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands:
fair shone the sun upon their proud array;
white turbans, glittering armour, shields engrailed
with gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel;
and gently did the breezes, as in sport,
curl their long flags outrolling, and display
the blazoned scrolls of blasphemy.

R. SOUTHEY

943

AMINTA

BEAUTEOUS Aminta is as early light,
breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies;
and our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love and blooming joy and gay desires
in every breast the beauteous nymph inspires:
and on the plain when she no more appears,
the plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on: the eastern breeze
dances in vain among the trembling trees;
in vain the birds begin their evening song,
and to the silent night their notes prolong:
nor groves nor crystal streams nor verdant field
does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

E. SINGER

944

LOVE AND LIFE

ALL my past life is mine no more,
the flying hours are gone;
like transitory dreams given o'er,
whose images are kept in store
by memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
how can it then be mine?
the present moment's all my lot;
and that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 false hearts, and broken vows;
 if I, by miracle, can be
 this live-long minute true to thee,
 'tis all that Heaven allows.

LORD ROCHESTER

LET others love soft Summer's evening smiles,
 as, listening to the distant water-fall,
 they mark the blushes of the streaky west;
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
 Then when the sullen shades of evening close,
 where thro' the room a blindly-glimmering gleam
 the dying embers scatter, far remote
 from Mirth's mad shouts that thro' the illumin'd roof
 resound with festive echo, let me sit,
 blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
 Then let my thought contemplative explore
 this fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
 the fruitless toils that still our search elude,
 as thro' the wilderness of life we rove.

T. WARTON

OF birds, how each according to her kind
 proper materials for her nest can find,
 and build a frame which deepest thought in man
 would or amend or imitate in vain:
 how in small flights they know to try their young
 and teach the callow child her parent's song:
 why these frequent the plain, and those the wood,
 why ev'ry land has her specific brood:
 where the tall crane, or winding swallow goes,
 fearful of gathering winds and falling snows:
 if into rocks or hollow trees they creep,
 in temporary death confined to sleep;
 or conscious of the coming evil fly
 to milder regions, and a southern sky.

M. PRIOR

947

THE ANGEL'S ADVICE TO SOLOMON

CEASE, man of woman born, to hope relief
 from daily trouble and continu'd grief:
 thy hope of joy deliver to the wind:
 suppress thy passions; and prepare thy mind:
 free and familiar with misfortune grow:
 be us'd to sorrow and inur'd to woe:
 by weak'ning toil and hoary age o'ercome,
 see thy decrease; and hasten to thy tomb.
 Leave to thy children tumult, strife and war,
 portions of toil and legacies of care:
 send the successive ills thro' ages down:
 and let each weeping father tell his son,
 that deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 he must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

M. PRIOR

948

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN

SEE a fond mother, and her offspring round,
 her soft soul melting with maternal love;
 some to her breast she clasps, and others prove
 by kisses her affection: on the ground
 her ready foot affords a rest for one;
 another smiling sits upon her knee;
 by their desiring eyes and actions free
 and lisping words their little wants are known,
 to those she gives a smile, a frown to these,
 but all in love. Thus awful Providence
 watches and helps us—oft denies our sense,
 but to invite more earnest prayer and praise,
 or, by withholding that which we implore,
 in the refusal gives a blessing more.

949

OLD AGE

BEHOLD where age's wretched victim lies,
 see his head trembling, and his half-closed eyes;
 frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves:
 to broken sleep his remnant sense he gives:
 and only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Loosed by devouring time the silver cord
 dissevered lies; unhonoured from the board
 the crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by;
 and apter utensils their place supply.
 These things and thou must share one equal lot,
 die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
 while still another and another race
 shall now supply, and now give up the place;
 from earth all came, to earth must all return,
 frail as the cord and brittle as the urn.

M. PRIOR

950

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT SPARTA

TAYGETUS still lifts his awful brow
 high o'er the mouldering city of the dead,
 sternly sublime; while o'er his robe of snow
 heaven's floating tints their warm suffusions spread:
 and yet his rippling wave Eurotas leads
 by tombs and ruins o'er the silent plain,
 while, whispering there, his own wild graceful reeds
 rise as of old, when hailed by classic strain;
 there the rose laurels still in beauty wave,
 and a frail shrub survives to bloom o'er Sparta's grave.
 O! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
 while nations perish, still renews its race;
 and o'er the fallen records of his power
 spreads in wild pomp or smiles in fairy grace.

F. HEMANS

951

REDEVNT SATVRNIA REGNA

NOW dawns the rising of a brighter age:
 rivers of gladness water all the earth,
 and clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach
 of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
 laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean
 or fertile only in its own disgrace,
 exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
 The various seasons into one combine,
 and that one season an eternal spring:
 the garden fears no blight, and heeds no fence,
 for there is none to covet; all are full:

the lion and the tiger and the bear
graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
together, or all gambol in the shade
of the same grove and drink one common stream.

W. COWPER

952

INUNDATION OF THE NILE

PORTENTS and prodigies are grown so frequent,
that they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
flowed ere the wonted season, with a torrent
so unexpected and so wondrous fierce,
that the wild deluge overtook the haste
even of the hinds that watched it. Men and beasts
were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
on the utmost margin of the water-mark:
then with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,
it slipt from underneath the scaly herd.
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore:
forsaken dolphins there with their broad tails
lay lashing the departing waves: hard by them
sea-horses, floundering in the slimy mud,
tossed up their heads and dashed the ooze about them.

J. DRYDEN

953

THE VIRGIN MARTYR

THE fatal day is come, the pile is raised;
as eager for its victim fierce it blazed,
they led her forth; her brow and neck were bare,
save for the silken veil of unbound hair;
so beautiful, few were there who could brook
to cast on her sweet face a second look.
There stood she, even as a statue stands,
with head drooped downward and with clasped hands;
such small white hands that matched her ivory feet;
how may they bear that scorching fire to meet?
on her pale cheek there lay a tear, but one
cold as the icicle of carved stone.
Despair weeps not: her lips moved as in prayer
unconsciously; as if prayers had been there,
and they moved now from custom.

954 *ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM, COMPOSED OF
MARBLES SPARS GEMS AND MINERALS*

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent
wave
shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
and pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
and latent metals innocently glow;
approach: great Nature studiously behold,
and eye the mine without a wish for gold:
approach, but awful! Lo, the Egerian grot,
where, nobly pensive, St John sate and thought;
where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
and the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's
soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor
who dare to love their country and be poor.

A. POPE

955

THE GOLDEN AGE

THE first fresh dawn then waked the gladdened
race
of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see
the sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
for their light slumbers gently fumed away;
and up they rose, as vigorous as the Sun,
or to the culture of the willing glebe
or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Nor yet injurious act nor surly deed
was known among those happy sons of heaven:
for reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too looked smiling on;
clear shone the skies, cooled with eternal gales,
and balmy spirit all: the youthful Sun
shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
dropped fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead
the herds and flocks commixing played secure.

J. THOMSON

956

DESCRIPTION OF A WATER-FALL

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood
 rolls fair and placid: where, collected all,
 in one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 it thundering shoots, and shakes the country round
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
 and from the loud-resounding rocks below
 dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 a hoary mist and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose;
 but, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
 aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;
 and falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 with wild infracted course and lessened roar,
 it gains a safer bed, and steals at last
 along the mazes of the quiet vale.

J. THOMSON

957

PEACE

O FIRST of human blessings and supreme,
 fair Peace, how lovely, how delightful thou!
 by whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
 like brothers live, in amity combined
 and unsuspecting faith; while honest Toil
 gives every joy, and to those joys a right
 which idle barbarous Rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign, when, unaccursed by blood,
 nought save the sweetness of indulgent showers
 trickling distils into the verdant glebe;
 instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,
 when the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
 when only shining shares, the crooked knife,
 and hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
 when the land blushes with the rose alone,
 the falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.

J. THOMSON

958

KINGLY GLORIES

O BRIGHT occasions of dispensing good,
 how seldom used, how little understood!
 to pour in virtue's lap her just reward;
 keep vice restrained behind a double guard;
 to quell the faction, that affronts the throne,
 by silent magnanimity alone;
 to nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
 watch every beam philosophy imparts;
 covetous only of a virtuous praise,
 his life a lesson to the land he sways;
 to touch the sword with conscientious awe,
 nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
 to sheath it in the peace-restoring close
 with joy beyond what victory bestows;
 blest country where these kingly glories shine!
 blest England, if this happiness be thine!

W. COWPER

959

WINTER AT COPENHAGEN MARCH 9, 1709

THE hills and dales and the delightful woods,
 the flowery plains and silver-streaming floods,
 by snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
 and with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
 No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 no birds within the desert region sing:
 the ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
 while rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly:
 the vast leviathan wants room to play
 and spout his waters in the face of day:
 the starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 and to the moon in icy valleys howl:
 o'er many a shining league the level main
 here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
 there solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

960 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 the ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
 the face of Nature in a rich disguise,
 and brightened every object to my eyes:
 for every shrub and every blade of grass
 and every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass;

in pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
while through the ice the crimson berries glow:
the thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
seemed polished lances in a hostile field.

The stag in limpid currents with surprise
sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
the spreading oak, the beech and towering pine,
glazed over, in the freezing ether shine:
the frightened birds the rattling branches shun
which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

961 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
the brittle forest into atoms flies,
the crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
and in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
or, if a southern gale the region warm
and by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
the traveller a miry country sees,
and journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
through fragrant bowers and through delicious meads;
while here enchanted gardens to him rise
and airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
his wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
and, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
the trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
and woods and wiles and thorny ways appear:
a tedious road the weary wretch returns,
and as he goes the transient vision mourns.

A. PHILLIPS

962 *PROGRESS OF VEGETATION ON ANCIENT
 CHURCH-TOWERS*

SEEDS, to our eye invisible, will find
on the rude rock the bed that fits their kind;
there, in the rugged soil, they safely dwell,
till showers and snows the subtle atoms swell,
and spread the enduring foliage; then we trace
the freckled flower upon the flinty base;
these all increase, till in unnoticed years
the stony tower as grey with age appears;
with coats of vegetation, thinly spread,
coat above coat, the living on the dead;

these then dissolve to dust, and make a way
 for bolder foliage, nursed by their decay;
 the long-enduring ferns in time will all
 die, and depose their dust upon the wall,
 where the wing'd seed may rest till many a flower
 show Flora's triumph o'er the falling tower.

G. CRABBE

963

THE PECULIAR SEAT OF GOD'S GLORY

ABOVE the subtle foldings of the sky,
 above the well-set orbs' soft harmony,
 above those petty lamps that gild the night,
 there is a place, o'erflown with hallowed light,
 where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
 is stretched out far nor its own bounds can find:
 here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 nor can the glory contain itself i' th' endless space.
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
 glimmers upon the pure and native day;
 no pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
 or with dim taper scatters darkness there:
 on no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 no circling motion doth swift time divide:
 nothing is here to come, and nothing past,
 but an eternal Now does always last.

A. COWLEY

964

HELL

BENEATH the silent chambers of the earth,
 where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
 where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
 gold which above more influence has than he;
 beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
 and infant winds their tender voices try;
 beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,
 beneath the eternal fountain of all waves,
 where their vast court the mother-waters keep
 and undisturbed by moons in silence sleep,
 there is a place deep, wondrous deep below,
 which genuine night and horror does o'erflow:
 here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
 strikes through the solid darkness of the place;

no dawning morn does her kind reds display;
one slight weak beam would here be thought the day;
no gentle stars with their fair gems of light
offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night:
here, Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,
proud midst his woes and tyrant in his chains.

A. COWLEY

965

BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE

THAT there's a self, which after death shall live,
all are concerned about and all believe;
that something's ours when we from life depart,
this all conceive, all feel it at the heart;
the wise of learned antiquity proclaim
this truth, the public voice declares the same;
no land so rude but looks beyond the tomb
for future prospects in a world to come.
Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,
we plant slow oaks posterity to shade;
and hence vast pyramids aspiring high
lift their proud heads aloft and time defy.
Hence is our love of fame; a love so strong,
we think no dangers great or labours long,
by which we hope our beings to extend
and to remotest times in glory to descend.

S. JENYNS

966

GROUP OF HERDS AND FLOCKS

AROUND the adjoining brook, that purls along
the vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
now starting to a sudden stream, and now
gently diffused into a limpid plain;
a various group the herds and flocks compose
rural confusion! On the grassy bank
some ruminating lie; while others stand
half in the flood, and often bending sip
the circling surface. In the middle droops
the strong laborious ox, of honest front,
which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
the troublous insects lashes with his tail,
returning still.

J. THOMSON

967

ULYSSES' VISION OF PENELOPE

CEASE, O Ulysses! cease at length to mourn
 my absence, my departure: none among
 the Achaian chiefs to happy homes return;
 another torch hath lit beloved wives,
 children so cherisht roam in other lands;
 but me, besought until my latest hour
 by many suitors, no new love hath toucht
 (gods! bear me witness!) nor untimely fate
 by Dian's dart o'ertaken me; but grief
 perpetual for thy loss, thy toils, thy woes,
 thy wanderings over every land and sea,
 and rising over all, thy manly breast,
 thy beauteous image...these, Ulysses! these
 wasted my youth, now mingled with the shades.
 Farewell, farewell! enjoy this tranquil land
 blest with eternal spring; remember me;
 but not too fondly, lest enjoyment cease.

W. S. LANDOR

968

MODERN YERUSALEM

LEFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 mourn, widowed Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
 is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 where the wild desert rears its craggy stone;
 while suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
 and wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
 where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
 no martial myriads muster in thy gate;
 no suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
 no prophet bards, the glittering courts among,
 wake the full lyre and swell the tide of song:
 but lawless force and meagre want are there,
 and the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
 while cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
 folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

R. HEBER

969

TIME

WHAT does not fade? The tower that long had
stood
the crush of thunder and the warring winds,
shook by the slow but sure destroyer time,
now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
and flinty pyramids and walls of brass
descend:—the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
and tottering empires crush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old
and all those worlds that roll around the sun;
the sun himself shall die; and ancient night
again involve the desolate abyss
till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
extend his arm to light another world,
and bid new planets roll by other laws.

J. ARMSTRONG

970 PRIMITIVE OBSERVANCE IN THE FOUNDATION
OF CHURCHES

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear,
and feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,
came ministers of peace intent to rear
the mother Church in yon sequestered vale;
then to her patron saint a previous rite
resounded with deep swell and solemn close,
through unremitting vigils of the night,
till from his couch the wisht-for Sun up rose.
He rose, and straight—as by divine command,
they, who had waited for that sign to trace
their work's foundation, gave with careful hand
to the high altar its determined place;
mindful of Him, who, in the orient born,
there lived and on the cross his life resigned,
and who, from out the regions of the morn
issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind.

W. WORDSWORTH

971

THE MEETING OF MICHAEL AND SATAN

LONG time in even scale
the battle hung; till Satan, who that day
prodigious power had shewn and met in arms
no equal, ranging through the dire attack
of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
saw where the sword of Michael smote and felled
squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
brandished aloft the horrid edge came down
wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
he hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
a vast circumference. At his approach
the great Archangel from his warlike toil
surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdued
or captive dragged in chains, with hostile frown
and visage all inflamed first thus began.

J. MILTON

972

THE ENCOUNTER OF SATAN AND DEATH

SO spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
so speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
more dreadful and deform. On the other side,
incensed with indignation, Satan stood
unterrified, and like a comet burned,
that fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
in the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
leveled his deadly aim: their fatal hands
no second stroke intend; and such a frown
each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
with heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
to join their dark encounter in mid air:
so frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
grew darker at their frown: so matched they stood.

J. MILTON

973

PROLOGUE OF THE SPIRIT IN COMUS

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 my mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 of bright aerial spirits live insphered,
 in regions mild of calm and serene air,
 above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 which men call Earth and with low-thoughted care,
 confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
 strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 after this mortal change to her true servants
 amongst the enthronéd Gods on sainted seats.
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 to lay their just hands on that golden key,
 that opes the palace of eternity.
 To such my errand is: and, but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 with the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

J. MILTON

974

RURAL SPORTS

NOR yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 the woods and fields their pleasing toils deny:
 to plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
 and trace the mazes of the circling hare;
 (beasts urged by us their fellow-beasts pursue,
 and learn of man each other to undo).
 With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
 when frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
 where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 and lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
 oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 the clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
 oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 they fall and leave their little lives in air.

A. POPE

975

THE SPIDER

So her disembowelled web
 Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads
 obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
 within her woven cell: the humming prey,
 regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 inextricable, nor will aught avail
 their arts or arms or shapes of lovely hue;
 the wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 and butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 useless resistance make; with eager strides,
 she towering flies to her expected spoils;
 then with envenomed jaws the vital blood
 drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

J. PHILIPS

976

A CALM WINTER'S NIGHT

HOW beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
 which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 were discord to the speaking quietude
 that wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault
 studded with stars unutterably bright,
 through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 seems like a canopy which love had spread
 to curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 robed in a garment of untrodden snow—
 yon darksome rocks whence icicles depend
 so stainless that their white and glittering spires
 tinge not the moon's pure beam—all form a scene
 where musing solitude might love to lift
 her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
 so cold, so bright, so still.

P. B. SHELLEY

977

INVOCATION TO JUPITER

THAT Saturn's sons received the three-fold empire
 of heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
 as the dark urn and chance of lot determined,

old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value
by lot are parted: but high heaven, thy share,
in equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,
flings up the adverse scale and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
exalted thee their king. When thy great will
commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
and fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
incessant; high the eagle flies before thee:
and oh! as I and mine consult thy Augur,
grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
propitious, ever soaring from the right.

T. CAREW

978

MODERN SICILY

ALAS for Sicily! rude fragments now
lie scattered where the shapely column stood:
her palaces are dust: in all her streets
the voice of singing and the sprightly chord
are silent. Revelry and dance and show
suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
while God performs upon the trembling stage
of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?—with what signs
of gratulation and delight her King?
pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
disclosing Paradise where'er He treads?
she quakes at His approach: her hollow womb,
conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
and fiery caverns roars beneath his foot.

W. COWPER

979

GRECIAN SCULPTURE

THY fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
the boast of well-pleas'd Nature, Sculpture seized
and bade them ever smile in Parian stone:
selecting beauty's choice, they pour'd it all
through the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing gods—
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,

the fierce atrocious frown of sinewed Mars,
 or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen:
 minutely perfect all! each dimple sunk,
 and every muscle swelled, as Nature taught.
 In tresses braided gay the marble waved;
 flowed in loose robes or thin transparent veils:
 sprung into motion; softened into flesh;
 was fired to passion, or refined to soul.

J. THOMSON

THE rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 the illumined mountain; through the forest streams,
 shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 far-smoking o'er the interminable plain,
 in twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright and green, the landscape laughs around,
 full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 mixed in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 the hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 whence, blending all, the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 shoots up immense and every hue unfolds
 in fair proportion, running from the red
 to where the violet fades into the sky.

J. THOMSON

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 a gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
 oft startling such as studious walk below,
 and slowly circles through the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
 till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
 the forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 roil wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;

and, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
and woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
the desolated prospect thrills the soul.

J. THOMSON

982

YOUNG BIRDS TAKING WING

'TIS on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
when nought but balm is breathing through the
woods

with yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
on Nature's common, far as they can see
or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
dancing about, still at the giddy verge
their resolution fails; their pinions still,
in loose libration stretched, to trust the void
trembling refuse; till down before them fly
the parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command
or push them off. The surging air receives
its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
winnow the waving element. On ground
alighted, bolder up again they lead
farther and farther on the lengthening flight.

J. THOMSON

983

THE BUTTERFLY

HE the gay garden round about doth fly,
from bed to bed, from one to other border,
and takes survey with curious busy eye
of every flower and herb there set in order;
now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
but feeds upon the pleasures of each place,
and evermore with most variety
and change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
he seeks his dainty sense to gratify;

now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,
 or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
 now in the same bathing his tender feet;
 and then he percheth on some bank, thereby
 to see himself and his moist wings to dry.

E. SPENSER

WHILE musing thus with contemplation fed
 and thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
 the sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head
 and chanted forth a most melodious strain,
 which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
 I judged my hearing better than my sight,
 and wished me wings with her awhile to take my flight.

'O merry bird!' said I 'that fears no snares,
 that neither toils nor hoards up in thy barns,
 feels no sad thought nor cruciating cares
 to gain more good or shun what might thee harm;
 thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
 thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
 remind'st not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

A. BRADSTREET

SCARCE the third glass of measured hours was run,
 when like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
 the promise of a storm; the shifting gales
 forsake by fits and fill the flagging sails;
 hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
 and night came on, not by degrees prepared
 but all at once; at once the winds arise,
 the thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
 In vain the master issues out commands,
 in vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
 the tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 and from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides
 forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,
 stunned with the different blows; then shoots amain,
 till counterbuffed she stops and sleeps again.

J. DRYDEN

986

THE SOLITARY POET

THERE was a Poet whose untimely tomb
no human hands with pious reverence reared,
but the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;
a lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked
with weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
the lone couch of his everlasting sleep:
gentle and brave and generous, no lorn bard
breath'd o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
he lived, he died, he sung in solitude.

Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
and virgins as unknown he passed, have pined
and wasted for fond love of his wild eyes:
the fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
and Silence, too enamoured of that voice,
locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

987

While daylight held
the sky, the Poet kept mute conference
with his still soul. At night the passion came,
like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,
and shook him from his rest, and led him forth
into the darkness.—As an eagle grasped
in folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
burn with the poison, and precipitates
through night and day, tempest and calm and cloud,
frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
o'er the wide æry wilderness; thus driven
by the bright shadow of that lovely dream,
beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,
through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,
startling with careless step the moonlight snake,
he fled.

P. B. SHELLEY

988

INVOCATION TO MARS

STRONG god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
the freezing north and hyperborean seas,
and Scythian colds, and Thracia's wintry coast
where stand thy steeds and thou art honoured most:

there most, but everywhere thy power is known,
 the fortune of the field is all thy own:
 terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
 from out thy chariot, withers even the strong;
 and disarray and shameful rout ensue,
 and force is added to the fainting crew.
 Acknowledged as thou art, accept my prayer,
 if aught I have achieved deserve thy care;
 if to my utmost power, with sword and shield
 I dared the death, unknowing how to yield,
 and, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
 then let my arms prevail, by thee sustained,
 that Emily by conquest may be gained.

J. DRYDEN

989

THE POET

FOR this the poet looks the world around,
 where form and life and reasoning man are found:
 he loves the mind, in all its modes, to trace,
 and all the manners of the changing race;
 silent he walks the road of life along,
 and views the aims of its tumultuous throng:
 he finds what shapes the Proteus passions take,
 and what strange waste of life and joy they make,
 and loves to shew them in their varied ways
 with honest blame or with unflattering praise:
 'tis good to know, 'tis pleasant to impart,
 these turns and movements of the human heart:
 the stronger features of the soul to paint,
 and make distinct the latent and the faint;
 man as he is to place in all men's view,
 yet none with rancour, none with scorn pursue.

990

THE SPRING'S RELEASE

AS when a dainty fount and crystal spring,
 got newly from the earth's imprisoning,
 and ready prest some channel clear to win,
 is round his rise by rocks immured in,
 and from the thirsty earth would be withheld
 till to the cistern top the waves have swelled,
 but that a careful hind the well hath found,
 as he walks sadly through his parched ground;

whose patience suffering not his land to stay
until the water o'er the cistern play,
he gets a pick-axe, and with blows so stout
digs on the rock, that all the groves about
resound his stroke, and still the rock doth charge
till he hath made a hole both long and large,
whereby the waters from their prison run,
to close earth's gaping wounds made by the sun.

W. BROWNE

991

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

NOT a breath of air
ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen:
from the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
are stedfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
old as the hills that feed it from afar,
doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet even now a little breeze, perchance
escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
but to its gentle touch how sensitive
is the light ash! that, pendant from the brow
of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
a soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
powerful almost as vocal harmony
to stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

W. WORDSWORTH

992

DIONE

UNHAPPY man! with storms of passion tost,
when first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
on the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
and with thick blows his hollow bosom rung:
then up he started, and with fixt surprise
upon her picture threw his frantic eyes,
while thus he cried: 'In her my life was bound,
warm in each feature is her mother found,
perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
and now she floats upon the weeping tide;
or on the willow hung, with head reclined,
all pale and cold she wavers in the wind.

Did I not force her hence with harsh commands?
 did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?
 teach not, ye sires, your daughters to rebel:
 by counsel reign their wills, but ne'er compel.'

J. GAY

993

THE COMBAT

NOW at the time and in the appointed place
 the challenger and challenged, face to face,
 approach: each other from afar they knew,
 and from afar their hatred changed their hue:
 a generous chillness seizes every part,
 the veins pour back the blood and fortify the heart.
 Thus pale they meet: their eyes with fury burn;
 none greets, for none the greeting will return,
 but in dumb surliness each armed with care
 his foe professed, as brother of the war:
 then both, no moment lost, at once advance
 against each other, armed with sword and lance:
 they lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
 their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore,
 thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
 and wounded wound, till both are bathed in blood.

J. DRYDEN

994

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

SOME wail their fatal birth.—First among these
 behold the mighty murderers of mankind:
 they who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
 who to the tottering pinnacle of power
 waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
 the madness of ambition! how lament
 their dear-bought laurels; when the widowed wife
 and childless mother at the judgment seat
 plead trumpet-tongued against them!—Here are they
 who sunk an aged father to the grave;
 or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
 slighted a brother's sufferings.—Here are they
 whom fraud and skilful treachery long secured;
 who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
 and ate the orphan's bread:—who spent their stores
 in selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
 prostrate and pale adored the useless heap.

R. GLYNN

995

PRINCE SWENO'S CORSE

WITH that I saw from Cinthia's silver face,
 like to a falling star, a beam down slide,
 that bright as golden line markt out the place
 and lightned with clear streams the forest wide:
 so Latmos shone, when Phœbe left the chase
 and lay'd her down by her Endymion's side:
 such was the light that well discern I could
 his shape, his wounds, his face (though dead) yet bold.

He lay not groveling now, but as a knight
 that ever had to heavenly things desire,
 so towards heaven the Prince lay bolt upright,
 like him that upward still sought to aspire;
 his right hand closéd held his weapon bright,
 ready to strike and execute his ire:
 his left upon his breast was humbly lay'd,
 that men might know, that while he dy'd he pray'd.

E. FAIRFAX *from* TASSO

996

INVOCATION TO THE MUSE

O HEAVENLY Muse, that not with fading bays
 deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring,
 but sittest, crowned with stars' immortal rays,
 in heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,
 inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
 my verse ennoble, and forgive the thing,
 if fictions light I mix with truth divine,
 and fill these lines with others' praise than thine.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclined
 where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,
 and truth conveyed in verse of gentle kind,
 to read perhaps will move the dullest hearts;
 so we, if children young diseased we find,
 anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,
 to make them taste the potions sharp we give;
 they drink deceived; and so deceived they live.

E. FAIRFAX *from* TASSO

997

MUTE NATURE MOURNS

AY me! that dreerie Death should strike so mor-
 tall stroke,
 that can undoe dame Nature's kindly course;
 the faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
 the flouds do gaspe, for dryed is their sourse,
 and flouds of teares flow in theyr stead perforce;
 the mantled medowes mourne,
 theyr sondrie colours tourne:
 the heavens doe melt in teares without remorse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
 and hang theyr heades as they would learne to weepe,
 the beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
 except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
 now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:
 the turtle on the baréd braunch
 laments the wound that death did launch:
 and Philomele her song with teares doth steepe.

E. SPENSER

998

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

SAD Iphigene to womanish complaints
 adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
 ev'n, if she could, her love she would repent,
 but since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
 her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
 are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
 augments her anger, as her fears increase:
 from her own back the burden would remove,
 and lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
 invade and violate another's right:
 the Powers incensed a while deferr'd his pain,
 and made him master of his vows in vain;
 but soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
 that for his daring enterprise she died;
 who rather not resisted than complied.

J. DRYDEN

999

STATUES OF THE GREAT AT ROME

HOW doth it please and fill the memory
with deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
historic urns and breathing statues rise
and speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
of Cæsar raptured with the charm of rule
and boundless fame; impatient for exploits;
his eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
above all height: and his own Brutus see,
desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
in evil days, of faith, of public weal
solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
be Tully's graceful attitude; upraised,
his outstretched arm he waves, in act to speak
before the silent masters of the world,
and eloquence arrays him.

J. DYER

1000

CLYMENE AND ENCELADUS

SO far her voice flowed on, like timorous brook
that, lingering along a pebbled coast,
doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
and shuddered; for the overwhelming voice
of huge Enceladus swallowed it in wrath:
the ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
in the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
came booming thus, while still upon his arm
he leaned; not rising from supreme contempt:
'Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
that rebel Jove's whole armoury were spent,
not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
could agonize me more than baby-words
in midst of this dethronement horrible.'

J. KEATS

1001

TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
the vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
and after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality

consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
 here at the quiet limit of the world,
 a white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
 the ever silent spaces of the East,
 farfolded mists, and glimmering halls of morn.
 Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man,—
 so glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
 who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
 to his great heart none other than a god!

1002 I ask'd thee 'Give me immortality:'

then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
 like wealthy men who care not how they give.
 But thy strong Hours indignant worked their wills,
 and beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
 and tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
 to dwell in presence of immortal youth,
 immortal age beside immortal youth,
 and all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
 thy beauty make amends, tho' even now,
 close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
 shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
 to hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
 why should a man desire in anyway
 to vary from the kindly race of men,
 or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
 where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A. TENNYSON

1003

THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP

'TIS pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
 and pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
 then listen to the perilous tale again,
 and with an eager and suspended soul
 woo terror to delight us. But to hear
 the roaring of the raging elements,
 to know all human skill, all human strength,
 avail not; to look round, and only see
 the mountain wave incumbent with its weight
 of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,
 O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
 and he who hath endured the horror once
 of such an hour, doth never hear the storm

howl round his home, but he remembers it,
and thinks upon the suffering mariner!

R. SOUTHEY

1004

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
to win the palm, the oak, or bays,
and their incessant labours see
crowned from some single herb, or trec,
whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
does prudently their toils upbraid,
while all the flowers, and trees, do close,
to weave the garlands of repose.
Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
and Innocence, thy sister dear?
mistaken long, I sought you then
in busy companies of men:
your sacred plants, if here below,
only among the plants will grow:
society is all but rude
to this delicious solitude.

A. MARVELL

1005

THE EARL OF ORRERY TO MRS CAESAR

WHY flow those tears, or why those sighs arise?
why dim the lustre of those radiant eyes?
the parts well acted both of friend and wife,
through every scene of thy all-blameless life,
let conscious virtue cankering griefs controul,
and calm each struggling passion of the soul.
Think, if departed spirits aught can know
in upper regions of the world below,
how can the man, for whom those tears are shed,
(dear as he was, irrevocably dead),
how can he deem his state completely blest,
while sorrow reigns unconquered in your breast?
ah! let your wisdom be to fate resigned,
take comfort in the blessings yet behind:
nor is your heart of every joy bereft,
your daughters live, and still one Cæsar's left.

1006

ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE SOIL

HAIL thou, my native soil, thou blessed plot
 whose equal all the world affordeth not!
 Shew me who can so many crystal rills,
 such sweet clothed vallies, or aspiring hills,
 such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,
 such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
 and if the earth can shew the like again,
 yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
 Time never can produce men to o'ertake
 the fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
 or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
 that by their power made the Devonian shore
 mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
 the boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
 bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
 by winning this, though all the rest were lost.

W. BROWNE

1007

THE COURT OF VENUS

THERE, by the fount, Narcissus pined alone;
 there Samson was, with wiser Solomon,
 and all the mighty names by love undone:
 Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
 with bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts:
 the goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
 smiling she seem'd and full of pleasing thought:
 from ocean as she first began to rise,
 and smooth'd the ruffled seas, and clear'd the skies:
 she trode the brine all bare below the breast,
 and the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest:
 a lute she held; and on her head was seen
 a wreath of roses red, and myrtles green:
 her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
 and, by his mother, stood an infant Love
 with wings unfledged; his eyes were banded o'er;
 his hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
 supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.

J. DRYDEN

1008

THE STAG-HUNT

THE stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
 at once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 to some dark covert his retreat had made,
 where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should invade
 his soft repose; when the unexpected sound
 of dogs and men his wakeful ears does wound:
 roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 willing to think th' illusions of his fear
 had given this false alarm, but straight his view
 confirms that more than all he fears is true.
 Betrayed in all his strength, the wood beset,
 all instruments, all arts of ruin met,
 he calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 his winged heels, and then his armed head;
 with these to avoid, with that his fate to meet;
 but fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.

1009 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 has lost the chasers and his ear the cry;
 exulting till he finds their nobler sense
 their disproportioned speed doth recompense;
 then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
 then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
 where he so lately was obeyed and feared,
 his safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
 or chaces him from thence or from him flies:
 like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 to his friends' pity and pursuers' scorn,
 with shame remembers, while herself was one
 of the same herd, himself the same had done.

1010 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
 the scene of his past triumphs and his loves,
 sadly surveying where he ranged alone
 prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
 and like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
 combat to all, and bore away the dame,
 and taught the woods to echo to the stream
 his dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
 yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 so much his love was dearer than his life.

Now every leaf and every moving breath
 present a foe, and every foe a death:
 wearied, forsaken and pursued, at last
 all safety in despair of safety placed,
 courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
 all their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

IOIII And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 that strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
 but when he sees the eager chace renewed,
 himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
 he straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 repents his courage than his fear before;
 finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 and doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force
 nor speed nor art avail, he shapes his course;
 but fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood.
 So towards a ship the oar-finned gallies ply
 which wanting sea to ride or wind to fly,
 stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
 tempt the last fury of extreme despair.

SIR J. DENHAM

IOI2 *ADAM'S LAMENT ON LEAVING PARADISE*

HERE I could frequent
 with worship place by place where he vouchsafed
 presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
 'on this mount he appeared, under this tree
 stood visible, among these pines his voice
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talked.'
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 of lustre from the brook, in memory
 or monument to ages, and thereon
 offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 his bright appearances, or footstep trace?
 for, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
 to life prolonged and promised race, I now
 gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 of glory, and far off his steps adore.

J. MILTON

1013

THE CREATION

WITH richer stuff he bade heaven's fabric shine
 and from him a quick spring of light divine
 swelled up the Sun, from whence his cherishing flame
 fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.
 He smoothed the rough-cast moon's imperfect mould,
 and combed her beamy locks with sacred gold;
 'Be thou' said he 'Queen of the mournful night,'
 and as he spoke, she arose clad o'er in light,
 with thousand stars attending on her train;
 with her they rise, with her they set again.
 Then herbs peeped forth, new trees admiring stood,
 and smelling flowers painted the infant wood.
 Then flocks of birds through the glad air did flee,
 joyful and safe before man's luxury,
 teaching their maker in their untaught lays:
 nay the mute fish witness no less his praise:
 for those he made and clothed with silver scales,
 from minnows to those living islands, whales.

A. COWLEY

1014

THE FOURTH DAY'S CREATION

FIRST in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 regent of day, and all the horizon round
 invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 his longitude through heaven's high road; the grey
 dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
 shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
 but opposite in levelled west, was set,
 his mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 from him; for other light she needed none
 in that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
 revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 with thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 with thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
 spangling the hemisphere. Then, first adorned
 with their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 glad evening and glad morn crowned the forth day.

J. MILTON

1015

ARCITA AT THE TEMPLE OF MARS

THE preyer stynt of Arcita the strange,
 the rynges on the tempul dore that hange,
 and eek the dores, clatereden ful fast,
 of which Arcita somewhat was agast.
 The fyres brenden on the auter bright,
 that it gan al the tempul for to light;
 a swote smel anon the ground up-gaf,
 and Arcita anon his hand up haf,
 and more encens into the fyr yet cast,
 with othir rightes, and than atte last
 the statu of Mars bigan his hauberk ryng:
 and with that soun he heard a murmuryng
 ful lowe, and dym, that sayde thus 'Victorie:'
 for which he gaf to Mars honour and glorie.
 And thus with joye, and hope wel to fare,
 Arcite anon into his inne is fare
 as fayn as foul is of the bryghte sonne.

G. CHAUCER

1016

SATAN EXHIBITING TO JESUS IMPERIAL ROME

THE city which thou seest no other deem
 than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
 so far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
 of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
 above the rest lifting his stately head
 on the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
 impregnable; and there mount Palatine,
 the imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 the structure, skill of noblest architects,
 with gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 houses of gods than men, thou mayest behold:
 outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
 in cedar, marble, ivory or gold.

1017

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 what conflux issuing forth, or entering in;
 prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
 lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
 legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;

or embassies, from regions far remote,
in various habits on the Appian road,
or on the Æmilian. Some from furthest south,
Syenè, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroè, Nilotic isle; and, more to west,
the realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
dusk faces, with white silken turbants wreathed.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,
to Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
in ample territory, wealth and power,
civility of manners, arts and arms,
and long renown, thou justly mayest prefer.

J. MILTON

1018

HARMONY ALONE NOT POETRY

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song,
and smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong;
in the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,
not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
while expletives their feeble aid do join,
and ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
while they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
with sure returns of still-expected rhymes;
where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
in the next line, 'it whispers thro' the trees:'
if crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
the reader's threatened, not in vain, with 'sleep.'

A. POPE

1019

THE TEMPLE OF MARS

A STRAIT long entry to the temple led,
blind with high walls, and horror over head;
thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,
as threatened from the hinge to heave the door.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
which, hewed by Mars himself, from Indian quarries
came,

the labor of a god; and all along
 tough iron bars were clenched to make it strong.
 In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sat,
 and gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate:
 loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
 and bawling Infamy, in language base;
 till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
 The slayer of himself yet saw I there;
 the gore congealed was clotted in his hair:
 with eyes half closed, and gaping mouth he lay,
 and grim, as when he breathed his sullen soul away.

J. DRYDEN

THEY dwelt in dens and caverns of the earth
 won by the valiant from their brute possessors,
 and held in hourly peril of reprisals
 from the ferocious brigands of the woods:
 the lioness, benighted with her whelps,
 there seeking shelter from the drenching storm,
 met with unseen resistance on the threshold,
 and perished ere she knew by what she fell;
 or, finding all within asleep, surprised
 the inmates in their dreams, from which no more
 her deadly vengeance suffered them to wake.
 —On open plains they framed low narrow huts
 of boughs, the wreck of windfalls or of Time,
 wattled with canes, and thatched with reeds and leaves;
 there from afflictive noon sought twilight shadow,
 or slumbered in the smoke of greenwood fires,
 to drive away the pestilent mosquitoes.
 —Some built unwieldy nests among the trees,
 in which to doze by night, or watch by day
 the joyful moment from that ambushade
 to slay the passing deer with sudden arrows
 from bows that tasked a giant's strength to bend.

1021 In flight or combat, on the champaign field,
 they ran atilt with flinty-headed spears;
 or launched the lighter javelin through the air;
 they sent the pebble hissing from the sling;
 in closer conflict, breast to breast, when one
 or both must perish on the spot, they fought

with clubs of iron-wood and ponderous force;
rude-fashioned weapons! yet the lion's jaws,
the tiger's grasp, the eagle's beak and talons,
the serpent's fangs, were not more formidable,
more sure to hit, or, hitting, sure to kill.
—But their prime glory was insane debauch,
to inflict and bear excruciating tortures:
the unshrinking victim, while the flesh was rent
from his live limbs and eaten in his presence,
still in his death-pangs taunted his tormentors
with tales of cruelty more diabolic,
wreaked by himself upon the friends of those
who now their impotence of vengeance wasted
on him, and drop by drop his life extorted
with thorns and briars of the wilderness
or the slow violence of untouching fire.

J. MONTGOMERY

1022

SPEECH OF JUSTICE TO MERCY

WHAT should I tell how barren Earth had grown,
all for to starve her children, didst not thou
water with heavenly showers her womb unsown,
and drop down clods of flowers? didst not thou bow
thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow,
long might he look and look, and long in vain
might load his harvest in an empty wain,
and beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry
grain.

The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves,
and smites the earth that dares the traitors nourish;
yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
whole woods of garlands: and, their pride to cherish,
plough through the sea's green fields, and nets
display
to catch the flying winds, and steal away,
cozening the greedy sea, prisoning their nimble prey.

1023

How often have I seen the waving pine,
tossed on a watery mountain, knock his head
at heaven's too patient gate, and with salt brine
quench the moon's burning horns; and safely fled
from heaven's revenge, her passengers, all dead

with stiff astonishment, tumble to hell?
 how oft the sea all earth would overswell,
 did not thy sandy girdle bind the mighty well?

Would not the air be filled with streams of death,
 to poison the quick rivers of their blood,
 did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,
 the flitting region? Would not the hasty flood
 empty itself into the sea's wide wood,
 didst not thou lead it wandering from his way
 to give men drink, and make his waters stray
 to fresh the flowery meadows, through whose fields
 they play?

G. FLETCHER

1024

SUMMER INSECTS

WAKED by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 come winged abroad; by the light air upborne,
 lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
 and secret corner, where they slept away
 the wintry storms, or rising from their tombs
 to higher life, by myriads, forth at once
 swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
 their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
 people the blaze! To sunny waters some
 by fatal instinct fly; through the green glade
 some love to stray; there lodged, amused and fed
 in the fresh leaf. Luxurious others make
 the meads their choice, and visit every flower
 and every latent herb; for the sweet task
 to propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 in what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,
 employs their tender care.

J. THOMSON

1025

COOPER'S HILL

MY eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
 where Thames among the wanton vallies strays:
 Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
 by his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 like mortal life to meet eternity:

though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
his genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
o'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
and hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
like mothers which their infants overlay;
nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

1026 No unexpected inundations spoil
the mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil;
but godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
first loves to do, then loves the good he does.
nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
but free and common as the sea or wind;
when he to boast or to disperse his stores,
full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
visits the world, and in his flying towers
brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants:
so that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
while his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
my great example, as it is my theme;
though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

1027 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
a shady mantle clothes; his curléd brows
frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
while winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
the common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
between the mountain and the stream embraced,
which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
while the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
and in the mixture of all these appears
variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
beheld of old, what stories had we heard

of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
 their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames?
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
 all but a quick poetic sight escape.

SIR J. DENHAM

1028 *BELIAL DISSUADES WAR FOR THE RECOVERY
 OF HEAVEN*

WHAT, if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 and plunge us in the flames? or, from above
 should intermitted Vengeance arm again
 his red right hand to plague us? what if all
 her stores were opened, and this firmament
 of Hell should spout her cataract of fire,
 impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall,
 one day upon our heads! while we, perhaps,
 designing or exhorting glorious war,
 caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
 each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
 of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 there to converse with everlasting groans,
 unresplied, unpitied, unreprieved,
 ages of hopeless end. This would be worse.

J. MILTON

1029

SICKNESS

BUT Man is born to suffer. On the door
 sickness has set her mark; and now no more
 laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild
 as of a mother singing to her child.
 All now in anguish from that room retire,
 where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,
 and Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,
 but she who gave it birth—from her alone
 the medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,
 and through the day that with its dreary light
 comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
 watching the changes with her anxious eye:
 while they without, listening below, above,
 (who but in sorrow know how much they love?)

from every little noise catch hope and fear,
exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness
that would in vain the starting tear repress.

S. ROGERS

1030

A SIMILE

SO have I seen a rock's heroic breast
against proud Neptune that his ruin threatens,
when all his waves he hath to battle prest
and with a thousand swelling billows beats
the stubborn stone and foams and chafes and frets
to heave him from his root, unmoved stand;
and more in heaps the barking surges band,
the more in pieces beat fly weeping to the strand.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
to please his wanton son, his only joy,
coast all about to catch the roving bee,
and, stung himself, his busy hands employ
to save the honey for the gamesome boy:
or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth eraze,
making his child the toothless serpent chace
or with his little hands her tim'rous gorge embrace.

G. FLETCHER

1031 *NATURAL APPEARANCES OF RETURNING SPRING*

AH, woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
but grief returns with the revolving year;
the airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
the ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear;
fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier:
the amorous birds now pair in every brake,
and build their mossy homes in field and brere;
and the green lizard and the golden snake,
like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
a quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
as it has ever done, with change and motion,
from the great morning of the world when first

God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed,
 the lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
 all baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
 diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
 the beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

P. B. SHELLEY

1032

MERCY

AS when the cheerful Sun, elamping wide,
 glads all the world with his uprising ray
 and woos the widow'd Earth afresh to pride,
 and paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,
 his silent sister steals him quite away,
 wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
 the hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
 and headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

but soon as he again dishadowed is,
 restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
 as though another day were newly his,
 the coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
 and wonder at the shortness of the night;
 so Mercy once again herself displays
 out from her sister's cloud and open lays
 those sunshine looks, whose beam would dim a thou-
 sand days.

G. FLETCHER

1033

PHAËTON

AS when the fierce-mouthed steeds, which drew
 the Sunne's bright-wayne to Phaëton's decay,
 soone as they did the monstrous scorpion view
 with ugly craples crawling in their way,
 the dreadful sight did them so sore affray,
 that their well-known courses they forwent;
 and, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
 this lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
 and left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
 soone as the infant's sunlike shield they saw,
 that all obedience both to words and deeds

they quite forgot, and scorned former law,
through woods and rocks and mountanes they did draw
the yron charet and the wheles did teare,
and tost the Paynim without fear or awe:
from side to side they tost him here and there,
crying to them in vaine that would his crying heare.

E. SPENSER

1034

CALIDORE AND CRUDOR

AT length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
at once did heave with all their powre and might
thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
and prove the finall fortune of the fight;
but Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
and nimbler-handed then his enemye,
prevented him before his stroke could light,
and on the helmet smote him formerlie,
that made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie:

and, ere he could recover foote againe,
he following that faire advantage fast
his stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
that him upon the ground he groveling cast;
and leaping to him light would have unlast
his helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
cryde out 'Ah mercie, sir! doe me not slay,
but save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

E. SPENSER

1035

THE KNIGHT OF THE RED-CROSSE

AS when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,
their hornéd fronts so fierce on either side
doe meete, that with the terror of the shocke
astonied both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
forgetfull of the hanging victory:
so stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
both staring fierce and holding idly
the broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
snatcheth his sword and fiercely to him flies;
who well it wards and quyteth cuff with cuff:

each others equall puissaunce envies;
 and through their iron sides with cruell spies
 does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
 no foot to foe: the flashing fier flies,
 as from a forge, out of their burning shields;
 and streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

E. SPENSER

1036

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
 in heavenly spirits to these creatures bace
 that may compassion of their evils move?
 There is: else much more wretched were the cace
 of men then beasts. But, O! the exceeding grace
 of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 and all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 that blessed Angels he sends to and fro
 to serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 to come to succour us that succour want!
 how oft do they with golden pineons cleave
 the flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
 against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 and their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 and all for love and nothing for reward.
 O! why should hevenly God to men have such regard?

E. SPENSER

1037

*THE FALSE FLORIMEL PLACED BY THE
SIDE OF THE TRUE*

THEN did he set her by that snowy one,
 like the true saint beside the image set,
 of both their beauties to make paragone
 and triall, whether should the honour get.
 Streightway, so soone as both together met,
 the enchanted Damzell vanisht into nought:
 her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
 but the emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
that all men wonder at her colours pride;
all suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
the glorious picture vanisheth away,
ne any token doth thereof abide:
so did this ladies goodly forme decay,
and into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

E. SPENSER

1038

DESCRIPTION OF TREES

AND fourth they passe with pleasure forward led,
joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky;
much can they praise the trees so streight and hy,
the sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
the vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
the builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
the aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall;

the laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
and poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
the willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
the eugh obedient to the benders will;
the birch for shaftes; the sawle for the mill;
the mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
the warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill,
the fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
the carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

E. SPENSER

1039

THE PRIESTS OF ISIS

THEREFORE they mote not taste of fleshly food,
ne feed on ought the which doth blood containe,
ne drink of wine: for wine they say is blood,
even the blood of Gyants, which were slaine
by thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine:
for which the earth (as they the story tell)
wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
had damned her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
with inward grieve and malice did against them swell:

and of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
 into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 the fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
 having the minds of men with fury fraught,
 mote in them stirre up rebellious thought
 to make new warre against the gods againe.
 Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
 the fell contagion may thereof restraine,
 nor within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

E. SPENSER

1040 *PRINCE ARTHUR'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE GIANT*

AS when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
 to wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
 enrold in flames and smouldring dreriment,
 through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
 the fiers threeforked engin, making way,
 both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 and all that might his angry passage stay;
 and, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
 he could not rearen up againe so light,
 but that the knight him at advantage fownd;
 and, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
 out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 he smott off his left arme, which like a block
 did fall to ground, deprived of native might;
 large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
 forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

E. SPENSER

1041 *NIGHT, AT DUESSA'S REQUEST, CARRIES SANSTOY
 TO HELL TO BE HEALED BY AESCULAPIUS*

T HENCE turning backe in silence softe they stole,
 and brought the heavie corse with easie pace
 to yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
 By that same hole an entraunce, dark and bace,
 with smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
 descends to Hell: there creature never past,
 that backe retourned without heavenly grace;
 but dreadful Furies which their chaines have brast,
 and damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames do drive
 their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
 and down to Plutoes house are come bilive:
 which passing through, on every side them stood
 the trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 chattring their iron teeth and staring wide
 with stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
 of feends infernall flock on every side,
 to gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

E. SPENSER

1042

THE BOWRE OF BLISS

EFTSOONES they heard a most melodious sound
 of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 such as attonce might not on living ground,
 save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
 to read what manner musicke that mote be;
 for all that pleasing is to living eare
 was there consorted in one harmonie;
 birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
 th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 to th' instruments divine response meet;
 the silver-sounding instruments did meet
 with the base murmur of the waters fall:
 the waters fall with difference discreet
 now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 the gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

E. SPENSER

1043

THE SHEPHERD'S EMPLOYMENT

THEN, as the spring gives place to elder time
 and bringeth forth the fruite of sommer's pryde,
 also my age, now passed youthly prime,
 to things of ryper season selfe applied,
 and learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the nightingale
and baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?

I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
how Phœbe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges;
the sodain rysing of the raging seas,
the soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
the powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease,
and which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
and which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

E. SPENSER

1044

DISDAIN REPROVED

THE soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
that, once sea-beate, will to sea againe:
so loytring live you little heardgroomes,
keeping your beastes in the budded broomes;
and, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
you deemen the spring is come attonce,
tho ginne you, fond flies! the cold to scorne,
and, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
you thincken to be Lords of the yeare;
but eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
full of wrinkles and frostie furrowes,
drerily shooting his stormy darte,
which cruddles the bloud and pricks the harte;
then is your carlesse corage accoied,
your carefull heards with cold bene annoied;
then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
with weeping and wailing and misery.

E. SPENSER

1045

ITALY

HOW has kind heaven adorned the happy land,
and scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
but what avail her unexhausted stores,
her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
with all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
the smiles of nature and the charms of art,

while proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
and Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
the red'ning orange and the swelling grain:
joyless he sees the growing oils and wines
and in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines.
O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,
eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
and smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day.

J. ADDISON

1046 *A CITY SWALLOWED UP BY AN EARTHQUAKE*

GATHERED in air, o'er that proud Capital,
frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand
sad-gazing on the mournful skies around;
a moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams
and eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo, crowds on crowds in hurried stream along,
from street to street, from gate to gate rolled on,
this, that way burst in waves, by horror winged
to distant hill or cave: while half the globe,
her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
trembles with second agony. Upheaved
in surges, her vext surface rolls a sea.
Ruin ensues: towns, temples, palaces,
flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
crushed horrible, and pile on pile o'eturned,
fall total. In that universal groan
sounding to heaven, expired a thousand lives,
o'erwhelmed at once, one undistinguished wreck.

D. MALLET

1047

THE DYING GLADIATOR

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie:
he leans upon his hand: his manly brow
consents to death, but conquers agony,
and his drooped head sinks gradually low,
and through his side the last drops, ebbing slow

from the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 the arena swims around him; he is gone,
 ere ceased the inhuman shout, which hailed the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not;—his eyes
 were with his heart, and that was far away:
 he recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 but where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 there were his young barbarians all at play,
 there was their Dacian mother—he, their sire
 butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
 all this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
 and unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

LORD BYRON

1048

THE DEATH OF BALDER

WHEN the Gods heard, they straight arose, and
 took

their horses, and rode forth through all the world:
 north south east west they struck, and roamed the
 world,

entreating all things to weep Balder's death:
 and all that lived, and all without life, wept.
 And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
 at winter's end, before the spring begins,
 and a warm west wind blows and thaw sets in—
 after an hour a dripping sound is heard
 in all the forests, and the soft-strewn snow
 under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
 and from the boughs the snowloads shuffle down;
 and in fields sloping to the south dark plots
 of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
 and widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
 so through the world was heard a dripping noise
 of all things weeping to bring Balder back:
 and there fell joy upon the Gods to hear.

M. ARNOLD

1049

TRIAL AND HOPE

AS when a sudden storm of hail and rain
 beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
 think not the hopes of harvest are destroyed
 on the flat field, and on the naked void:

the light, unloaded stem, from tempests freed,
will raise the youthful honours of its head;
and soon restored by native vigour bear
the timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
for Heaven will exercise us to the last;
sometimes will check us in our mid career
with doubtful blessings and with mingled fear,
that, still depending on his daily grace,
his every mercy for an alms may pass;
with sparing hands will diet us to good,
preventing surfeits of our pampered blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
with little morsels and delays them long.

J. DRYDEN

1050

THE PLAIN OF MARATHON

THE flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
the fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
such was the scene—what now remaineth here?
what sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
the rifled urn, the violated mound,
the dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger, spurns around.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
shall pilgrims, pensive but unwearied, throng:
long shall the voyager with the Ionian blast
hail the bright clime of battle and of song:
long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore:
boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
which sages venerate, and bards adore,
as Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

LORD BYRON

1051

THE MISERIES OF OLD AGE

TO me most happy therefore he appears
who, having once, unmoved by hopes or fears,
surveyed this sun earth ocean clouds and flame,
well satisfied returns from whence he came.

Is life an hundred years or e'er so few,
 'tis repetition all and nothing new;
 a fair, where thousands meet, but none can stay;
 an inn, where travellers bait, then post away;
 a sea, where man perpetually is tost,
 now plunged in business, now in trifles lost:
 who leave it first, the peaceful port first gain;
 hold then, nor farther launch into the main;
 contract your sails; life nothing can bestow
 by long continuance, but continued woe:
 the wretched privilege daily to deplore
 the funerals of our friends, who go before;
 diseases, pains, anxieties and cares,
 and age surrounded with a thousand snares.

S. JENYNS

1052 *ADAM AND EVE LED BY THE ANGEL MICHAEL
 OUT OF PARADISE*

HIGH in front advanced
 the brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat
 and vapour as the Libyan air adust
 began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 in either hand the hastening Angel caught
 our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 to 'the subjected plain; then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
 with dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
 the world was all before them, where to choose
 their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 through Eden took their solitary way.

J. MILTON

1053 *THE SOUL'S RETURN TO ITS HOME*

SOUL of the just! companion of the dead!
 where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
 back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;

doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
and doomed, like thee, to travel and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
with sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
on bickering wheels and adamantine car;
from planet whirled to planet more remote,
he visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
but wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
and o'er the path by mortal never trod
sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

T. CAMPBELL

1054

A SWEET LANDSCAPE

SWEET was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
a sunny islet opened in the wood;
with vernal tints the wild-brier thicket glows,
for here the desert flourished as the rose;
from sapling trees, with lucid foliage crowned,
gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground:
up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
to hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe;
o'er all, the bees with murmuring music flew
from bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
whilst insect myriads, in their solar gleams,
glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
so fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
it seemed a place where angels might repair,
and tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades
to morning songs or moonlight serenades.

J. MONTGOMERY

1055

RUNNEMEDE

FAIR Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
to lawless power, here turned and stood at bay;
when in that remedy all hope was placed
which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter sealed, wherein the crown
all marks of arbitrary power lays down:

tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 the happier style of king and subject bear:
 happy when both to the same centre move,
 when kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
 wanting that seal, it must be sealed in blood:
 the subjects armed, the more their princes gave,
 the advantage only took the more to crave;
 till kings by giving give themselves away,
 and even that power that should deny betray.
 'Who gives constrained, but his own fear reviles,
 not thanked, but scorned; nor are they gifts, but spoils.'
 1056 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 first made their subjects by oppression bold;
 and popular sway, by forcing kings to give
 more than was fit for subjects to receive,
 ran to the same extremes: and one excess
 made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river, raised with sudden rains
 or snows dissolved, o'erflows the adjoining plains,
 the husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
 their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
 but if with bays and dams they strive to force
 his channel to a new or narrow course,
 no longer then within his banks he dwells;
 first to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
 stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
 and knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

SIR J. DENHAM

1057

MOUNT AETNA

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
 when, conscious of no danger from below,
 she towered a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 the blooming groves, that girdled her around:
 her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,
 (unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 the peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured
 in peace upon her sloping sides matured.

When on a day, like that of the last doom,
a conflagration labouring in her womb,
she teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,
that shook the circling seas and solid earth:
dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
and hang their horrors in the neighbouring skies:
while through the stygian veil, that blots the day,
in dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.

1058 But oh! what muse, and in what powers of song,
can trace the torrent as it burns along?
vines olives herbage forests disappear,
and all the charms of a Sicilian year:
revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
see it an uninformed and idle mass:
without a soil to invite the tiller's care,
or blade, that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
clothes it with earth and bids the produce live:
once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
and ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious and unsafe retreats,
O charming Paradise of shortlived sweets!
the selfsame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
again the mountain feels the imprisoned foe:
again pours ruin on the vale below:
ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
that only future ages can restore.

W. COWPER

1059 *TO H. ST JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE*

COME then, my friend, my genius, come along;
O master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
to man's low passions or their glorious ends,
teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
to fall with dignity, with temper rise:
O! while along the stream of time thy name
expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
shall then this verse to future age pretend,
thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend?

that urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
 from sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 for wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 showed erring pride, *Whatever is, is right*;
 that *Virtue* only makes our bliss below;
 and all our knowledge is, *ourselves to know*.

A. POPE

1060

STORM ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O night
 and storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
 from peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
 but every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 and Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,
 the mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 for here not one but many make their play,
 and fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 flashing and cast around: of all the band
 the brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 his lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 that in such gaps as desolation worked,
 there the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

LORD BYRON

1061

THE MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
 unspeakable, who sittest above these heavens
 to us invisible or dimly seen
 in these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.—
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 and choral symphonies, day without night,
 circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,

on Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
him first him last him midst and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
if better thou belong not to the dawn,
sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
with thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
while day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

J. MILTON

1062

FOREST HYMN

FATHER, thy hand
hath reared these venerable columns, thou
didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
upon the naked earth and forthwith rose
all these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
and shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
among their branches, till at last they stood,
as now they stand, massy and tall and dark,
fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
communion with his Maker. Thou dost fill
the solitude: thou art in the soft winds
that run along the summit of these trees
in music: thou art in the cooler breath,
that from the inmost darkness of the place
comes scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
the fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

W. S. BRYANT

1063

THE LESSON OF THE SEASONS

'TIS done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
and reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year:
how dead the vegetable kingdom lies,
how dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
his desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
see here thy pictured life: pass some few years,
thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
thy sober Autumn fading into age;
and pale concluding Winter comes at last
and shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled

those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes
 of happiness, those longings after fame,
 those restless cares, those busy bustling days,
 those gay-spent festive nights, those veering thoughts,
 lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
 all now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
 immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 his guide to happiness on high.

J. THOMSON

1064 *THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY GIVING A VIEW OF
 REPUBLICAN ROME*

ROME'S tribes, her census, see; her generous
 troops,
 whose pay was glory, and their best reward
 free for their country and for me to die,
 ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
 Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
 the highest pomp and lowest fall of life.
 Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
 her circus ardent with contending youth,
 her streets, her temples, palaces and baths,
 full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest-born,
 and of a people cast in virtue's mould:
 while sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
 lend their best stores to heave the pillared dome;
 all that to Roman strength the softer touch
 of Grecian art can join. But language fails
 to paint this sun, this centre of mankind;
 where every virtue glory treasure art,
 attracted strong, in heightened lustre meet.

J. THOMSON

1065 *THE ORIGIN OF THE ANEMONE*

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
 she takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
 she whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 as if they heard the woeful words she told;
 she lifts the cofferlids that close his eyes,
 where lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies:

two glasses, where herself herself beheld
a thousand times, and now no more reflect;
their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled,
and every beauty robbed of his effect:
'wonder of time' quoth she 'this is my spite,
that, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay killed
was melted like a vapour from her sight;
and in his blood that on the ground lay spilled,
a purple flower sprung up, chequered with white
resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

W. SHAKESPEARE

1066

SOLITUDE

TO sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
to slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
and mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
to climb the trackless mountain all unseen
with the wild flock that never needs a fold;
alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
this is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
to hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
and roam along, the world's tired denizen,
with none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
none that, with kindred consciousness endued,
if we were not, would seem to smile the less
of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued:
this is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

LORD BYRON

1067

THE HERMIT'S CAVE

UNDER the hollow hanging of this hill
there was a cave, cut out by nature's skill:
or else it seem'd the mount did open's breast,
that all might see what thoughts he there possest.

Whose gloomy entrance was environed round
 with shrubs that cloy ill husbands' meadow-ground:
 the thick-grown hawthorn and the binding brier,
 the holly that out-dares cold winter's ire:
 who all intertwined, each limb with limb did deal,
 that scarce a glimpse of light could inward steal:
 an uncouth place, fit for an uncouth mind
 that is as heavy as that cave is blind.
 Here lived a man his hoary hairs called old,
 upon whose front time many years had told;
 who, since dame Nature in him feeble grew,
 and he unapt to give the world aught new,
 the secret power of herbs, that grow on mould,
 sought out, to cherish and relieve the old.

W. BROWNE

1068

THE POET'S GRAVE

LET Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 with trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
 in the deep dungeon of some gothic dome
 where night and desolation ever frown:
 mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
 where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
 with here and there a violet bestrown,
 fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
 and many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

And thither let the village swain repair;
 and, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
 to deck with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
 and celebrate the merry morn of May.
 There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
 fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
 and when mild evening comes in mantle gray,
 let not the blooming band make haste to go:
 no ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

J. BEATTIE

1069

BY THE SEA-SIDE

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,
 and the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest;
 air slumbers; wave with wave no longer strives,
 a heaving of the deep survives,

a tell-tale motion! Soon will it be laid,
and by the tide alone the water swayed.
Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild
of light with shade in beauty reconciled—
such is the prospect far as sight can range,
the soothing recompense, the welcome change.
Where now the ships that drove before the blast,
threatened by angry breakers as they passed;
and by a train of flying clouds bemocked;
or, in the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
as on a bed of death? Some lodge in peace,
saved by His care Who bade the tempest cease;
and some, too heedless of past danger, court
fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port.

W. WORDSWORTH

1070

THE SENSITIVE FACULTIES

THE bliss of Man (could pride that blessing find)
is not to act or think beyond mankind;
no powers of body or of soul to share,
but what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
for this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given
to inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
to smart and agonise at every pore?
or, quick effluvia darting through the brain,
die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thundered in his opening ears,
and stunned him with the music of the spheres,
how would he wish that Heaven had left him still
the whispering zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise
alike in what it gives and what denies?

A. POPE

1071

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

THE night was winter in his roughest mood;
the morning sharp and clear. But now, at noon,
upon the southern side of the slant hills,
and where the woods fence off the northern blast,

the season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 and has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 without a cloud, and white without a speck
 the dazzling splendour of the scene below.
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
 and through the trees I view the embattled tower,
 whence all the music. I again perceive
 the soothing influence of the wafted strains,
 and settle in soft musings as I tread
 the walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms
 whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
 The roof, though moveable through all its length
 as the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
 and, intercepting in their silent fall
 the frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.

W. COWPER

1072

THE BOWER OF ADONIS

ABOVE his head
 four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 to make a coronal; and round him grew
 all tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
 together intertwined and tramelled fresh:
 the vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh
 shading its ethiop berries; and woodbine
 of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
 convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
 the creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
 and virgin's bower, trailing airily;
 with others of the sisterhood. Hard by
 stood serene Cupids watching silently:
 one kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings;
 while another took
 a willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 and shook it on his hair; another flew
 in through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

J. KEATS

1073

APOLLO AND MNEMOSYNE

TOGETHER had he left his mother fair
 and his twin sister sleeping in their bower,

and in the morning twilight wandered forth
beside the osiers of a rivulet,
full ankle deep in lilies of the vale
The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars
were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle
there was no covert, no retired cave,
unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
He listened, and he wept, and his bright tears
went trickling down the golden bow he held:
thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
while from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
with solemn step an awful goddess came,
and there was purport in her looks for him,
which he with eager guess began to read
perplexed, the while melodiously he said.

J. KEATS

1074

ICARIUS AND PENELOPE

ICARIUS, tho' their love he had approved,
and called his daughter's chosen from his home,
tho' above all men prudent, and expert
in war by sea and land, and though his ile
rose up securely from the rocks and waves,
Icarius felt how sad and sorrowful
is the departure of a child we love.
While those of his own age were seated by,
the feast was well enough: 'twas not amiss
to link the present and the past with flowers
and cool the brow with ivy; then came sleep
with mild and genial influence over him.
But in the morning, when he sees the wreaths
hang limber round the cups and from the doors,
and when he hears the neighing of the steeds
that shake them, and remarks the servants run
hither and thither, grief (till then remote)
strikes on his temples, and his ears sob loud,
and his knees, tottering under him, give way.

W. S. LANDOR

1075

A STATUE OF JUSTICE

ONCE in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its
left hand,
and in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice
presided
over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes
of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of
the balance,
having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sun-
shine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were
corrupted;
might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
1076ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-
man's palace
that a necklace of pearls was lost; and ere long a
suspicion
fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the house-
hold.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the
scaffold,
patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of
justice:
as to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit as-
cended,
lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of
the thunder
smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from
its left hand
down on the pavement below the clattering scales
of the balance,
and in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a
magpie,
into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was inwoven.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

1077

SPRING

ALAS, delicious spring! earth should welcome thee,
 with the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
 her joys, her melodies. The bounding stag
 flutters the shivering fern, the steed shakes out
 his mane, the dewy herbage silver-webbed
 with proud step trampling; the wild goat looks down
 from his empurpling bed of heath, where break
 the waters deep and blue with crystal gleams
 of their quick leaping people: the fresh lark
 is in the morning sky; the nightingale
 tunes evensong to the dropping waterfall.
 Creation lives all loveliness, and melts
 to one mild harmony of conscious joy.
 Man only, savage and discordant man,
 strews for thy tender feet the battle field,
 makes all thy gentle-breathing airs to jar
 with his hoarse trumpetings, scares thy sweet light
 with gleams of violent and angry brass.

H. H. MILMAN

1078 *THE APPEARANCE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX AT
 THE BATTLE OF REGILLUS*

SO spake he; and was buckling
 tighter black Auster's band,
 when he was aware of a princely pair
 that rode at his right hand.
 So like they were, nor mortal
 might one from other know:
 white as snow their armour was;
 their steeds were white as snow:
 never on earthly anvil
 did such rare armour gleam;
 and never did such gallant steeds
 drink of an earthly stream.
 And all who saw them trembled,
 and pale grew every cheek;
 and Aulus the Dictator
 scarce gathered voice to speak;
 'Say by what name men call you?
 what city is your home?

and wherefore ride ye in such guise
 before the ranks of Rome?'
 'By many names men call us;
 in many lands we dwell:
 well Samothracia knows us;
 Cyrene knows us well;
 our house in gay Tarentum
 is hung each morn with flowers:
 high o'er the masts of Syracuse
 our marble portal towers:
 but by the proud Eurotas
 is our dear native home;
 and for the right we come to fight
 before the ranks of Rome.'
 So answered those strange horsemen,
 and each couched low his spear;
 and forthwith all the ranks of Rome
 were bold, and of good cheer.

LORD MACAULAY

1079 *ADAM'S VISION OF THE MURDER OF ABEL*

HIS eyes he opened and beheld a field,
 part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
 new reaped; the other part sheep-walks and folds;
 in the midst an altar as the land-mark stood,
 rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon
 a sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 first-fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
 unculted, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
 more meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
 choicest and best; then sacrificing laid
 the inwards and their fat, with incense strewed,
 on the cleft wood, and all due rites performed.
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
 consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam;
 the other's not, for his was not sincere;
 whereat he inly raged, and as they talked,
 smote him into the midriff with a stone
 that beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
 groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.

J. MILTON

1080

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

AT length I saw a lady within call,
stillter than chiselled marble, standing there;
a daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
and most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty; ask thou not my name:
no one can be more wise than destiny:
many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in^a fair field
myself for such a face had boldly died'
I answered free; and turning I appealed
to one that stood beside.

1081 But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
to her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth' she said 'was blasted with a curse:
this woman was the cause.

I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears:
my father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs
as in a dream. Dimly I could descry
the stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
waiting to see me die.

The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;
the crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
the bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
touched; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow;
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
then when I left my home.'

A. TENNYSON

1082

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS

I WAS a fisher once, upon this main,
 and my boat danced in every creek and bay;
 rough billows were my home by night and day,—
 the sea-gulls not more constant; for I had
 no housing from the storm and tempests mad,
 but hollow rocks,—and they were palaces
 of silent happiness, of slumberous ease:
 long years of misery have told me so.
 I touched no lute, I sang not, trod no measures:
 I was a lonely youth on desert shores:
 my sports were lonely, 'mid continuous roars,
 and craggy isles, and sea-mew's plaintive cry
 plaining discrepant between sea and sky.
 Dolphins were still my playmates; shapes unseen
 would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
 1083 nor be my desolation.—But the crown
 of all my life was utmost quietude;
 more did I love to lie in cavern rude,
 keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
 and if it came at last, hark and rejoice!
 There blushed no summer eve but I would steer
 my skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear
 the shepherd's pipe come clear from æry steep,
 mingled with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep;
 and never was a day of summer shine,
 but I beheld its birth upon the brine;
 for I would watch all night to see unfold
 heaven's gates and Aethon snort his morning gold
 wide o'er the swelling streams; and constantly
 at brim of day-tide on some grassy lea,
 my nets would be outspread, and I at rest.
 The poor folk of the sea-country I blest
 with daily boon of fish most delicate;
 they knew not whence the bounty, and elate
 would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach.

J. KEATS

1084

LIFE AND A FUTURE BEING

YET measuring all the long continued space,
 every successive day's repeated race,
 since time first started from his pristin goal,
 till he had reached that hour, wherein my soul .

joined to my body swelled the womb; I was
 (at least I think so) nothing; must I pass
 again to nothing, when this vital breath
 ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
 must the whole man (amazing thought!) return
 to the cold marble, or contracted urn?
 and never shall those particles agree,
 that were in life this individual he?
 But severed, must they join the general mass,
 thro' other forms and shapes ordained to pass;
 nor thought nor image kept of what he was!
 does the great word that gave him sense ordain
 that life shall never wake that sense again?
 and will no pow'r his sinking spirits save
 from the dark caves of death and chambers of the
 grave?

M. PRIOR

1085

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

THE temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around
 with laurel foliage, and with eagles crowned:
 of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 the friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 as heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 and ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate
 the sage historians in white garments wait;
 graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 his scythe reversed and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
 in bloody fields pursued renown in arms:
 high on a throne with trophies charged, I viewed
 the youth that all things but himself subdued;
 his feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 and his horned head belied the Libyan god.

1086 There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone;
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 unmoved, superior still in every state,
 and scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 but with their toils their people's safety bought:

high o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
 great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 and wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 with boundless power unbounded virtue joined,
 his own strict judge and patron of mankind.
 Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
 those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
 fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
 here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
 he whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 at all times just, but when he signed the shell:
 here his abode the martyred Phocion claims,
 with Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
 unconquered Cato shows the wound he tore,
 and Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

1087 But in the centre of the hallowed choir,
 six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
 around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
 eternal adamant composed his throne;
 father of verse, in holy fillets drest,
 his silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
 tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears:
 in years he seemed, but not impaired by years:
 the wars of Troy were round the pillar seen;
 here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
 here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 here dragged in triumph round the Trojan wall:
 motion and life did every part inspire,
 bold was the work, and proved the master's fire;
 a strong expression most he seemed to affect,
 and here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

A. POPE

1088

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

AH, gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
 of all, that feel distress, the most assailed,
 feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care;
 but spread around thy tenderest diligence
 in flowery spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,

tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn
hillock or furrow trips his feeble feet:
O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
the innumerable ills, that rush around his life;
mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
observe the lurking crows, beware the brake;
there the sly fox the careless minute waits;
nor trust thy neighbour's dog nor earth nor sky;
thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail: the tardy fields
pay not their promised food.

T. DYER

1089 *SPEECH OF CATO ON THE CONSPIRATORS*

I AM plain, fathers. Here you look about
one at another, doubting what to do,
with faces, as you trusted to the gods
that still have saved you; and they can do it: but
they are not wishings or base womanish pray'rs
can draw their aids: but vigilance, counsel, action;
which they will be ashamed to forsake:
'tis sloth they hate, and cowardice. Here you have
the traitors in your houses; yet you stand,
fearing what to do with them; let me loose,
and send them hence with arms too, that your mercy
may turn your misery, as soon as 't can!—
O, but they are great men, and have offended
but through ambition; we would spare their honour.
Aye, if themselves had spared it or their fame
or modesty or either god or man,
then I would spare them. But as things now stand,
fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
a greater wickedness than you would revenge.

B. JONSON

1090 *THE PELICANS*

FAR in the East through heaven's intenser blue
two brilliant sparks, like sudden stars, appeared;
not stars indeed, but birds of mighty wing,
retorted neck and javelin-pointed bill,
that made the air sigh as they cut it through,

They gained upon the eye, and as they came,
 enlarged, grew brighter and displayed their forms
 amidst the golden evening; pearly white
 but ruby-tinctured. On the loftiest cliff
 they settled, hovering ere they touched the ground,
 and uttering, in a language of their own,
 yet such as every ear might understand
 and every bosom answer, notes of joy
 and gratulation for that resting-place.
 Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapped
 their van-broad pinions, streaked their ruffled plumes,
 and ever and anon broke off to gaze
 with yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs
 on that strange land, their destined home and country
 I knew the Pelicans, and cried 'All hail!
 ye future dwellers in the wilderness!'

J. MONTGOMERY

1091 *THE LEGIONS OF SATAN—THEIR VARIOUS
 EMPLOYMENTS*

PART, on, the plain or in the air sublime,
 upon the wing or in swift race contend,
 as at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
 part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 with rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:
 as when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 to battle in the clouds; before each van
 prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
 till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
 from either end of heaven the welkin burns.
 Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
 rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 in whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crowned
 with conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
 through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 and Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
 into the Euboic sea.

1092 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
 on bold adventure to discover wide
 that dismal world, if any clime perhaps
 might yield them easier habitation, bend

four ways, their flying march, along the banks
of four infernal rivers that disgorge
into the burning lake their baleful streams:
abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,
whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
forthwith his former state and being forgets,
forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
of ancient pile.

J. MILTON

1093

THE CALENTURE

OFt in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard
the tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds
of caves and trees:—and, when the regular wind
between the tropics filled the steady sail,
and blew with the same breath through days and weeks,
lengthening invisibly its weary line
along the cloudless main, he, in those hours
of tiresome indolence, would often hang
over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;
and, while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam
flashed round him images and hues that wrought
in union with the employment of his heart,
he, thus by feverish passion overcome,
even with the organs of his bodily eye,
below him, in the bosom of the deep,
saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed
on verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,
and shepherds clad in the same country grey
which he himself had worn.

W. WORDSWORTH

1094

CYMON FINDING THE SLEEPING MAID

BY chance conducted, or by thirst constrained,
 the deep recesses of the grove he gained;
 where, in a plain defended by the wood,
 crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
 by which an alabaster fountain stood:
 and on the margin of the fount was laid,
 attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid.
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when tired with sport
 to rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
 the dame herself the goddess well expressed,
 not more distinguished by her purple vest,
 than by the charming features of her face,
 and, even in slumber, a superior grace:
 her comely limbs composed with decent care,
 her body shaded with a slight cymar;
 her bosom to the view was only bare;
 the fanning wind upon her bosom blows:
 to meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
 the fanning wind and purling streams continue her
 repose.

J. DRYDEN

1095

FICTION IN THE EPIC

'TIS not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
 but Jupiter, that thunders from the sky:
 nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
 but angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
 echo's no more an empty airy sound;
 but a fair nymph that weeps her lover drowned.
 Thus in the endless treasure of his mind,
 the poet does a thousand figures find,
 around the work his ornaments he pours,
 and strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
 'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
 the Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
 from faithless fortune this is no surprise,
 for every day 'tis common to our eyes;
 but angry Juno, that she might destroy
 and overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
 that Aeolus, with the fierce goddess join'd,
 open'd the hollow prisons of the wind.

J. DRYDEN

1096 *THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND*

HENCE through the continent Ten Thousand
Greeks

urged a retreat whose glory not the prime
of victories can reach. Deserts in vain
opposed their course and hostile lands unknown,
and deep rapacious floods dire-bank'd with death;
and mountains in whose jaws Destruction grinned;
hunger and toil, Armenian snows and storms,
and circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouched,
their steady column pierced the scattering herds
which a whole empire poured, and held its way
triumphant, by the sage-exalted chief
fired and sustained. O light and force of mind,
almost almighty in severe extremes!
the sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
the soldiers' fond embrace; o'erflowed their eyes
with tender floods, and loosed the general voice
to cries resounding loud 'The sea! The sea!'

J. THOMSON

1097 *ORPHEUS*

HE sung what spirit thro' the whole mass is spread,
Every where all: how heavens God's laws approve
and think it rest eternally to move:
how the kind sun usefully comes and goes,
wants it himself, yet gives to man repose:
he sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,
whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain,
why the great waters her slight horns obey,
her changing horns not constanter than they:
he sung how grisly comets hung in air,
why swords and plagues attend their fatal hair,
God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far
to publish ill, and raise all earth to war:
what radiant pencil draws the watery bow,
what ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:
what palsy of the earth here shakes fixed hills
from off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.

Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,
and sometimes missed the cause, but sought it well.

A. COWLEY

1098

THE DOOM OF TANNHÄUSER

HE ended: and a bitter interval
of silence o'er the solemn hall congealed,
like frost on a waste water, in a place
where rocks confront each other. Marshalled round
black-bearded cheek and chin with hand on heft,
bent o'er the pommels of their planted swords,
a dreary cirque of faces ominous,
the sullen barons on each other stared
significant. As, ere the storm descends
upon a Druid grove, the great trees stand
looking one way, and stiller than their wont,
until the thunder rolling frees the wind
that rocks them altogether; even so,
that savage circle of grim-gnarled men,
awhile in silence storing stormy thoughts,
stood breathless; till a murmur moved them all,
and louder growing and louder bursts at last
to a universal irrepressible roar
of voices roaring 'Let him die the death!'

ANON.

1099

TANNHÄUSER

HE rose among the humbled rocks and leaned
against the dark. As one that many a year,
sundered by savage seas unsociable
from kin and country, in a desert isle
dwelling till half dishumanized, beholds
haply, one eve, a far-off sail go by
that brings old thoughts of home across his heart;
and still the man who thinks—'They are all gone,
or changed, that loved me once, and I myself
no more the same'—watches the dwindling speck
with weary eyes, nor shouts, nor waves a hand;
but after, when the night is left alone,
a sadness falls upon him, and he feels
more solitary in his solitudes,
and tears come starting fast: so, tearful, stood

Tannhäuser, whilst his melancholy thoughts,
from following up far-off a waning hope,
back to himself came, one by one, more sad
because of sadness troubled.

1100 *THESEUS MARCHING AGAINST CREON*

HE said no more, but shunning all delay
rode on; nor entered Athens on his way,
but left his sister and his queen behind,
and waved his royal banner in the wind:
where in an argent field the god of war
was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
red was his sword and shield and whole attire,
and all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
ev'n the ground glittered where the standard flew,
and the green grass was dyed to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
his Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:
the soldiers shout around with generous rage,
and in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour, inly pleased to see
his host the flower of Grecian chivalry:
all day he march'd; and all th' ensuing night,
and saw the city with returning light.

J. DRYDEN

1101 *EMILY ON MAY MORNING*

FRESH as the month, and as the morning fair:
adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
a ribband did the braided tresses bind,
the rest was loose, and wantoned in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chased the night,
and purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
when to the garden walk she took her way,
to sport and trip along in cool of day,
and offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At every turn, she made a little stand,
and thrust among the thorns her lily hand
to draw the rose, and every rose she drew
she shook the stalk, and brushed away the dew:
then party-coloured flowers of white and red
she wove, to make a garland for her head:

this done, she sung and carolled out so clear,
 that men and angels might rejoice to hear:
 ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing:
 and learned from her to welcome in the spring.

J. DRYDEN

1102

DANTE AND VIRGIL

HE answered me: 'Not man, a man I once was;
 and my parents were Lombards, and both of
 Mantua by country. I was born under Julius, though
 late; and lived at Rome beneath the good Augustus, in
 the time of the false and lying gods. A poet I was;
 and sang of the just son of Anchises, who came from
 Troy after proud Ilium was burnt. But thou, why
 returnest thou to such disquiet? why ascendest not the
 delectable mountain, which is the beginning and the
 cause of all gladness?' 'Art thou then that Virgil, and
 that fountain which pours abroad so rich a stream of
 speech?' I answered him, with bashful front 'O
 glory and light of other poets! may the long zeal
 avail thee, and the great love that made me search
 thy volume. Thou art my master and my author:
 thou alone art he from whom I took the good style
 that hath done me honour. See the beast for which I
 turned back. Help me from her, thou famous sage:
 for she makes my veins and pulses tremble.'

translated from DANTE

1103

PEACEFUL ENTERPRISE

O! is there not some patriot, in whose power
 that best, that godlike luxury is placed,
 of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 through late posterity? some, large of soul,
 to cheer dejected industry, to give
 a double harvest to the pining swain,
 and teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
 how, by the finest art, the native robe
 to weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 to form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
 how to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 defraud us of the glittering finny swarms

that heave our friths and crowd upon our shores;
 how all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 the prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe;
 and thus, in soul united as in name,
 bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

J. THOMSON

1104 *SATAN SURVEYING THE NEWLY-FORMED WORLD*

ROUND he surveys—and well might, where he
 stood
 so high above the circling canopy
 of night's extended shade—from eastern point
 of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
 he views in breadth, and without longer pause
 down right into the World's first region throws
 his flight precipitant, and winds with ease
 through the pure marble air his oblique way
 amongst innumerable stars, that shone
 stars distant, but nigh-hand seemed other worlds
 or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,
 like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
 fortunate fields and groves and flowery vales.

J. MILTON

1105 *ADAM'S REPLY TO THE PROMISES OF THE
 ANGEL MICHAEL*

GREATLY instructed I shall hence depart,
 greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;
 beyond which was my folly to aspire.
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
 and love with fear the only God, to walk
 as in his presence, ever to observe
 his providence, and on him sole depend,
 merciful over all his works, with good
 still overcoming evil, and by small
 accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak
 subverting worldly-strong and worldly-wise
 by simply-meek; that suffering for truth's sake

is fortitude to highest victory,
and, to the faithful, death the gate of life;
taught this by his example, whom I now
acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

J. MILTON

1106

MORTE D'ARTHUR

AND slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge;
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
and God fulfils himself in many ways,
lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
may He within himself make pure! but thou,
if thou shouldst never see my face again,
pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
that nourish a blind life within the brain,
if, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
both for themselves and those who call them friend?
for so the whole round earth is every way
bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

1107 But now farewell. I am going a long way
with these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(for all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
to the island-valley of Avilion;
where falls not rain or hail or any snow,
nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
and bowery hollows crowned with summer-sea,
where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
that, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
ruffles her pure cold plume and takes the flood
with swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
revolving many memories, till the hull
look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
and on the meer the wailing died away.

A. TENNYSON

1108

ON BIRDS

THE feathered husband, to his partner true,
 preserves connubial rites inviolate:
 with cold indifference every charm he sees,
 the milky whiteness of the stately neck,
 the shining down, proud crest, and purple wings:
 but cautious with a searching eye explores
 the female tribes, his proper mate to find,
 with kindred colours marked; did he not so,
 the grove with painted monsters would abound,
 the ambiguous product of unnatural love.
 The blackbird hence selects her sooty spouse;
 the nightingale, her musical compeer,
 lured by the well-known voice: the bird of night,
 smit with her dusky wings and greenish eyes,
 woos his dun paramour. The beauteous race
 speak the chaste loves of their progenitors;
 when, by the spring invited, they exult
 in woods and fields, and to the sun unfold
 their plumes, that with paternal colours glow.

J. ADDISON

1109 *REPLY OF JESUS WHEN TEMPTED BY SATAN
 WITH THE OFFER OF RICHES*

EXTOL not riches then, the toil of fools,
 the wise man's cumbrance, if not snare: more apt
 to slacken Virtue and abate her edge,
 than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
 What, if with like aversion I reject
 riches and realms! yet not, for that a crown,
 golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
 brings dangers troubles cares and sleepless nights
 to him who wears the regal diadem,
 when on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
 for therein stands the office of a king,
 his honour virtue merit and chief praise,
 that for the public all this weight he bears.
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
 passions desires and fears, is more a king;
 which every wise and virtuous man attains;

and who attains not, ill aspires to rule
 cities of men or headstrong multitudes,
 subject himself to anarchy within,
 or lawless passions in him which he serves.

J. MILTON

IIII

PHILOSOPHY

ALL these divine Philosophy explores,
 till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores:
 from these, descending to the earth, she turns,
 and matter in its various form discerns;
 she parts the beamy light with skill profound,
 metes the thin air and weighs the flying sound;
 'tis hers the lightning from the clouds to call,
 and teach the fiery mischief where to fall.
 Yet more her volumes teach—on these we look
 as abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book;
 here, first described, the torpid earth appears,
 and next the vegetable robe it wears;
 where flowery tribes in vallies fields and groves
 nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves—
 loves, where no grief nor joy nor bliss nor pain
 warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain.
 But as the green blood moves along the blade,
 the bed of Flora on the branch is made;
 where without passion love instinctive lives,
 and gives new life, unconscious that it gives.

E. DARWIN

IIII

DESCRIPTION OF AN INLAND STORM

NOR less at land the loosened tempest reigns:
 the mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 the dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 and, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
 what of its tarnished honours yet remain;
 dashed down and scattered by the tearing wind's
 assiduous fury its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove

the whirling tempest raves along the plain;
and, on the cottage thatch'd or lordly roof
keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
for entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burdened air,
long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
that, uttered by the Demon of the night,
warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

J. THOMSON

1112

THE TORRENT'S COURSE

AMID heaps
of mountain-wreck, on either side thrown high,
the wide-spread traces of its wintry might,
the tortuous channel wound: o'er beds of sand
here silently it flows; here from the rock
rebutted, curls and eddies; plunges here
precipitate; here roaring among crags,
it leaps and foams and whirls and hurries on.
Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid
the mossy side; their wreathed and knotted feet
bared by the current, now against its force
repaying the support they found, upheld
the bank secure. Here bending to the stream,
the birch fantastic stretched its rugged trunk,
tall and erect from whence, as from their base,
each like a tree, its silver branches grew:
and there the ash uplifts a lofty head,
and spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind
with twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
and shakes its rattling tufts.

R. SOUTHEY

1113

JOAN OF ARC

HIGH on her stately steed the martial maid
rode foremost of the war, her burnished arms
shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
runs glittering gaily to the noontide sun.
The foaming courser, of her guiding hand
impatient, smote the earth, and tossed his mane,

and reared aloft with many a forward bound,
 then answered to the rein with such a step
 as in submission he were proud to shew
 his spirit unsubdued. Slow on the air
 waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
 E'en such, so fair, so terrible in arms,
 Pelides moved from Scyros, where concealed
 he lay obedient to his mother's fears,
 a seemly damsel: thus the youth appeared
 terribly graceful, when upon his neck
 Deidameia hung, and with a look
 that spake the tumult of her troubled soul
 gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

†

R. SOUTHEY

III 4

THE ADVENT OF THE MESSIAH

NOR vain their hope; bright beaming thro' the
 sky
 burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high:
 earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
 and crowding nations drank the orient light.
 Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
 and bending Magi seek their infant king!
 Marked ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head,
 the dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
 Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
 clap the glad hand and lift the exulting voice!
 He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
 the haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest:
 not armed in flame, all glorious from afar,
 of hosts the chieftain and the lord of war:
 Messiah comes! let furious discord cease:
 be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
 disease and anguish feel his blest control,
 and howling fiends release the tortured soul:
 the beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
 and Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

R. HEBER

III 5

RUSTUM AND SOHRAB

AS when some hunter in the spring hath found
 a breeding eagle sitting on her nest,

upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
and pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
and followed her to find her where she fell
far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
from nunting, and a great way off descries
his huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
his pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
circles above his eyry, with loud screams
chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
in some far stony gorge out of his ken,
a heap of fluttering feathers: never more
shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
never the black and dripping precipices
echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—
as that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss—
so Rustom knew not his own loss, but stood
over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. ARNOLD

1116

THE DEATH OF SOHRAB

HE spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
the spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
his wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
came welling from the open gash, and life
flowed with the stream; all down his cold white side
the crimson torrent poured, dim now and soiled,
like the soiled tissue of white violets
left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
by romping children, whom their nurses call
from the hot fields at noon: his head drooped low,
his limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
white, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame,
convulsed him back to life, he opened them
and fixed them feebly on his father's face:
till now all strength was ebbd, and from his limbs
unwillingly the spirit fled away,
regretting the warm mansion which it left,
and youth and bloom and this delightful world.

M. ARNOLD

1117

THE VINTAGE

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 to vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
 where by the potent sun elated high
 the vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
 spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs
 profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks
 from cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame
 or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
 white o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 touched into flavour by the mingling ray,
 the rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
 exulting rove and speak the vintage night.
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 and foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
 that, by degrees fermented and refined,
 round the raised nations pours the cup of joy.

J. THOMSON

1118

CAUTION TO BRITAIN

TRUE, thou art rich, art powerful!—through thine
 isle
 industrious Skill, contented Labour, smile;
 far seas are studded with thy countless sails;
 what wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails!
 True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land
 in patriot ranks embattled myriads stand.
 But what avails to guard each outward part,
 if subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
 spite of thy courage, of thy power and wealth,
 mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?
 So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
 waves its broad arms and spreads its leafy pride,
 towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies
 its conscious strength the tempest's wrath defies:
 its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
 to its cool shade the panting herds repair.

The treacherous current works its noiseless way,
the fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
that shared its shelter perish in its fall.

G. CANNING

1119

SAPPHO

SHE lay among the myrtles on the cliff;
S above her glared the noon; beneath, the sea:
upon the white horizon Athos' peak
weltered in burning haze; all airs were dead;
the cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair;
the birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below
the lazy sea-weed glistened in the sun;
the lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings;
the lazy swell kept whispering up the ledge,
and sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest;
and Mother Earth watched by him as he slept,
and hushed her myriad children for awhile.
Beside her lay her lyre. She snatched the shell,
and waked wild music from its silver strings;
then tossed it sadly by.—'Ah, hush!' she cries
'dead offspring of the tortoise and the mine!
why mock my discords with thine harmonies?
although a thrice-Olympian lot be thine,
only to echo back in every tone
the moods of nobler natures than thine own.'

C. KINGSLEY

1120

CLOE HUNTING

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
a-hunting Cloe went; she lost her way,
and through the woods uncertain chanced to stray.
Apollo passing by beheld the maid,
and, 'Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn' he said
'the hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.'
Loud Cupid laughed to see the god's mistake;
and laughing cried 'Learn better, great divine,
to know thy kindred and to honour mine:
rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek,
or on Meander's bank or Latmus' peak.

But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know;
 she draws my arrows and she bends my bow;
 fair Thames she haunts and every neighbouring grove
 sacred to soft recess and gentle love.
 Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
 at the rough boar or chase the flying deer;
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
 at human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game.¹

M. PRIOR

1121

THE STYGIAN COUNCIL

THUS they their doubtful consultations dark
 ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief.
 As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
 ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
 heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
 scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower,
 if chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 the birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 firm concord holds, men only disagree
 of creatures rational, though under hope
 of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
 yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
 among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
 as if—which might induce us to accord—
 man had not hellish foci enow besides,
 that day and night for his destruction wait.

J. MILTON

1122

CADMUS AND HARMONIA

FAR, far from here,
 the Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
 among the green Illyrian hills: and there
 the sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
 and by the sea, and in the brakes.
 The grass is cool, the sea-side air
 buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
 more virginal and sweet than ours.
 And there, they say, two bright and aged Snakes,

who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,
in breathless quiet, after all their ills.
Nor do they see their country, nor the place
where the Sphinx lived among the frowning hills,
nor the unhappy palace of their race,
nor Thebes nor the Ismenus, any more.

There those two live, far in the Illyrian brakes.
They had stayed long enough to see,
in Thebes, the billow of calamity
over their own dear children rolled,
curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
for years, they sitting helpless in their home,
a grey old man and woman: yet of old
the gods had to their marriage come,
and at the banquet all the Muses sang.

Therefore they did not end their days
in sight of blood; but were rapt, far away,
to where the west wind plays,
and murmurs of the Adriatic come
to those untrodden mountain lawns: and there
placed safely in changed forms, the pair
wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
and all that Theban woe, and stray
for ever through the glens, placid and dumb.

M. ARNOLD

1123

THE POWER OF MIND

MIND, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
the living fountains in itself contains
of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
sit paramount the Graces; here enthroned
celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
of planets suns and adamantine spheres,
wheeling unshaken through the void immense:
and speak, O man! does this capacious scene
with half that kindling majesty dilate
thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm

aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
 when guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
 on Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 and bade the father of his country 'hail!
 for lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 and Rome again is free!'

M. AKENSIDE

1124 *THE COUNCIL OF THE INFERNAL PEERS IN
 PANDEMONIUM*

AS bees,
 in spring-time when the sun with Taurus rides,
 pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 in clusters; they, among fresh dews and flowers,
 fly to and fro, or on the smoothéd plank,
 the suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 new rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
 their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd
 swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
 behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
 in bigness to surpass earth's giant-sons,
 now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room
 throng numberless, like that pygmean race
 beyond the Indian mount, or faery elves
 whose midnight revels, by a forest side
 or fountain, some belated peasant sees
 or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
 intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 at once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

J. MILTON

1125 *CONTEMPLATION IN A SOLEMN GROVE*

A VOICE, than human more, the abstracted ear
 of fancy strikes:—'Be not of us afraid,
 poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
 from the same Parent-power our beings drew,
 the same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 Once, some of us, like thee, through stormy life

toiled, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 this holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 where purity and peace immingle charms.
 Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 amid these dim recesses, undisturbed
 by noisy folly and discordant vice,
 of nature sing with us, and nature's God.
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 when musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 and voices chanting from the wood-crowned hill
 the deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
 a privilege bestowed by us alone,
 on contemplation, or the hallowed ear
 of poet, swelling to seraphic strain.'

J. THOMSON

1126

MYCERINUS

SO spake he, half in anger, half in scorn:
 and one loud cry of grief and of amaze
 broke from his sorrowing people: so he spake;
 and turning, left them there; and with brief pause,
 girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way
 to the cool region of the groves he loved.
 There by the river-banks he wandered on,
 from palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
 their smooth tops shining sunwards and beneath
 burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers:
 where in one dream the feverish time of Youth
 might fade in slumber, and the feet of Joy
 might wander all day long and never tire:
 here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,
 rose-crowned; and ever, when the sun went down,
 a hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
 from tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove
 revealing all the tumult of the feast,
 while the deep-burnished foliage overhead
 splintered the silver arrows of the moon.

M. ARNOLD

1127

THE GOLDEN YEAR

WE sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move:
 the Sun flies forward to his brother Sun;
 the dark Earth follows, wheeled in her ellipse;

and human things returning on themselves
move onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,
are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
and slow and sure comes up the golden year.
When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
but smit with frëer light shall slowly melt
in many streams to fatten lower lands,
and light shall spread, and man be liker man
through all the seasons of the golden year.
Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
if all the world were falcons, what of that?
the wonder of the eagle were the less,
but he not less the eagle. Happy days
roll onward, leading up the golden year.

A. TENNYSON

THE stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
he ranged the branching monarch of the shade,
before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
he sprightly puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
gives all his swift aërial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
to leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
he bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
and plunges deep into the wildest wood:
if slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
hot-steaming up behind him come again
the inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
the glades, mild opening to the golden day;
where in kind contest with his butting friends
he wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
to lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarmed,
with selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

J. THOMSON

1129

ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO

SAD night at once, with all her deep-dyed shades,
falls black and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense
and terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
imploring heaven with supplicating hands
and streaming eyes, in mute amazement fixed,
yon peopled city stands; each saddened face
turned toward the hill of fears: and hark! once more
the rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
rebounding horrible, with all the roar
of winds and seas. Meanwhile the labouring mount
is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
a mighty river, burning in prone waves,
that glimmer through the night, to yonder plain,
resistless. Villages and woods and rocks
fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
rose fair, where harvest waved in all its pride,
and where the vineyard spread her purple store,
lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

D. MALLET

1130 *THE STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED*

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
fair Sacharissa loved, but loved in vain:
like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy;
with numbers he the flying Nymph pursues;
with numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
such is the chase, when love and fancy leads
o'er craggy mountains and thro' flowery meads,
invoked to testify the lover's care,
or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer
o'er these he fled; and now approaching near
had reached the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
whom all his charms could not incline to stay.

Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
 all, but the Nymph that should redress his wrong,
 attend his passion and approve his song.
 Like Phoebus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 he caught at love, and filled his arms with bays.

E. WALLER

1131

MESSIAH—A SACRED ECLOGUE

RAPT into future times, the bard begun,
 'A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 from Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
 the ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 and on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens, from high the dewy nectar pour,
 and in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 the sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 from storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crime shall cease and ancient fraud shall fail;
 returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 and white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 see Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 with all the incense of the breathing spring:
 see lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 see nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 see spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 and Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies.

1132 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 prepare the way! a GOD, a GOD appears:
 a GOD! a GOD! the vocal hills reply,
 the rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise;
 with heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
 the Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold!
 hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
 he from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 and on the sightless eyeball pour the day;

'tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
and bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
the dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
and leap exulting like the bounding roe.

No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
from every face he wipes off every tear:
in adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
and Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

- 1133 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
by day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
the tender lambs he raises in his arms,
feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
the promised Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
the brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
but useless lances into scythes shall bend,
and the proud falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
these vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
and the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.

- 1134 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
and starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
new falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
the green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods:
waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
the spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
the leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
and odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
and boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
the steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
and harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
the crested basilisk and speckled snake;

pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
and with their forked tongues shall innocently play.

1135 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
see, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
see future sons and daughters yet unborn
in crowding ranks on every side arise,
demanding life, impatient for the skies;
see thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
and heaped with products of Sabea springs!
for thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
and seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
and break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
but lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
one tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
o'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine
revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
the seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
but fixed his word, his saving power remains:
thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

A. POPE

1136

REFLECTIONS UPON LIFE

A FLOWER, that does with opening morn arise,
and flourishing the day, at evening dies;
a winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
the ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
a fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly;
a meteor shooting from the summer sky;
a bowl adown the bending mountain rolled;
a bubble breaking, and a fable told;
a noontide shadow, and a midnight dream
are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
our earthly course: but, O my soul, so fast
must life run off, and death for ever last?
say, shall our relics second birth receive?
sleep we to wake and only die to live?

lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,
the spirit only from the body fled,
the grosser part of heat and motion void,
to be by fire or worm or time destroyed?
the soul, immortal substance, to remain
conscious of joy and capable of pain?

M. PRIOR

1137

MAN'S VAIN CONFIDENCE

GR^EAT Heav'n! how frail thy creature man is
made!

how by himself insensibly betrayed!
in our own strength unhappily secure,
too little cautious of the adverse power;
and by the blast of self-opinion moved,
we wish to charm, and seek to be beloved.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
masters as yet of our returning way;
seeing no danger we disarm our mind,
and give our conduct to the waves and wind:
then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
to wanton dalliance negligently laid,
we weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
and smiling see the nearer waters roll,
till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
and swift into the boundless ocean borne,
our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
round our devoted heads the billows beat,
and from our troubled view the lessened lands retreat.

M. PRIOR

1138

THE GIANTS BEFORE THE FLOOD

WH^EN war,—that self-inflicted scourge of man,
his boldest crime and bitterest curse,—began;
as lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
and terrible as torrents in their fall,
headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards
hurled,
these men of prey laid waste the eastern world;
they taught their tributary hordes to wield
the sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown field,

with strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
 glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
 whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
 and stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
 Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turned,
 in kindred breasts unnatural hatred burned;
 brother met brother in the lists of strife,
 the son lay lurking for the father's life;
 with rabid instinct, men who never knew
 each other's face before, each other slew;
 all tribes, all nations, learned the fatal art,
 and every hand was armed to pierce a heart.

- 1139 Nor man alone the giants' might subdued;
 the camel, weaned from quiet solitude,
 grazed round their camps, or, slow along the road,
 midst marching legions bore the servile load.
 With flying forelock and dishevelled mane,
 they caught the wild steed prancing o'er the plain,
 for war or pastime reined his fiery force;
 fleet as the wind he stretched along the course,
 or, loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
 with hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
 The enormous elephant obeyed their will,
 and, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,
 roared for the battle, when he felt the goad,
 and his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
 through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
 and writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

J. MONTGOMERY

1140 *THE NATIVES OF THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS*

IN placid indolence supinely blest,
 a feeble race these beauteous isles possessed;
 untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskilled,
 their patrimonial soil they rudely tilled,
 chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
 insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
 sheltered in lowly huts their fragile forms
 from burning suns and desolating storms;
 or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
 in light canoes they skimmed the rippling seas:
 their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
 no parted joys, no future pains, they knew,

the passing moment all their bliss or care;
such as their sires had been the children were,
from age to age; as waves upon the tide
of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

J. MONTGOMERY

1141

THE HERMIT

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
from youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
the moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
his food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
remote from men, with God he passed his days,
prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
that Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
this sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
his hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
and all the tenour of his soul is lost:
so when a smooth expanse receives imprest
calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
and skies beneath with answering colours glow:
but if a stone the gentle sea divide,
swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
and glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
banks trees and skies in thick disorder run.

1142 To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
to find if books or swains report it right,
(for yet by swains alone the world he knew,
whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
he quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
and fixed the scallop in his hat before;
then with the sun a rising journey went,
sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
and long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
but when the southern sun had warmed the day,
a youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
his raiment decent, his complexion fair,
and soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.

Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;
 and hail, my son! the reverend sire replied:
 words followed words, from question answer flowed,
 and talk of various kinds deceived the road;
 till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
 while in their age they differ, join in heart:
 thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

T. PARNELL

1143 *THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA'S PALACE OF ICE*

No forest fell

when thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
 to enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
 and make thy marble of the glassy wave.

In such a palace Aristæus found
 Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
 of his lost bees to her maternal ear.

In such a palace Poetry might place
 the armoury of winter; where his troops,
 the gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
 skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
 no sound of hammer or of saw was there:
 ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts

were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
 than water interfused to make them one.

Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
 illumined every side: a watery light
 gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
 another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen
 from heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.

W. COWPER

1144 *THE HEAVENLY SYSTEM*

LO! as a giant strong the lusty sun
 multiplied rounds in one great round does run;
 twofold his course, yet constant his career,
 changing the day, and finishing the year.
 Again when his descending orb retires,
 and earth perceives the absence of his fires,

the moon affords us her alternate ray,
and with kind beams distributes fainter day,
yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet shining in its proper sphere
does with just speed his radiant voyage steer:
each sees his lamp with different lustre crowned:
each knows his course with different periods bound;
and, in his passage through the liquid space,
nor hastens nor retards his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays?
does innate lustre gild their measured days?
or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
dart furtive beams, and glory not their own,
all servants to that source of light the sun?

M. PRIOR

1145 *THE MESSIAH IN THE CHARIOT OF GOD*

SO said he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
from the right hand of glory where he sat;
and the sacred morn began to shine,
dawning through heaven. Forth rushed with whirl-
wind-sound
the chariot of Paternal Deity
flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel, undrawn,
itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
by four cherubic shapes. Four faces each
had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
and wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
of beryl, and careering fires between;
over their heads a crystal firmament,
whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
amber and colours of the showery arch.
He in celestial panoply all armed
of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
ascended; at his right hand Victory
sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow
and quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored,
and from about him fierce effusion rolled
of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.

J. MILTON

1146 THE TRANSFORMATION OF A CREW OF PIRATES
INTO DOLPHINS BY DIONYSUS

Οἶνος μὲν πρῶτιστα θοὴν ἀνὰ νῆα μέλαιναν
 ἠδύποτος κελάρυζ' εὐώδης, ὥρνυτο τ' ὁδμῇ
 ἄμβροσιν· ναύτας δὲ τάφος λάβε πάντας ἰδόντας.
 αὐτίκα δ' ἀκρίτατον παρὰ ἱστίον ἐξετανύσθη
 ἄμπελος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, κατεκρημνῶντο δὲ πολλοὶ
 βότρυες· ἄμφ' ἱστὸν δὲ μέλας εἰλίσσεται κισσὸς
 ἄνθεσι τηλεθάων, χαρίεις δ' ἐπὶ καρπὸς ὀρώρει·
 πάντες δὲ σκαλμοὶ στεφάνους ἔχον. οἱ δὲ ἰδόντες
 νῆ' ἤδη τότ' ἔπειτα κυβερνήτην ἐκέλευον
 γῇ πελάαν. ὁ δ' ἄρα σφί λέων γένετ' ἔνδοθι νηὸς
 δεινὸς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης, μέγα δ' ἔβραχεν· ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσση
 ἄρκτον ἐποίησεν λασιαύχενα, σήματα φαίνων·
 ἂν δ' ἔστη μεμαυῖα, λεῶν δ' ἐπὶ σέλματος ἄκρου
 δεινὸν ὑπόδρα ἰδών. οἱ δ' ἐς πρύμνην ἐφόβηθεν,
 ἄμφι κυβερνήτην δὲ σαόφρονα θυμὸν ἔχοντα
 ἔσταν ἄρ' ἐκπληγέστες· ὁ δ' ἐξαπίνης ἐπορούσας
 ἄρχον ἔλ', οἱ δὲ θύραζε κάκον μόρον ἐξαλύοντες
 πάντες ὁμῶς πῆδησαν, ἐπεὶ ἴδον, εἰς ἅλα δῖαν,
 δελφῖνες δ' ἐγένοντο· κυβερνήτην δ' ἐλεήσας
 ἔσχεθε καὶ μιν ἔθηκε πανόλβιον, εἰπέ τε μῦθον
 'Θάρσει, διὲ κάτωρ, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ.'

HOMERIC HYMN

1147

A LAMENT FOR CHAUCER

THE god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
 who taught mee homely, as I can, to make:
 hee, whilst hee lived, was the soveraigne head
 of shepherds all that bene with love ytake:
 well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake
 the flames which love within his heart had bredd,
 and tell us merry tales to keepe us wake,
 the while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
 (O why should Death on him such outrage shewe?)
 and all his passing skill with him is fledde,
 the fame whereof doth daylie greater growe.

But, if on mee some little drops would flowe
of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe,
and teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaintes, causde of discourtesee,
as messengers of this my painfull plight,
flye to my love where ever that shee bee,
and pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
as shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.

E. SPENSER

1148

THE LADY OF THE LEAF

SHE in the midst began with sober grace;
her servants' eyes were fixed upon her face;
and as she moved or turned, her motions viewed,
her measures kept and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
with more of godhead shining in her face;
and as in beauty she surpassed the quire,
so nobler than the rest was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold enclosed her brow,
plain without pomp and rich without a show:
a branch of *Agnus castus* in her hand
she bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
admired, adored by all the circling crowd,
for wheresoe'er she turned her face, they bowed:
and as she danced, a roundelay she sung
in honour of the laurel ever young:
she raised her voice on high, and sung so clear,
the fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
and all the bending forest lent an ear:
at every close she made, the attending throng
replied, and bore the burden of the song:
so just, so small, yet in so sweet a note
it seemed the music melted in the throat

J. DRYDEN

1149

THE SIXTH DAY'S CREATION

THE earth obeyed and straight,
opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
limbed and full grown: out of the ground uprose,
as from his lair, the wild beast where he wons

in forest wild, in thicket, brake or den
 —among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked—
 the cattle in the fields and meadows green:
 those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
 The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
 the tawny lion, pawing to get free
 his hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
 and rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
 the libbard, and the tiger, as the mole,
 rising the crumbled earth above them threw
 in hillocks: the swift stag from underground
 bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
 his vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 as plants: ambiguous between sea and land
 the river-horse and scaly crocodile.

J. MILTON

1150

KNOLL HILLS

WHAT cliff's projected brow, what cave's retreat,
 what bower shall hide me from the summer's
 heat?

my indolence the sheltered vale approves;
 the tuneful streams, the deep-embosomed groves.
 Beneath cool steep, in loftiest wood arrayed,
 place and protect me with extended shade.
 This was my wish—Fate's pleasing gift—a farm
 not unadorned in rural beauty's charm;
 a garden, clean, though guiltless of parterre,
 a sylvan shade o'erspread—a fountain near,
 whence fresh distilled perpetual water glides,
 whose glistening path its verdant slope divides;
 trees o'er the gentle precipice incline
 their social tops, no creatures of design,
 roofed by no art a pendent canopy.
 Swift through that slope arcade my raptured eye
 ascends to yonder hill's majestic round,
 where tufted saplings grace the landscape's bound,
 sleek to the sun their gilded leaf display,
 or to the winds reveal his latent ray;
 his influence pierces the meridian maze,
 cheered by his gleam, but sheltered from his blaze.

N. HARDINGE

1151

SICILY

CHILD of the mountains, among shepherds reared,
 I learnt to dream of Sicily; and lo,
 a pleasant promise, wafted from her shores,
 comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
 her seas yet smiling, her once happy vales;
 nor can my tongue give utterance to a name
 of note belonging to that honoured isle,
 that doth not yield a solace to my grief:
 and, O Theocritus, so far have some
 prevailed among the powers of heaven and earth,
 by their endowments, good or great, that they
 have had, as thou reportest, miracles
 wrought for them in old time: yea, not unmoved,
 when thinking on my own beloved friend,
 I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
 divine Comates, by his impious lord
 within a chest imprisoned; how they came
 laden from blooming grove or flowery field,
 and fed him there, alive, month after month,
 because the goatherd, blessed man! had lips
 wet with the Muses' nectar.

W. WORDSWORTH

1152

SATURN—THEA—HYPERION

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
 sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 still as the silence round about his lair;
 forest on forest hung about his head
 like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 not so much life as on a summer's day
 robs not one light seed from the feathered grass;
 but where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 by reason of his fallen divinity
 spreading a shade: the Naiad mid her reeds
 pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
 Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
 no farther than to where his steps had strayed,
 and slept there since. Upon the sodden ground

his old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 while his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
 his ancient mother for some comfort yet.

1153 It seemed no force could wake him from his place,
 but there came one, who with a kindred hand
 touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
 with reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a goddess of the infant world;
 by her in stature the tall Amazon
 had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
 or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 as if calamity had but begun;
 as if the vanward clouds of evil days
 had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 was with its stored thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
 the other upon Saturn's bended neck
 she laid, and to the level of his ear
 leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 in solemn tenour and deep organ tone:

1154 'Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
 I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
 I cannot say 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
 for heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
 and ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 has from thy sceptre passed; and all the air
 is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
 Thy thunder conscious of the new command,
 rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
 and thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands,
 scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O aching time! O moments big as years!
 all as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
 and press it so upon our weary griefs
 that unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on:—O thoughtless, why did I
 thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?

why should I ope thy melancholy eyes?

Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

1155 Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
more sorrow like to this and such like woe,
too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe:
the Titans fierce, self-hid or prison-bound,
groaned for the old allegiance once more,
and listened in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
his sovereignty and rule and majesty;
blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire
still sat, still snuffed the incense, teeming up
from man to the sun's God, yet unsecure:
for horrors, portioned to a giant's nerve,
oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
and touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
arches and domes and fiery galleries:
and all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
flushed angerly: while sometimes eagles' wings,
unseen before by gods or wondering men,
darkened the place: and neighing steeds were heard,
nor heard before by gods or wondering men.

1156 Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
instead of sweets, his ample palate took
savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
and so, when harboured in the sleepy west,
after the full completion of fair day,
for rest divine upon exalted couch,
and slumber in the arms of melody,
he paced away the pleasant hours of ease
with stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
while far within each aisle and deep recess
his winged minions in close clusters stood,
amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
when earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
came slope upon the threshold of the west:

then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
in smothered silence, save what solemn tubes,
blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
and wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies.

- 1157 He entered, but he entered full of wrath;
his flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,
and gave a roar as if of earthly fire,
that scared away the meek ethereal Hours
and made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
from stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
and diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,
until he reached the great main cupola:
there standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
and from the basements deep to the high towers
jarred his own golden region:—
'Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
am I to leave this haven of my rest,
this cradle of my glory, this soft clime?
The blaze, the splendour and the symmetry
I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
the shady visions come to domineer,
insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp—
Fall!—No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
shall scare that infant Thunderer, rebel Jove,
and bid old Saturn take his throne again.'

J. KEATS

1158

THE FALLEN TITANS' HOME

JUST at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
and Saturn gained with Thea that sad place
where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourned.
It was a den where no insulting light
could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
they felt but heard not, for the solid roar
of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed

1159 Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
and sidelong fixed her eye on Saturn's face:
there saw she direst strife: the supreme god
at war with all the frailty of grief,
of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
As with us mortal men, the laden heart
is persecuted more and fevered more,
when it is nighing to the mournful house
where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
so Saturn, as he walked into the midst,
felt faint and would have sunk among the rest,
but that he met Enceladus' eye,
whose mightiness and awe of him at once
came like an inspiration; and he shouted
'Titans, behold your God!' at which some groaned
some started on their feet; some also shouted;
some wept, some wailed; all bowed with reverence:
and Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
showed her pale cheeks and all her forehead wan,
her eyebrows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.

1160 SATURN'S SPEECH TO THE TITANS

35

not in the legends of the first of days,
 can I find reason why ye should be thus;—
 no, nowhere can unriddle, though I search,
 and pore on Nature's universal scroll
 even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
 the first-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,
 should cower beneath what, in comparison,
 is untremendous might. Tell me, ye gods,
 how we can war, how engine our great wrath!
 O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
 is all a-hungered. Thou, Oceanus,
 ponderest high and deep: and in thy face
 I see, astonished, that severe content
 which comes of thought and musing: give us help.
 So ended Saturn; and the God of the Sea,
 sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
 but cogitation in his watery shades,
 arose, with locks not oozy, and began
 in murmurs which his first endeavouring tongue
 caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.

1161

OCEANUS' SPEECH TO THE TITANS

'O YE, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung
 writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
 shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
 my voice is not a bellows unto ire.
 As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
 than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
 and as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
 in form and shape compact and beautiful,
 so on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
 a power more strong in beauty, born of us
 and fated to excel us, as we pass
 in glory that old Darkness: nor are we
 thereby more conquered than by us the rule
 of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
 quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed
 and feedeth still, more comely than itself?
 can it deny the chieftom of green groves?
 or shall the tree be envious of the dove
 because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
 to wander wherewithal and find its joys?

1162 We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
but eagles golden-feathered, who do tower
above us in their beauty, and must reign
in right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
that first in beauty should be first in might:
yea, by that law, another race may drive
our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
my disposessor? have ye seen his face?
have ye beheld his chariot, foamed along
by noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
with such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
that it enforced me to bid sad farewell
to all my empire: farewell sad I took,
and hither came, to see how dolorous fate
had wrought upon ye: and how I might best
give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.'

J. KEATS

1163

THE PRIDE OF KNOWLEDGE

GO, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
weigh thy opinion against Providence;
call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
say 'Here He gives too little, there too much.'
destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
yet cry 'If man's unhappy, God's unjust';
if man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
alone made perfect here, immortal there:
snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
all quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
earth for whose use! Pride answers 'Tis for mine:
for me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
for me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
for me health gushes from a thousand springs;

seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
my footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

A. POPE

1164

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

YE faithful few, by bold affection led,
who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
not for His sake your tearful vigils keep:
weep for your country, for your children weep!
—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood:
roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
the bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah raged, beloved of heaven no more,
with steamy carnage drunk, and social gore;
he saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
and war without, and death within the wall.
Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
and dire debate, and clamorous strife were there:
love, strong as death, retained his might no more,
and the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who wont to roam the ensanguined plain,
and spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
e'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
to their loved altars paid a parting groan,
and in their country's woes forgot their own.

R. HEBER

1165

EVENING IN PARADISE

SO promised he; and Uriel to his charge
returned on that bright beam, whose point now
raised
bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen
beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
incredible how swift, had thither rolled
diurnal, or this less volubil earth,
by shorter flight to the east, had left him there,
arraying with reflected purple and gold
the clouds that on his western throne attend
Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
had in her sober livery all things clad;

silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
they to their grassy couch, these to their nests
were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
she all night long her amorous descant sung;
silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
with livid sapphire; Hesperus, that led
the starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
rising in clouded majesty, at length
apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

J. MILTON

1166 *PANDEMONIUM, THE PALACE OF SATAN*

ANON out of the earth a fabric huge
rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
built like a temple, where pilasters round
were set and Doric pillars overlaid
with golden architrave; nor did there want
cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
the roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
nor great Alcairo such magnificence
equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
in wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
stood, fixed her stately highth, and straight the doors
opening their brazen folds discover wide
within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
and level pavement. From the arched roof
pendent, by subtle magic, many a row
of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
with naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
as from a sky.

J. MILTON

1167

FAME

ALAS what boots it with incessant care
to tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
and strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
to sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 —the last infirmity of noble mind—
 to scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 but the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 and think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 and slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise'
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears.
 'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 nor in the glistening foil
 set-off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 but lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 and perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 as he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.'

J. MILTON

1168 *KING ARTHUR AND QUEEN GUINEVERE*

BUT when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
 and moving thro' the past unconsciously,
 now grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
 there rode an armed warrior to the doors.
 A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
 then on a sudden a cry 'The King.' She sat
 stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet
 thro' the long gallery from the outer door
 rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
 and grovelled with her face against the floor:
 there with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair
 she made her face a darkness from the King:
 and in the darkness heard his armed feet
 pause by her: then came silence, then a voice,
 monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
 denouncing judgment, but tho' changed the King's.
 'Liest thou here so low, the child of one
 I honoured, happy, dead before thy shame?
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword and fire,
 red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 the craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
 of heathen swarming o'er the Northern sea.

1169 Fear not; thou shalt be guarded till my death:
 howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
 have erred not, that I march to meet my doom.

Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
 that I the King should greatly care to live;
 for thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
 But think not, tho' thou would'st not love thy lord,
 thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee:
 I am not made of so slight elements.
 Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
 I hold that man the worst of public foes
 who either for his own or children's sake,
 to save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
 whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
 for being thro' his cowardice allowed
 her station, taken everywhere for pure,
 she like a new disease, unknown to men,
 creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
 makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
 the fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
 with devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
 Worst of the worst, were that man he that reigns!
 Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
 than thou resealed in thy place of light,
 the mockery of my people and their bane.

A. TENNYSON

1170

OENONE

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
 than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
 The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
 puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
 and loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
 the lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
 hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
 the long brook falling through the cloven ravine
 in cataract after cataract to the sea.
 Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
 stands up and takes the morning: but in front
 the gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
 Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
 the crown of Troas. Hither came at noon
 mournful Oenone, wandering forlorn
 of Paris, once her playmate on the hills:
 her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
 floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
 She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,

sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

1171 'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,

dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.

They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
my dark tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
high over the blue gorge, and all between
the snowy peak and snow-white cataract
fostered the callow eaglet—from beneath
whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
the panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
low in the valley. Never, never more
shall lone Oenone see the morning mist
sweep through them; never see them overlaid
with narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

O mother, hear me yet before I die.

I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
among the fragments tumbled from the glens
or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
the Abominable, that uninvited came
into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall
and cast the golden fruit upon the board,
and bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
and tell her to her face how much I hate
her presence, hated both of Gods and men.'

A. TENNYSON

1172

VENICE

NOR be the then triumphant state forgot,
the seeming god-built city, which my hand
deep in the bosom fixed of wondering seas.
Astonished mortals sailed, with pleasing awe,
around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenced,
and down the briny street; where on each hand,
amazing seen amid unstable waves,
the splendid palace shines, and rising tides,
the green steps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's stormy gulf,
the mart of nations, long obedient seas
rolled all the treasure of the radiant East.
But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse,
each subject tearing, many tyrants rose:
the least the proudest:—joined in dark cabal,

they jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
the softer shackles of luxurious ease
they likewise added, to secure their sway.
Thus Venice fainter shines; and Commerce thus,
of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.

J. THOMSON

1173

THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT

I DO remember me, that in my youth,
I when I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
the trees which grew along the broken arches
waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
the watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
more near from out the Cæsars' palace came
the owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
of distant sentinels the fitful song
begun and died upon the gentle wind.

——Where the Cæsars dwelt,
and dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
a grove which springs through levelled battlements,
and twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
but the gladiator's bloody Circus stands,
a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
while Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

LORD BYRON

1174

HENRY TO EMMA

BUT canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
those limbs, in lawn and softest silk arrayed,
from sunbeams guarded and of winds afraid,
can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
the parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When chilled by adverse snows and beating rain,
we tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
when with hard toil we seek our evening food,
berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood;
and find among the cliffs no other house,
but the thin covert of some gathered boughs,

wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (though then, alas! that trial be too late)
 to find thy father's hospitable gate,
 and seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?
 those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn,
 that gate, for ever barred to thy return;
 wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 and hate a banished man, condemned in woods to rove?

M. PRIOR

1175

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

BUT thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
 by lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds
 which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 and mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
 the lovely shades and sounds intelligible
 of that eternal language which thy God
 utters, who from eternity doth teach
 himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
 thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
 Therefore, all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 whether the summer clothe the general earth
 with greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 betwixt the tuft of snow on the bare branch
 of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
 heard only in the trances of the blast,
 or if the secret ministry of frost
 shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 quietly shining to the quiet moon.

S. T. COLERIDGE

1176

LET US LOVE

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
 alone on a wide wide sea:
 so lonely 'twas, that God himself
 scarce seemed there to be.
 Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'tis sweeter far to me,
 to walk together to the kirk
 with a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
and all together pray;
while each to his great Father bends,
old men and babes, and loving friends,
and youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
to thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
he prayeth well, who loveth well
both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
all things both great and small;
for the dear God who loveth us,
he made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE

1177 *DESCRIPTION OF A WINTER'S EVEI'ING*

THE wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
with blustering blasts had all ybared the treen;
and old Saturnus with his frosty face
with chilling colde had pierced the tender green,
the mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
the gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
the tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
and soot-fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's queen
had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;
and small fowls, flocking, in their songs did rue
the winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced
in woful wise bewayled the summer past;

hawthorn had lost his motley 'livery,
the naked twigs were shivering all for cold;
and, dropping down the tears abundantly,
each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
the cruel season, bidding me withhold
myself within, for I was gotten out
into the fields whereas I walk about.

T. SACKVILE

1178 *NATURE MYTHOLOGIZED BY THE GREEKS*

IN that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 on the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 with music lulled his indolent repose:
 and in some fit of weariness, if he,
 when his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 a distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
 even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
 a beardless Youth, who touched a golden lute
 and filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 that timely light, to share his joyous sport:
 and hence, a beaming goddess with her nymphs,
 across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
 not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 by echo multiplied from rock or cave,
 swept in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
 glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 when winds are blowing strong.

W. WORDSWORTH

1179 *DESCRIPTION OF A CREEK*

BETWEENE two rockes, (immortall, without mother,)
 that stand as if out-facing one another,
 there ran a creeke up, intricate and blinde,
 as if the waters hid them from the winde,
 which never washed, but at a higher tyde,
 the frizled coates which doe the mountaines hide;
 where never gale was longer knowne to stay
 than from the smooth wave it had swept away
 the new-divorced leaves, that from each side
 left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde.
 At further end the creeke, a stately wood
 gave a kinde shadow to the brackish flood
 made up of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
 than that sky-scaling pike of Tenerife,

upon whose tops the hernesheew bred her young,
and hoary mosse upon their branches hung;
whose rugged ryndes sufficient were to show,
without their height, what time they 'gan to grow,
and if dry eld by wrinckled skinne appeares,
none could allot them lesse than Nestor's yeares,
as under their command the thronged creeke
ran lessened up.

W. BROWNE

1180 *REASON INSTRUCTED BY INSTINCT IN THE
INVENTION OF ARTS AND IN THE FORMS OF SOCIETY*

SEE him from nature rising slow to art!
to copy instinct then was reason's part:
thus then to man the voice of nature spake:—
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;
learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
learn from the beasts the physick of the field;
thy arts of building from the bee receive;
learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
learn of the little nautilus to sail,
spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
and hence let reason, late, instruct mankind:
here subterranean works and cities see;
there towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
the ants' republic and the realm of bees;
how those in common all their wealth bestow,
and anarchy without confusion know;
and these for ever, though a monarch reign,
their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.'

A. POPE

1181 *LOVE*

WHAT art thou, Love? thou great, mysterious
thing!
from what hid stock does thy strange nature spring?
'tis thou that mov'st the world through every part,
and hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start

from the due place and office first ordained :
 by thee were all things made and are sustained.
 How is the loadstone, Nature's subtle pride,
 by the rude iron wooed and made a bride?
 how was the weapon wounded? what hid flame
 the strong and conquering metal overcame?
 Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;
 he feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.
 Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
 why does that twining plant the oak embrace,
 the oak for courtship most of all unfit,
 and rough as are the winds that fight with it?
 how does the absent pole the needle move?
 how does his cold and ice beget hot love?
 which are the wings of lightness to ascend?
 or why does weight to the centre downwards bend?
 Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,
 and seldom we, they never know the cause.

A. COWLEY

1182

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT

WHEN the gay sun first breaks the shades of
 night,
 and strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
 colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
 and a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 the blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
 and grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
 the barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 and a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
 the trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 but weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
 no distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies,
 yet still even now, while darkness clothes the land,
 we view the traces of the Almighty hand;
 millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
 and with new glories hang the boundless sphere:

the silver moon her western couch forsakes,
and o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
and to the world her borrowed light repays.

J. GAY

1183

IONA

ONE isle! though storms have round thy turrets
rode,
though their red shafts have seared thy marble brow,
thou wert the temple of the living God,
and taught earth's millions at his shrine to bow.
Though desolation wraps thy glories now,
still thou wilt be a marvel through all time
for what thou hast been; and the dead who rot
around the fragments of thy towers sublime
once taught the world, and swayed the realm of thought,
and ruled the warriors of each northern clime.
Around thee sleeps the blue sky; and the sun
laughs—and will laugh for aye on thy decay:
thou'rt in the world like some benighted one—
home of the mighty—that have passed away!
a thousand years upon the world have done
dreadful destruction! yet a happier day
once blessed thy sacred mansions—and the ray
of Christianity blazed forth, and won
the Druid from his darkness; from thee ran
that fire which lit creation in her youth,
that turned the wandering savage into Man,
and showed him the omnipotence of Truth.

T. MOORE

1184

ADAM'S VISION FROM THE MOUNT

HE looked, and saw wide territory spread
before him, towns, and rural works between,
cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
single or in array of battle ranged,
both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;

one way a band select from forage drives
 a herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
 from a fat meadow ground, or fleecy flock,
 ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,
 their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
 but call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
 where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
 with carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,
 deserted. Others to a city strong
 lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale and mine
 assaulting; others from the wall defend
 with dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire;
 on each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

J. MILTON

1185

THE ISLAND OF VENUS

NO tree that is of count in greenewood growes,
 from lowest juniper to cedar tall,
 no flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 and deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
 but there was planted or grew naturall:
 nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 but there mote find to please it selfe withall:
 nor hart could wish for any queint device,
 but there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

Fresh shadowes fit to shroud from sunny ray;
 faire lawnds to take the sunne in season dew;
 sweet springs in which a thousand nymphs did play,
 soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
 high-reared mounts the londes about to view:
 low-looking dales disloignd from common gaze:
 delightfull bowers to solace lovers trew:
 false labyrinthes fond runners eyes to daze;
 all which by nature made did nature self amaze.

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
 with divers trees enrangd in even rankes:
 and here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
 and shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes.

E. SPENSER

1186 REFLECTION ON THE MISERIES OF LIFE

AH! little think the gay licentious proud,
 whom pleasure, power and affluence surround;
 they, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
 and wanton, often cruel, riot waste;—
 ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 how many feel this very moment death
 and all the sad variety of pain,
 how many sink in the devouring flood,
 or more devouring flame; how many bleed
 by shameful variance betwixt man and man;
 how many pine in want and dungeon glooms
 shut from the common air and common use
 of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
 of baleful grief or eat the bitter bread
 of misery; sore pierced by wintry winds
 how many shrink into the sordid hut
 of cheerless poverty; how many shake
 with all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 unbounded passion, madness guilt remorse;
 how many racked with honest passions droop
 in deep retired distress: how many stand
 around the death-bed of their dearest friends
 and point the parting anguish.

J. THOMSON

1187 ARIADNE AT NAXOS

OH! had I to the shadows passed
 before the dark-eyed stranger came
 to light with love the fatal flame
 that aye will burn within my breast!
 the maids of Crete had named my name,
 nor thought of love nor yet of shame,
 but of a sister pure and chaste,
 in Death's cold arms untimely pressed
 and all from joy and sorrow rest:
 he might have lived his life of fame,
 and I had ne'er been loved and left!
 Or had the North Wind woke from sleep
 as with our dark sails all outspread
 across the southern wave we fled,—
 down in the great sea's twilight deep

some silent grot had been our bed,
 where many a long-haired Nereid
 with ocean-flowers all garlanded
 had knelt by our low couch to weep;
 but softly o'er the brine the breeze did creep
 bearing us all too gently on our way;
 while I of strong Poseidon prayed
 to guard the life I mourn to-day!

1188

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE

BUT be the terror of these ills suppressed,
 and view we man with health and vigour blest:
 home he returns with the declining sun,
 his destined task of labour hardly done;
 goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 again his travel for his bread to pay,
 and find the ill sufficient to the day.
 Haply at night he does with horror shun
 a widowed daughter or a dying son:
 his neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees;
 and doubly feels his want in their increase:
 the next day and the next he must attend
 his foe triumphant or his buried friend.
 In every act and turn of life he feels
 public calamities or household ills;
 the due reward to just desert refused,
 the trust betrayed, the nuptial bed abused,
 the judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
 and doubtful issue of misconstrued laws,
 the crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 and violent will of the wrong-doing great,
 the venomed tongue, injurious to his fame,
 which nor can wisdom shun nor fair advice reclaim.

M. PRIOR

1189

ENDYMION

SLOWLY they sail, slowly as icy isle
 upon a calm sea drifting: and meanwhile
 the mournful wanderer dreams. Behold! he walks
 on heaven's pavement, brotherly he talks
 to divine powers; from his hand full fain
 Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain:

he tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
and asketh where the golden apples grow:
upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
and strives in vain to unsettle and to wield
a Jovian thunderbolt: arch Hebe brings
a full-brimmed goblet, dances lightly, sings
and tantalises long: at last he drinks,
and, lost in pleasure, at her feet he sinks,
touching with dazzled lips her star-light hand;
he blows a bugle—an ethereal band
are visible above: the Seasons four,—
green-kirtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
in Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
join dance with shadowy Hours; while still the blast,
in swells unmitigated, still doth last
to sway their floating morris.

J. KEATS

1190

HUNTING THE OTTER

THE subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
far off perhaps where ancient alders shade
the deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
contrives his wicker couch: whence he surveys
his long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
the finny shoals his own. Here, huntsman, bring
thy eager pack and trail him to his couch:
quick fix the nets and cut off his retreat
into the sheltering deeps. Ah, there he vents!
the pack plunge headlong, and protended spears
menace destruction; while the troubled surge
indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
affrighted hide their heads: wild tumult reigns
and loud uproar. Ah! there once more he vents!
see, that bold hound has seized him: down they sink
together lost: but soon shall he repent
his rash assault. See, there escaped, he flies
half-drowned and clambers up the slippery bank
with ooze and blood distained. Again he vents:
again the crowd attack: his numerous foes
surround him, hounds and men: pierced through and
through,
on pointed spears they lift him high in air;
wriggling he hangs and grins and bites in vain.

W. SOMERVILLE

1191

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST

AN arrow's flight above that mountain stream
 there was a little glade, where underneath
 a long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
 An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
 o'ercanopied the spring; its fretted roots
 embossed the bank, and on their tufted bark
 grew plants which love the moisture and the shade,
 short ferns and longer leaves of wrinkled green
 which bent toward the spring, and, when the wind
 made itself felt, just touched with gentle dip
 the glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then,
 save when some bubble rising from the depth
 burst and with faintest circles marked its place,
 or if an insect skimmed it with its wing,
 or when in heavier drops the gathered rain
 fell from the oak's high bower. With silent lapse
 from thence through mossy banks the water stole;
 then murmuring hastened to the glen below.
 Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
 to take her noontide rest; and when she stooped
 hot from the chase to drink, well pleased had seen
 her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
 it crowned, reflected there.

R. SOUTHEY

1192

ADDRESS TO WINTER

WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
 thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
 thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 a leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 a sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 but urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 and dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
 a prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 and hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 down to the rosy west; but kindly still
 compensating his loss with added hours
 of social converse and instructive ease,

and gathering, at short notice, in one group
the family dispersed, and fixing thought,
not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
and all the comforts, that the lowly roof
of undisturbed retirement and the hours
of long uninterrupted evening know.

W. COWPER

1193 *CONCLUSION OF THE HYMN OF THE SEASONS*

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
S of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
since God is ever present, ever felt,
in the void waste as in the city full;
and where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come
and wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
where Universal Love not smiles around,
sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
from seeming evil still educating good,
and better thence again and better still
in infinite progression. But I lose
myself in Him, in Light Ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

J. THOMSON

1194 *ADAM DESCENDING THE HILL WITH THE
ARCHANGEL WAKENS EVE*

HE ended, and they both descend the hill:
H descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked:
and thus with words not sad she him received:
'Whence thou returnest, and whither wentest, I know;
for God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
which he hath sent propitious, some great good
presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
in me is no delay; with thee to go,

is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
 is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
 art all things under heaven, all places thou,
 who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence, though all by me is lost,
 (such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,)
 by me the Promised Seed shall all restore.'

J. MILTON

1195 *THE ILLUSTRIOUS MAN'S RETIREMENT*

NOT him I praise, who from the world retired,
 by no enlivening generous passion fired,
 on flowery couches slumbers life away
 and gently bids his active powers decay;
 who fears bright glory's awful face to see,
 and shuns renown as much as infamy:
 but blest is he, who, exercised in cares,
 to private leisure public virtue bears;
 who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
 and decks repose with trophies labour won.
 Him honour follows to the secret shade,
 and crowns propitious his declining head;
 in his retreat their harps the Muses string,
 for him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
 friendship and truth on all his moments wait,
 pleased with retirement better than with state;
 and round the bower where humbly great he lies
 fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.

LORD LYTTELTON

1196 *SCENES OF CHILDHOOD REVISITED*

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village green,
 with magic tints to harmonize the scene;
 stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
 when round the ruins of their ancient oak
 the peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
 and games and carols closed the busy day.
 Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more
 with treasured tales and legendary lore:
 all, all are fled, nor mirth nor music flows
 to chase the dreams of innocent repose.

All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
 what secret charms this silent spot endear !
 Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
 whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze ;
 that casement arched with ivy's brownest shade
 first to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed ;
 the mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
 once the calm scene of many a simple sport :
 when nature pleased, for life itself was new
 and the heart promised what the fancy drew.

S. ROGERS

1197

MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY

THEY landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been ;
 prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 stern and sustained, of man's extremity,
 when hope is gone nor glory's self remains
 to cheer resistance against death or chains,
 they stood, the three, as the three hundred stood
 who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood.
 But ah ! how different ! 'tis the cause makes all,
 degrades or hallows courage in its fall :
 o'er them no fame eternal and intense
 blazed through the clouds of death and beckoned
 hence ;
 no grateful country, smiling through her tears,
 begun the praises of a thousand years ;
 no nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent ;
 no heroes envy them their monument :
 however boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt :
 and this they knew and felt, at least the one,
 the leader of the band he had undone.

LORD BYRON

1198

ADAM'S RESOLVE TO PERISH WITH EVE

O FAIREST of creation, last and best
 of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet !
 how art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,

defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!
 rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
 the strict forbiddance, how to violate
 the sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud
 of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
 and me with thee hath ruined; for with thee
 certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee! how forgo
 thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
 to live again in these wild woods forlorn!
 should God create another Eve, and I
 another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 would never from my heart. No, no! I feel
 the link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
 bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

J. MILTON

1199

ADAM AND EVE

TWO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 godlike erect, with native honour clad,
 in naked majesty seemed lords of all,
 and worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
 the image of their glorious Maker shone,
 truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—
 severe, but in true filial freedom placed—
 for contemplation he and valour formed;
 for softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
 he for God only, she for God in him.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
 round from his parted forelock manly hung
 clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
 she, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
 her unadorned golden tresses wore
 dishevelled; but in wanton ringlets waved.

So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
 of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
 so hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
 that ever since in love's embraces met.

J. MILTON

1200 *EVE RENEWING HER ADDRESSES TO ADAM*

FORSAKE me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
 what love sincere and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees: bereave me not,
 whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 thy counsel, in this uttermost distress;
 my only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,
 whither shall I betake me? where subsist?
 while yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 between us two let there be peace; both joining,
 as joined in injuries, one enmity
 against a foe by doom express assigned us,
 that cruel Serpent. On me exercise not
 thy hatred for this misery befallen,
 on me already lost, me than thyself
 more miserable. Both have sinned, but thou
 against God only, I against God and thee:
 and to the place of judgment will return,
 there with my cries importune Heaven, that all
 the sentence, from thy head removed, may light
 on me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 me, me only, just object of his ire.

J. MILTON

1201 *MIDNIGHT*

MYDNYGHT was cum, and every vitall thing
 with swete sound slepe their weary lyms did
 rest,
 the beastes were still, the lytle byrdes that syng
 now sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest,
 the olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.
 The waters calme, the cruel seas did ceas,
 the wuds, the fyeldes, and all thinges held theyr peace.
 The golden stars wer whyrled amynd theyr race,
 and on the earth did laugh with twinkling lyght,
 when eche thing nestled in his restyng place
 forgot dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght;
 the hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
 the fearfull deer of death stood not in doubt;
 the patrydge dreamt not of the falcons foot.

The ugly beare now myndeth not the stake,
 nor howe the cruell mastyves do hym tear;
 the stag lay still unrouséd from the brake,
 the fomy boar feard not the hunters spear.
 All thing was still in desert, bush and brear;
 with quiet heart now from their travailes blest
 soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

T. SACKVILE

1202

ET EXALTAVIT HVMILES

THE largest mountaines barren lye,
 and lightning feare,
 though they appeare
 to bid defiance to the skie;
 which in one houre
 w' have seene the opening earth devoure
 when in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
 like some rich vane
 whose fruites nere faile
 with flowres, with corne, and vines orespread.
 Nor doth complaine
 oreflowed by an ill season'd raine
 or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall barke with treasure fraught
 he the seas cleere
 doth quiet steere:
 but when they are t' a tempest wrought,
 more gallantly
 he spreads his saile, and doth more high
 by swelling of the waves appeare.

W. HABINGTON

1203

EDWIN OF DEIRA

THERE is scant comfort in thy words. No more
 the births of time we can prognosticate
 than the next phantom of a madman's brain;
 or than the shape that yonder travelling cloud—
 now to my fancy headed like a wolf—
 will crumble into next. Most wretched he,
 unreasoning Chance's pensioner, who lives,

like the blind beggar at the high-way side,
on alms of passers-by. I have been taught
the world is nothing but a mass of means,—
we have but what we make; that every good
is locked by nature in a granite hand,
sheer labour must unclench. The forest trees—
do they fall round us into builded homes
without an axe or arm? The blowing winds
are but our servants when we hoist a sail.
Not for myself I speak, but all for thee.
The ravening wolf hath burst into the fold
of peaceful kingdoms; 'tis the untouched herd,
not the torn carcase, that has cause to fear.

A. SMITH

'TWAS thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
two faithful needles, from the informing touch
of the same parent stone, together drew
its mystic virtue, and at first conspired
with fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
then, tho' disjoined by kingdoms, tho' the main
rolled its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserved
the former friendship and remembered still
the alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
which one possessed, nor pause nor quiet knew
the sure associate, ere with trembling speed
he found its path and fixed unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
a song a flower a name at once restore
those long connected scenes where first they moved
the attention: backward thro' her mazy walks
guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
to temples courts or fields; with all the band
of painted forms, of passions and designs
attendant; whence, if pleasing in itself,
the prospect from that sweet accession gains
redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

M. AKENSIDE

1205

REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN LIFE

THUS, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
 rage companies our hates, and grief our love:
 vexed with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 why seek we brightness from the years to come?
 Disturbed and broken, like a sick man's sleep,
 our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap:
 desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
 for hope is but the dream of those that wake;
 but, looking back, we see the dreadful train
 of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
 we should refuse to tread the path again;
 still adding grief, still counting from the first,
 judging the latest evils still the worst,
 and sadly finding each progressive hour
 heighten their number and augment their power;
 till, by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
 hoary with cares and ignorant of rest,
 we find the vital springs relaxed and worn:
 compelled our common impotence to mourn,
 thus through the round of age to childhood we return;
 reflecting find, that naked from the womb
 we yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
 naked again we must to-morrow lie;
 born to lament, to labour and to die.

M. PRIOR

 1206 *THE HEAVENLY ARMY BEFORE ITS CONFLICT
 WITH THE LEGIONS OF SATAN*

NOW when fair morn orient in heaven appeared,
 up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
 the matin-trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 soon banded; others from the dawning hills
 looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
 each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 where lodged or whither fled, or if for fight,
 in motion or in halt. Him soon they met
 under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
 but firm battalion. Back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
 came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cried:

—‘Arm, warriors, arm for fight! the foe at hand,
whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
this day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
he comes, and settled in his face I see
sad resolution and secure: let each
his adamantine coat gird well, and each
fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd shield,
borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
if I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
but rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.’

J. MILTON

1207

THE SAVAGE CHIEFTAIN

HE was a chieftain of renown; from youth
to green old age, the glory of his tribe,
the terror of their enemies: in war
an Alexander, and in peace an Alfred,
from morn till night he wont to wield the spear
with indefatigable arm, or watch
from eve till dawn in ambush for his quarry,
human or brute; not less in chase than fight,
for strength skill prowess enterprise unrivalled.
He seized the she-bear’s whelps; and, when the dam
with miserable cries and insane rage
pursued to rescue them, would turn and strike
one blow, but one, to break her heart for ever:
from sling and bow he sent upon death-errands
the stone or arrow through the trackless air,
to overtake the fleetest foot or lay
the loftiest pinion fluttering in the dust.
But ’twas the hero’s mind that made him great:
his eye, his lip, his hand, were clothed with thunder;
thrones, crowns, and sceptres give not more ascend-
ance,
backed with armed legions, fortified with towers,
than this imperial savage, all alone,
from Nature’s pure beneficence derived.

J. MONTGOMERY

1208

A YOUTHFUL PEASANT

IN his native vale
such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
a sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
by his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam

of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
 by all the graces with which nature's hand
 had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
 tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
 Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:
 yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade
 discovered in their own despite to sense
 of mortals (if such fables without blame
 may find chance-mention on this sacred ground)
 so, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
 and through the impediment of rural cares,
 in him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
 and so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
 in him the spirit of a hero walked
 our unpretending valley.—How the quoit
 whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,
 the inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
 of the lark's flight,—or shaped a rainbow curve,
 aloft, in prospect of the shouting field.

W. WORDSWORTH

1209

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS

AND either tropic now
 'gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,
 from many a horrid rift, abortive poured
 fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
 in ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
 within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
 from the four hinges of the world, and fell
 on the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
 bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
 or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest
 unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terror there;
 infernal ghosts, and hellish furies round
 environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some
 shrieked,
 some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
 satst unappalled in calm and sinless peace.
 Thus passed the night so foul; till Morning fair
 came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,

who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds,
and grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
to tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

J. MILTON

1210

SATAN MEETS THE ANGEL URIEL

WITHIN his ken a glorious angel stood,
the same whom John saw also in the sun.
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
circled his head, nor less his locks behind
illustrious, on his shoulders fledge with wings,
lay waving round; on some great charge employed
he seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope
to find who might direct his wandering flight
to Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
his journey's end and our beginning woe:
but first he casts to change his proper shape,
which else might work him danger or delay.
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
not of the prime, yet such as in his face
youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned.
Under a coronet his flowing hair
in curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;
his habit fit for speed succinct, and held
before his decent steps a silver wand.

J. MILTON

1211

ADDRESS TO EVENING

COME Evening, once again, season of peace;
return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
with matron step slow-moving, while the night
treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
in letting fall the curtain of repose
on bird and beast, the other charged for man
with sweet oblivion of the cares of day;

not sumptuously adorned, not needing aid,
 like homely-featured night, of clustering gems;
 a star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
 suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
 no less than hers; not worn indeed on high
 with ostentatious pageantry, but set
 with modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm
 or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
 and whether I devote thy gentle hours
 to books, to music, or the poet's toil;
 to weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
 or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
 when they command whom man was born to please;
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

W. COWPER

1212

ATALANTA IN CALYDON

BUT if toward any of you I am overbold
 that take thus much upon me, let him think
 how I, for all my forest holiness,
 fame, and this armed and iron maidenhood,
 pay thus much also; I shall have no man's love
 for ever, and no face of children born
 or feeding lips upon me or fastening eyes
 for ever, nor being dead shall kings my sons
 mourn me and bury, and tears on daughters' cheeks
 burn; but a cold and sacred life, but strange,
 but far from dances and the back-blowing torch,
 far off from flowers or any bed of man,
 shall my life be for ever: me the snows
 that face the first o' the morning, and cold hills
 full of the landwind and sea-travelling storms
 and many a wandering wing of noisy nights
 that know the thunder and hear the thickening wolves—
 me the utmost pine and footless frost of woods
 that talk with many winds and gods, the hours
 re-risen and white divisions of the dawn,
 springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed
 and streams that murmur of the mother snow—
 me these allure and know me; but no man
 knows, and my goddess only.

A. SWINBURNE

1213

ABOARD! ABOARD

THERE, in a creek, a vessel lay,
just on the confines of the day;
it rode at anchor in its bay
these venturous pilgrims to convey
across that outer sea.
Strange vessel, sure, it seemed to be,
and all unfit for such wild sea;
for through its yawning tide the wave
was oozing in, the mast was frail,
and old and low its only sail.
How shall that crazy vessel brave
the billows that in wild commotion
for ever roar and rave?
how hope to cross the dreadful ocean
o'er which eternal shadows dwell,
whose secrets none return to tell?
Well might the travellers fear to enter!
but, summoned once on that adventure,
for them was no retreat.
Nor boots it with reluctant feet
to linger on the strand:
aboard! aboard!
An awful voice, that left no choice,
sent forth its stern command:
aboard! aboard!
The travellers hear that voice in fear,
and breathe to Heaven an inward prayer,
and take their seats in silence there.

1214

COLIN CLOUT'S LAMENT

THOU barraine ground, whom winters wrath hath
wasted,
art made a mirror to behold my plight:
whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
thy sommer prowde, with daffadillies dight;
and now is come thy winters stormy state,
thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winters raigneth in my hart,
 my life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
 such stormie stoures do breede my balefull smart,
 as if my yeare were wast and waxen old;
 and yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
 and yet, alas! it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shadie leaves are lost,
 wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
 and now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
 in stede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre,
 I see your teares that from your boughes do raine,
 whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drie and sere,
 my timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
 the blossome which my braunch of youth did beare,
 with breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted,
 and from mine eyes the drizling tears descend,
 as on your boughes the ysicles depend.

E. SPENSER

1215

THE TREE OF LIFE

BENEATH that tree's great shadow on the plain
 a fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene
 nothing of earthly mixture might distain:
 fountain so pure not anywhere was seen
 in all the world, nor on whose marge the earth
 put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.

And thither did all people, young and old,
 matrons and virgins, rich and poor, a crowd
 stream ever, who, whenas they did behold
 those branches with their golden burden bowed,
 stretched forth their hands, and eager glances threw
 toward the fruit distilling that sweet dew.

But touch they might not these, much less allay
 their hunger, howsoe'er they might desire,
 till the foul tokens of their former way
 they had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,
 and cleansed their bodies in that holy wave,
 able from ever spot and stain to save.

But when within their mouths they had received
of that immortal fruit the gust divine,
straight of all sickness were their souls relieved,
the weak grew strong;—and tasks they *did* decline
as overgreat for them, they shunned no more,
and things they deemed they could not bear, they bore.

R. C. TRENCH

1216

NOSCE TEIPSVM

O IGNORANT poor man, what dost thou bear
locked up within the casket of thy breast!
what jewels and what riches hast thou there!
what heavenly treasure in so weak a chest!

look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
like those which drowned Narcissus in the flood;
honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
and all that in the world is counted good:

think of her worth; and think, that God did mean
this worthy mind should worthy things embrace;
blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
nor her dishonour with thy passions base;

kill not her quickening power with surfeitings,
mar not her sense with sensuality,
cast not her serious wit on idle things,
make not her free will slave to vanity:

and, when thou think'st of her eternity,
think not that death against her nature is,
think it a birth and, when thou go'st to die,
sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss;

and if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
being in the dark where thou didst nothing see,
now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more,
now, when thou dy'st, thou canst not hoodwinked be

SIR J. DAVIES

1217

ADAM'S VISION OF THE DELUGE

MEANWHILE the south-wind rose, and, with
black wings
wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove

from under heaven: the hills, to their supply,
 vapour and exhalation, dusk and moist,
 sent up amain; and now the thickened sky
 like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
 impetuous, and continued till the earth
 no more was seen. The floating vessel swum
 uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
 rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
 flood overwhelmed, and them, with all their pomp,
 deep under water rolled: sea covered sea,
 sea without shore; and in their palaces,
 where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
 and stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
 all left, in one small bottom swum embarked.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 the end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 depopulation! thee another flood,
 of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drowned,
 and sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently reared
 by the Angel, on thy feet thou stoodest at last
 though comfortless; as when a father mourns
 his children, all in view destroyed at once.

J. MILTON

1218 *THE DAILY MIRACLES OF DIVINE BOUNTY*

FOR that a branch cut off, a withered rod,
 should at a word pronounced revive and bud,
 is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
 stripped by December's frost and white with snow,
 should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,
 and boast returning leaves and blooming woods?
 That each successive night from opening heaven
 the food of angels should to man be given,
 is this more strange, than that with common bread
 our fainting bodies every day are fed?
 than that each grain and seed, consumed in earth,
 raises its store and multiplies its birth?
 and from the handful which the tiller sows,
 the laboured fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?
 Then from whate'er we can to sense produce
 common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,

from nature's constant or eccentric laws,
the thoughtful soul this general inference draws,
that an effect must pre-suppose a cause:
and while she does her upward flight sustain,
touching each link of the continued chain,
at length she is obliged and forced to see
a first, a source, a life, a deity,
what has for ever been and must for ever be.

M. PRIOR

1219 *THE ENJOYMENT OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE
AND ART FREE TO ALL*

WHAT, though not all men can attain the heights
of envied life; though only few possess
patrician treasures or imperial state;
yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
with richer treasures and an ampler state,
endows at large whatever happy man
will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
the rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
the princely dome, the column and the arch,
the breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
his tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
distils her dews, and from the silken gem
its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
with blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
and still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
and loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
the setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
from all the tenants of the warbling shade
ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
fresh pleasure, unproved.

M. AKENSIDE

1220 *THE CASTLE GATE*

THE knights past through the castles largest gate,
(tho' round about an hundred ports there shine)
the door-leaves framed of carved silver plate
upon their golden hinges turn and twine,

they staid to view this work of wit and state,
 the workmanship excelled the substance fine,
 for all the shapes in that rich metal wrought,
 save speech, of living bodies wanted nought.

Alcides there sate telling tales and spun
 among the feeble troops of damsels milde;
 (he that the fiery gates of hell had won
 and heaven upheld; false love stood by and smilde:)
 armed with his club fair Iolee forth run,
 his club with blood of monsters foul defilde,
 and on her back his lions skin had she,
 too rough a bark for such a tender tree.

Beyond was made a sea, whose azure flood
 the hoary froth crusht from the surges blew,
 wherein two navies great well-ranged stood
 of warlike ships, fire from their arms out flew,
 the waters burnt about their vessels good,
 such flames the gold therein enchased threw,
 Cæsar his Romans hence, the Asian kings
 thence Antonie and Indian princes, brings.

E. FAIRFAX *from* TASSO

1221 *ADAM AWAKENING EVE IN PARADISE*

NOW Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
 when Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
 was aery light, from pure digestion bred
 and temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
 lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
 of birds on every bough; so much the more
 his wonder was to find unwakened Eve
 with tresses discomposed and glowing cheek
 as through unquiet rest. He, on his side
 leaning, half-raised, with looks of cordial love,
 hung over her enamoured, and beheld
 beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice
 mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 her hand soft touching, whispered thus:—'Awake,
 my fairest, my espoused, my latest found,

heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
what drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
how Nature paints her colours, how the bee
sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.'

J. MILTON

1222 *THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT IN COMUS, IN THE HABIT
OF A SHEPHERD, GIVING AN ACCOUNT TO THE
TWO BROTHERS OF THEIR SISTER'S DANGER*

AT last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
rose, like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
and stole upon the air, that even Silence
was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
deny her nature and be never more,
still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
and took in strains that might create a soul
under the ribs of Death. But oh! ere long
too well I did perceive it was the voice
of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,
and, oh! poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
how sweet thou singest, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
through paths and turnings often trod by day,
till, guided by my ear, I found the place
where that damned wizzard hid in sly disguise—
for so by certain signs I knew—had met
already, ere my best speed could prevent,
the aidless innocent Lady, his wisht prey,
who gently asked if he had seen such two,
supposing him some neighbour villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
into swift flight, till I had found you here,
but further know I not.

J. MILTON

1223 *THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE*

O HAPPY lot of shepherds! happy he
untaught to scorn their rustic poverty!
to him unknown the bribes by luxury sent—
those cares with which the uneasy mind is rent.

Though not for him hath regal wealth supplied
 the fleece with hues Assyrian double dyed,
 nor gilded dome, nor painting's graceful lure,
 hath touched his soul, from taint of avarice pure;
 nor the vain lustre that the gem displays,
 which idly casts around its useless blaze;
 nor Grecian goblet graved by Alcon's hand;
 not pearly treasures of the Indian strand:
 yet oft, with guiltless breast, his limbs he throws
 where earth a soft and grassy couch bestows,
 when early spring its chequered carpet yields,
 and painted flowers diversify the fields:
 pleased with his reed, and master of his own,
 to him nor envy nor deceit is known.
 The palm, the vine, their waving branches spread,
 and mingling weave a shelter for his head:
 his are the flocks and milky stores they yield,
 his, too, the honours of the fruitful field,
 and shady forest, and in vallies low
 the caves obscure where living fountains flow.

J. DUNLOP

1224 *THE EFFECTS OF CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER
 DEATH, AS SEEN IN HIS CREATURES*

THE engladdened spring, forgetful now to weep,
 began to emblazon from her leavy bed:
 the waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep,
 and every bush lay deeply purpured
 with violets, the wood's late wintry head
 wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
 and his bald trees put on their green attire,
 among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

And now the taller sons, whom Titan warms,
 of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
 dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
 and, if they chanced to slip the prouder pines,
 the under corylets did catch the shines,
 to gild their leaves; saw never happy year
 such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer
 as though the aged world anew created were.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
and sticks thy habit full of daisies red?
seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
and some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed:
tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,
so never let the spiteful canker waste you,
so never let the heavens with lightnings blast you,
why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

G. FLETCHER

1225

THE GARDEN OF VAIN GLORY

ALL suddenly the hill his snow devours,
in lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
as if the snow had melted into flowers,
which their sweet breath in subtile vapours threw:
that all about perfumed spirits flew:

for whatsoever might aggrate the sense
in all the world or please the appetence,
here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
though many streams his banks besilvered,
though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare:
nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured
as fast again with honey blossomed:

no Rhodope, no Tempe's flowery plain:

Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
a herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
and them in willing bondage fettered:
once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
and turned to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
that Circe with her potion, charmed in gold,
used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

G. FLETCHER

1226

CHRIST'S VICTORY

THE world, that wanning late and faint did lie,
applauding to our joys thy victory,
to a young prime essays to turn again,
and, as ere soiled with sin, yet to remain:

with greater light Heaven's temples opened shine;
 morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline,
 clouds dappled glisten, boisterous winds are calm,
 soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
 in silent calms the sea hath hushed his roars,
 and with enamoured curls doth kiss the shores;
 all-bearing Earth, like a new-married queen,
 her beauties heightens, in a gown of green
 perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flowers,
 in colours various, figures, smelling, powers;
 trees wanton in the groves with leafy locks,
 here hills enamelled stand, the vales, the rocks,
 ring peals of joys, here floods and prattling brooks,
 (star's liquid mirrors) with serpentine crooks,
 and whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,
 the golden age returned is again.

In gloomy shades, perched on the tender sprays,
 the painted singers fill the air with lays:
 seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound,
 yet all their diverse notes hath but one ground,
 re-echoed here down from heaven's azure vail;
 Hail, holy victor! greatest victor! hail!

W. DRUMMOND

1227

HERO IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS

BUT far above the loveliest Hero shin'd,
 and stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
 for like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
 so was her beauty to the standers by;
 nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star
 (when yawning dragons draw her thirling car
 from Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
 where crowned with blazing light and majesty
 she proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
 than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
 Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
 wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
 incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
 from steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
 so ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
 and all that viewed her were enamour'd on her.

* * * * *

So fair a church as this had Venus none:
the walls were of discolour'd jasper-stone,
wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over-head
a lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
and with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
the town of Sestos called it Venus' glass.

C. MARLOWE

1228

TO HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE

YET I had rather, if I were to choose,
thy service in some graver subject use,
such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound;
such where the deep transported mind may soar
above the wheeling poles and at Heaven's door
look in, and see each blissful deity
how he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
to the touch of golden wires, while Hebé brings
immortal nectar to her kingly sire;
then passing through the spheres of wakeful fire,
and misty regions of wide air next under,
and hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
may tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
in heaven's defiance mustering all his waves:
then sing of secret things that came to pass
when beldam Nature in her cradle was;
and last of kings and queens and heroes old,
such as the wise Demodocus once told
in solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast;
while sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
are held, with his melodious harmony,
in willing chains and sweet captivity.

J. MILTON

1229

THE USE OF POETRY

THE fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
that sacred stream, should never water weeds;
nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
 heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
 things of deep sense we may in prose unfold;
 but they move men in lofty numbers told.
 The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
 with silent pity looks on all that err;
 but when a brave, a public, action shines,
 that he rewards with his immortal lines.
 Whether it be in council or in fight,
 his country's honour is his chief delight:
 praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
 which may the like in coming ages breed.

1230

SAUL'S VISION

'I COME, I come, fair angel' Saul exclaims
 'give me my shepherd's weeds, my crook and
 staff,
 aid me to cast these cumbrous trappings off;
 yet stay.' But swift at once the vision gone
 mocks him evanishing. Groans then and sighs
 and bitterness of anguish, such as felt
 of him, who on Helvetia's heights a boy
 sung to the Alpine lark, and saw beneath
 prone cataracts and silver lakes and vales,
 romantic; and now paces his night watch,
 hoar veteran, on the tented fields. Not him
 fresh slaughter fuming on the plain, not him
 the groan of death familiar to his ear,
 disquiet; but if haply heard the breeze
 bring from the distant mountain low of kine,
 with pipe of shepherd leading on his flock
 to fold—oh! then on his remembrance rush
 those days so sweet, that roof beneath the rock
 which cradled him when sweeping snow-storm burst,
 and those within the peaceful household hearth
 with all its innocent pleasures. Him far off
 regret consumes and inly wasting grief,
 that knows no solace till in life's last hour,
 when o'er his gaze in trance of bliss once more
 Helvetia and her piny summits float.

W. SOTHEY

1231 *THE EVIL ANGELS RISING AT THE CALL OF SATAN*

THEY heard and were abashed, and up they sprung
upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
on duty sleeping found by whom they dread,
rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
in which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,
innumerable. As when the potent rod
of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
of locusts, warping on the eastern wind
that o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
like night and darkened all the land of Nile:
so numberless were those bad Angels seen
hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'twixt upper nether and surrounding fires;
till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
of their great Sultan waving to direct
their course, in even balance down they light
on the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;
a multitude, like which the populous North
poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
came like a deluge on the South and spread
beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

J. MILTON

1232 *DEATH THE GREEN PATHWAY OF LIFE*

O TRUSTLESSE state of earthly things, and slip-
per hope
of mortall men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
and, shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope;
nowe have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
that nys on earth assurance to be sought;
for what might be in earthly mould,
that did her buried body hould.
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought.
But maugre death and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
and gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
she hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.

Why wayle we then? Why wearie we the gods with
 playnts,
 as if some evill were to her betight?
 she raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
 that whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
 and is enstalled nowe in heaven's hight.
 unwise and wretched men, to weete what's good or ill,
 we deeme of Death as doome of ill desert;
 but knewe wee, fooles, what it us bringes until,
 dye would we dayly, once it to expert!—
 Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)
 there lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,
 there drincks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,
 and joyes enjoys that mortal men doe misse.

E. SPENSER

1233

RURAL SOUNDS

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
 exhilarate the spirit, and restore
 the tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
 that sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
 of ancient growth, make music not unlike
 the dash of ocean on his winding shore,
 and lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
 unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
 and all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
 Nor less composure waits upon the roar
 of distant floods, or on the softer voice
 of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
 through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
 upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
 in matted grass, that with a livelier green
 betrays the secret of their silent course.
 Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
 but animated nature sweeter still,
 to soothe and satisfy the human ear:
 ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
 the live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
 nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
 but cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
 in still repeated circles, screaming loud,
 the jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
 that hails the rising moon, have charms for me.

W. COWPER

1234

ADDRESS TO BEAUTY

OH Beauty, brightest progeny of Heaven,
 how shall I trace thy features? where select
 the roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
 Haste, then, my song, thro' Nature's wide expanse,
 haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
 whate'er the waters or the liquid air,
 to deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 with laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
 and range with him the Hesperian field, and see,
 where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
 the branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
 with purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 as with the blushes of an evening sky?
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
 where, gliding thro' his daughter's honoured shades,
 the smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
 reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe, haunt beloved of sylvan powers,
 of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
 they played in secret on the shady brink
 with ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
 young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
 showered blossoms, odours, showered ambrosial dews,
 and spring's Elysian bloom.

M. AKENSIDE

1235 *GRADATION OF THE SENSUAL AND MENTAL
 FACULTIES*

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
 the scale of sensual, mental powers ascends;
 mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race
 from the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 what modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 the mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
 of smell, the headlong lioness between,
 and hound sagacious on the tainted green;
 of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 to that which warbles through the vernal wood

the spider's touch how exquisitely fine !
 feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 in the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 from poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ;
 how instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier,
 for ever separate, yet for ever near !
 remembrance and reflection, how allied ;
 what thin partitions sense from thought divide :
 and middle natures, how they long to join,
 yet never pass the insuperable line !
 without this just gradation could they be
 subjected, those to these, or all to thee ?
 the powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

A. POPE

1236 *THE MOTION OF THE SOUL A PROOF THAT SHE
 IS IMMORTAL*

AND as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
 sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
 from out her womb at last doth take a birth,
 and runs a nymph along the grassy plains ;
 long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land
 from whose soft side she first did issue make,
 she tastes all places, turns to every hand,
 her flowry banks unwilling to forsake ;
 yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
 as that her course doth make no final stay,
 'till she herself unto the ocean marry,
 within whose watry bosom first she lay :
 even so the soul, which in this earthly mold
 the spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
 because at first she doth the earth behold,
 and only this material world she views,
 at first our mother earth she holdeth dear,
 and doth embrace the world and worldly things,
 she flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
 and mounts not up with her celestial wings ;

yet under heaven she cannot light on ought
that with her heavenly nature doth agree,
she cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
she cannot in this world contented be;

for who did ever yet in honour, wealth,
or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
who ever ceased to wish, when he had health?
or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

SIR J. DAVIES

1237 *PREPARATION FOR THE BATTLE WITH SATAN*

AND now went forth the Morn,
such as in highest Heaven, arrayed in gold
empyrean: from before her vanished Night,
shot through with orient beams: when all the plain,
covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,
chariots and flaming arms and fiery steeds,
reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
already known what he for news had thought
to have reported: gladly then he mixed
among those friendly Powers, who him received
with joy and acclamations loud, that one,
that of so many myriads fallen, yet one,
returned not lost. On to the sacred hill
they led him high applauded, and present
before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
from midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:
'Servant of God, well done: well hast thou fought
the better fight, who single hast maintained
against revolted multitudes the cause
of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
and for the testimony of truth hast borne
universal reproach, far worse to bear
than violence; for this was all thy care,
to stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
judged thee perverse.'

J. MILTON

1238 *ABSOLUTE SUBMISSION DUE TO PROVIDENCE*

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

that, changed through all and yet in all the same,
 great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
 warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 lives through all life, extends through all extent;
 spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 as full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 as full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 as the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
 to him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
 Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
 our proper bliss depends on what we blame:
 know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee:
 submit.—In this or any other sphere,
 secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
 all chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
 all discord, harmony not understood;
 all partial evil, universal good.

A. POPE

1239

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT

THUS is my sommer worne away and wasted,
 thus is my harvest hastened all to-rathe,
 the eare that budded fayre is burnt and blasted,
 and all hoped gaine is turned to scathe,
 of all the scede, that in my youth was sowne,
 was none but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughs with bloosmes that crownéd were at first,
 and promised of timely fruite such store,
 are left both bare and barrein now at erst;
 the flattering fruite is fallen to grownd before.

* * * *

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
 bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
 theyr rootes bene dryed up for lack of dewe,
 yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.

* * * *

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
my spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
my harvest hastes to stirre up winter sterne,
and bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right;
 so now he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
 so now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

Gather together ye my little flocke,
my little flocke, that was to me so lief;
let me ah! let me in your foldes ye lock,
ere the breme winter breede you greater grieve:
 winter is come, that blows the balefull breath,
 and after winter commeth timely death.

E. SPENSER

1240

THE THIRD DAY'S CREATION

HE scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
her universal face with pleasant green;
then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,
opening their various colours, and made gay
her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these scarce blown,
forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
the swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
and bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,
with tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
with borders long the rivers: that Earth now
seemed like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,
or wander with delight, and love to haunt
her sacred shades: though God had yet not rained
upon the earth, and man to till the ground
none was; but from the earth a dewy mist
went up, and watered all the ground, and each
plant of the field which ere it was in the earth
God made, and every herb before it grew
on the green stem. God saw that it was good:
so even and morn recorded the third day.

J. MILTON

1241

EVE LEAVING ADAM

THUS saying, from her husband's hand her hand
 soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,
 Oread or Dryad or of Delia's train,
 betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
 in gait surpassed and goddess-like deport,
 though not as she with bow and quiver armed,
 but with such gardening-tools as yet art rude,
 guiltless of fire, had formed, or Angels brought.
 To Pales or Pomona, thus adorned,
 likest she seemed—Pomona when she fled
 Vertumnus—or to Ceres in her prime,
 yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 delighted, but desiring more her stay.
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return
 repeated; she to him as oft engaged
 to be returned by noon amid the bower,
 and all things in best order to invite
 noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
 of thy presumed return! event perverse!
 thou never from that hour in Paradise
 foundest either sweet repast or sound repose;
 such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
 waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
 to intercept thy way, or send thee back
 despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.

J. MILTON

1242

*CHRIST'S FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH SATAN
 IN THE WILDERNESS*

SO spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 and, looking round, on every side beheld
 a pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
 the way he came not having marked, return
 was difficult, by human steps untrod;
 and he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 accompanied of things past and to come,
 lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
 such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he passed—whether on hill

sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
under the covert of some ancient oak,
or cedar to defend him from the dew,
or harboured in one cave, is not revealed—
nor tasted human food nor hunger felt,
till those days ended; hungered then at last
among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild,
nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his walk
the fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
the lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds—
following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
to warm him wet returned from field at eve—
he saw approach, who first with curious eye
perused him, then with words thus uttered spake.

J. MILTON

1243 *THE TRIUMPH OF THE MESSIAH OVER THE
LEGIONS OF SATAN*

SO spake the Son, and into terror changed
his countenance, too severe to be beheld,
and full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings,
with dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
of torrent floods or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
the steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
all but the throne itself of God. Full soon
among them he arrived, in his right hand
grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
before him, such as in their souls infixed
plagues; they, astonished, all resistance lost,
all courage, down their idle weapons dropt;
o'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
that wished the mountains now might be again
thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell

his arrows, from the four-fold visaged Four
 distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
 one spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
 and of their wonted vigour left them drained,
 exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.

- 1244 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
 his thunder in mid volley; for he meant
 not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
 the overthrown he raised, and as a herd
 of goats or timorous flock, together thronged,
 drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
 with terrors and with furies, to the bounds
 and crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide,
 rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous sight
 struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw
 down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
 burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
 Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
 affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
 her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roared,
 and felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 encumbered him with ruin: Hell at last
 yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

J. MILTON

1245

THE ADORATION OF ANGELS

NO sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
 the multitude of angels—with a shout
 loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 as from blest voices—uttering joy, Heaven rung
 with jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled
 the eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 with solemn adoration down they cast

their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold ;
 immortal amarant, a flower which once
 in Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
 began to bloom ; but soon, for Man's offence,
 to heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
 and flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
 and where the River of Bliss through midst of heaven
 rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :
 with these that never fade the Spirits elect
 bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off the bright
 pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took—
 harps ever tuned that glittering by their side
 like quivers hung—and with preamble sweet
 of charming symphony they introduce
 their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;
 no voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

J. MILTON

1246 *THE SENSATIONS OF ADAM IMMEDIATELY AFTER
 HIS CREATION*

AS new waked from soundest sleep,
 soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 straight toward heaven my wandering eyes I turned,
 and gazed awhile the ample sky, till raised
 by quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 as thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 hill dale and shady woods and sunny plains,
 and liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
 creatures that lived and moved and walked or flew ;
 birds on the branches warbling : all things smiled ;
 with fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
 surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 with supple joints, as lively vigour led :
 but who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 knew not. To speak I tried and forthwith spake ;
 my tongue obeyed, and readily could name
 whate'er I saw. 'Thou sun' said I 'fair light,

and thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
 ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains,
 and ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here:
 not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 in goodness and in power pre-eminent:
 tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 from whom I have that thus I move and live,
 and feel that I am happier than I know.'

J. MILTON

1247

THE WARRING ANGELS

SO saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 on the proud crest of Satan, that no sight
 nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
 he back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
 his massy spear upstayed; as if on earth
 winds underground, or waters forcing way,
 sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
 half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
 the rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see
 thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled, and shout,
 presage of victory, and fierce desire
 of battle; whereat Michaël bid sound
 the Archangel trumpet. Through the vast of Heaven
 it sounded, and the faithful armies sung
 Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
 the adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
 the horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 and clamour such as heard in Heaven till now
 was never; arms on armour clashing brayed
 horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
 of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
 of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 and flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rushed
 both battles main, with ruinous assault
 and inextinguishable rage: all Heaven
 resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 had to her centre shook.

J. MILTON

1248

THE END OF THE WORLD

"**T**IS earth shall lead destruction; she shall end—
 the stars shall wonder why she comes no more
 on her accustomed orbit, and the sun
 miss one of his eleven of light; the moon,
 an orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye,
 through time's untrodden depths, and find her not;
 no more shall morn, out of the holy east,
 stream o'er the ambient air her level light,
 nor evening, with her spectral fingers, draw
 her star-sprent curtain round the head of earth;
 her footsteps never thence again shall grace
 the blue sublime of heaven. Her grave is dug:
 I see the stars, night-clad, all gathering
 in long and dark procession. Death's at work,
 and, one by one, shall all yon wandering worlds,
 whether in orbéd path they roll, or trail,
 in an inestimable length of light,
 their golden train of tresses after them,
 cease; and the Sun, centre and sire of light,
 the keystone of the world-built arch of Heaven,
 be left in burning solitude. The stars,
 which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields
 of heaven, and all they comprehend, shall pass:
 the spirits of all worlds shall all depart
 to their great destinies; and thou and I,
 greater in grief than worlds, shall live as now.

P. J. BAILEY

1249

THE POWER OF MUSIC

BY Music, minds an equal temper know,
 nor swell too high nor sink too low:
 if in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
 or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
 exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
 pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed;
 sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 listening Envy drops her snakes;
 intestine war no more our passions wage,
 and giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 how martial music every bosom warms!
 so when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
 high on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
 while Argo saw her kindred trees
 descend from Pelion to the main:
 transported demigods stood round,
 and men grew heroes with the sound,
 inflamed with glory's charms;
 each chief his seven-fold shield displayed,
 and half unsheathed the shining blade:
 and seas and rocks and skies rebound
 to arms! to arms! to arms!

A. POPE

1250 *GYON FINDES MAMON IN A DELVE SUNNING
 HIS TREASURE HORE*

AT last he came unto a gloomy glade
 covered with boughes and shrubs from heavens
 light,
 whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 an uncouth, salvage and uncivile wight,
 of griesly hew and fowle ill favoured sight;
 his face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
 his head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 his cole-blacke hands did seeme to have been seard
 in smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 was underneath enveloped with gold;
 whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
 well yet appeared to have beene of old
 a worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
 woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;
 and in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 and turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 and covetous desire with his huge theasury.

And round about him lay on every side
 great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
 of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 of Mulcibers devouring element;
 some others were new driven, and distent

into great ingowes and to wedges square;
some in round plates withouten moniment;
but most were stamp't, and in their metal bare
the antique shapes of kings and kesars straung and rare.

E. SPENSER

1251

THE HOUSE OF MORPHEUS

HE, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
and through the world of waters wide and deepe,
to Morpheus' house doth speedily repaire:
amid the bowels of the Earth full steepe,
and low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
his dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
in silver dew his ever-drouping head,
while sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
the one faire framed of burnisht yvory,
the other, all with silver overcast;
and wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
watching to banish Care, their enemy,
who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe:
by them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
and unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
in drowsie fit he finds; of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
a trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,
and ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sowne
of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;
no other noyse, no people's troublous cries,
as still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
might there be heard, but carelesse Quiet lyes
wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimes.

E. SPENSER

1252

THE GRACES

THEY are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
by him begot of faire Eurynome,
the Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
as he, this way comming from feastful glee
of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,

in sommers shade him selfe here rested weary:
 the first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
 next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
 sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry!

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 to make them lovely or wellfavoured show;
 as comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 and all the complements of curtesie:
 they teach us how to each degree and kynde
 we should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
 to friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 that we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
 and also naked are, that without guile
 or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
 simple and true, from covert malice free;
 and ecke them selves so in their daunce they bore,
 that two of them still froward seemed to bee,
 but one still towards shewed her selfe afore;
 that good should from us goe, then come, in greater store.

E. SPENSER

1253

MOUNT ACIDALE

IT was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
 that round about was borderd with a wood
 of matchlesse hight, that seemd th' earth to disdaine;
 in which all trees of honour stately stood,
 and did all winter, as in sommer bud,
 spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
 which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
 and in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
 sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre:
 and at the foote thereof a gentle flud
 his silver waves did softly tumble downe,
 unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
 ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
 thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drowne:
 but Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
 in the wood's shade, which did the waters crowne,
 keeping all noysome things away from it,
 and to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
did spread itselfe, to serve to all delight,
either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
or else to course about their bases light;
ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
desired be, or thence to banish bale:
so pleasauntly the hill with equall height
did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

E. SPENSER

1254

THE COMMENCEMENT OF SPRING

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,
led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
and swells and deepens, to the cherished eye:
the hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
in full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
and the birds sing concealed. At once arrayed
in all the colours of the flushing year,
by Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
the garden glows and fills the liberal air
with lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit
lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,
oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
drops
from the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
and see the country, far diffused around,
one boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye
hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
the fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

J. THOMSON

1255

DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour
 by sure prognostics when to dread a shower;
 while rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
 her frolics, and pursues her tail no more:
 returning home at night, you'll find the sink
 strike your offended sense with double stink:
 if you be wise, then go not far to dine;
 you'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
 A coming shower your shooting corns presage;
 old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
 sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
 he damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
 Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
 a sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 that swilled more liquor than it could contain,
 and, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 while the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
 such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
 flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
 you fly, invoke the gods; then turning stop
 to rail; she singing still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
 but, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 and wafted with its foe by violent gust,
 'twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.

1256 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 threatening with deluge this devoted town:
 to shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
 stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach;
 the tucked-up semstress walks with hasty strides,
 while streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides:
 here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 commence acquaintance underneath a shed:
 triumphant tories and desponding whigs
 forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 while spouts run clattering o'er the roofs by fits;
 and ever and anon with frightful din

the leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
 and bear their trophies with them as they go:
 filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
 what street they sailed from, by their sight and smell:
 they, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
 from Smithfield to St 'Pulcre's shape their course;
 and in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
 fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge:
 sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts and blood,
 drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
 dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

J. SWIFT

1257 *TREES AND PLANTS, EVIDENCES OF DIVINE
 WISDOM*

I KNOW not why the beech delights the glade
 with boughs extended and a rounder shade;
 whilst towering firs in conic forms arise
 and with a pointed spear divide the skies;
 nor why again the changing oak should shed
 the yearly honour of his stately head;
 while the distinguished yew is ever seen
 unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
 Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade?
 why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
 the fig and date, why love they to remain
 in middle station, and an even plain;
 while in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
 and while the hill with olive-shade is crowned?
 Why does one climate and one soil endue
 the blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
 yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
 Whence has the tree, resolve me, or the flower
 a various instinct or a different power?
 why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath,
 raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
 Along the sunny bank or watery mead
 ten thousand stalks their varied blossoms spread;
 peaceful and lowly in their native soil
 they neither know to spin nor care to toil;
 yet with confessed magnificence deride
 our vile attire and impotence of pride.

M. PRIOR

1258

THYRSIS LOQVITVR

THEN know, Alexis, from that very day
 when as I saw thee at that shepherd's coate,
 where each, I thinke, of other tooke first noate,
 I meane that pastor who by Tavie's springs
 chaste shepherd's loves in sweetest numbers sings,
 and with his musicke (to his greater fame)
 hath late made proud the fairest nimphes of Thame.
 E'ne then, me thought, I did espy in thee
 some unperceived and hidden worth to be,
 which in thy more apparent virtues shined,
 and among many I in thought devined,
 by something my conceit had understood,
 that thou wert markt one of the Muses' brood,
 that made me love thee: and that love I beare
 begat a pity, and that pity care:
 pity I had to see good parts concealed,
 care I had how to have that good revealed,
 since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse
 to possesse much, and yet put nought in use;
 hereon I vowed (if we two ever met)
 the first request that I would strive to get
 should be but this, that thou would'st show thy skill,
 how thou could'st tune thy verses to thy quill;
 and teach thy Muse, in some well-framed song,
 to show the art thou hast suppress so long:
 which, if my new acquaintance may obtaine,
 Thirsis will ever honour this daie's gaine.

G. WITHER

1259 *TO WILLIAM CONGREVE ON HIS COMEDY
 THE DOUBLE DEALER*

WELL then, the promised hour is come at last,
 the present age of wit obscures the past:
 strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
 conquering with force of arms and dint of wit:
 theirs was the giant race, before the flood:
 and thus, when Charles returned, our empire stood.
 Like Janus he the stubborn soil manured,
 with rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
 tamed us to manners, when the stage was rude;
 and boisterous English wit with art indued.

Our age was cultivated thus at length;
but what we gained in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius cursed;
the second temple was not like the first:
till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length;
our beauties equal, but excel our strength:
firm Doric pillars found your solid base,
the fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
he moved the mind, but had not power to raise:
great Jonson did by strength of judgment please,
yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease:
in differing talents both adorned their age;
one for the study, t' other for the stage:
but both to Congreve justly shall submit,
one matched in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.

J. DRYDEN

1260

THE PRAISE OF ACTORS

OR if desire of honour was the base
on which the building of the Roman empire
was raised up to this height: if, to inflame
the noble youth with an ambitious heat
t' endure the frosts of danger, nay of death,
to be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
by glorious undertakings, may deserve
reward or favour from the commonwealth;
actors may put in for as large a share
as all the sects of the philosophers;
they with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
deliver, what an honourable thing
the active virtue is: but does that fire
the blood, or swell the veins with emulation
to be both good and great, equal to that
which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor in a lofty scene
shew great Alcides honoured in the sweat
of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus
forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
from the insulting Gauls; or Scipio
after his victories imposing tribute

on conquered Carthage:—if done to the life,
as if they saw their dangers and their glories,
and did partake with them in their rewards,
all that have any spark of Roman in them,
the slothful arts laid by, contend to be
like those they see presented.

P. MASSINGER

1261

SABRINA

THERE is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
that with moist curb sways the smooth Severn-
stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure.

Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
that had the sceptre from his father Brute:
she, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
commended her fair innocence to the flood,
that stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course:
the water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
held up their pearly wrists and took her in,
bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
and gave her to his daughters to imbathe
in nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,
and through the porch and inlet of each sense
dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived
and underwent a quick immortal change,
made goddess of the river. Still she retains
her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
helping all urchin-blasts, and ill-luck signs
that the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
which she with precious violed liquors heals;
for which the shepherds at their festivals
carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
and throw sweet garland-wreaths into her stream
of pansies pinks and gaudy daffodils.

J. MILTON

1262

ADDRESS TO SLEEP

OBLIVIOUS Sleep, calm virtue's tranquil guest,
who shunn'st, in every state, the guilty breast;
who 'midst a world enslaved couldst free remain,
and tyrants mock, who sighed for thee in vain!

Deaf to the flattery and the force of power
thou fledst the downy couch and guarded tower,
to smooth the o'erlaboured peasant's rugged bed,
and lightly shake thy poppies o'er his head;
or lull the ship-boy cradled in the shrouds,
while tempests howled and lightnings rent the clouds;
while o'er his head hoarse roaring burst the wave,
and deep beneath him gaped the watery grave.
By dangers compassed, and by ills oppressed,
thou soothest the wandering hero's tranquil breast;
enticed alone by virtue's simple lure,
a heart benignant and a conscience pure:
stretched on the couch, released from care, he lay
till shrilly sweet the lark proclaimed the day;
then sudden from the lowly mat he sprung,
again his harp he o'er his shoulders hung;
again 'midst woods and meads pursues his way,
while orient sun-beams through the foliage play;
while glittering dew-drops spangle every thorn,
and brighter shine, as brighter dawns the morn;
till, warmer as the verdant landscape glows
and richer fragrance scents the blushing rose,
absorbed in air they slowly waste away,
and vanish in the pearly haze of day.

1263

A FALL OF SNOW

Low the woods
bow their hoar heads; and, ere the languid sun
faint from the west emits his evening ray,
earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,
is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
the works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
the fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
the winnowing store, and claim the little boon
which Providence assigns them. One alone,
the red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
in joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
his shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
his annual visit. Half afraid, he first,

against the window beats; then brisk alights
 on the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
 eyes all the smiling family askance,
 and pecks and starts and wonders where he is;
 till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 by death in various forms, dark snares and dogs
 and more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
 urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 with looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
 dig for the withered herbs through heaps of snow.

J. THOMSON

THE sun, when he hath spread his rays,
 and showed his face ten thousand ways,
 ten thousand things do then begin
 to show the life that they are in:
 the heaven shows lively art and hue
 of sundry shapes and colours new,
 and laughs upon the earth; anon
 the earth, as cold as any stone,
 wet in the tears of her own kind,
 'gins then to take a joyful mind:
 for well she feels that out and out
 the sun doth warm her round about,
 and dries her children tenderly,
 and shows them forth full orderly.
 The mountains high, and how they stand!
 the valleys, and the great main land!
 the trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
 the castles, and the rivers long!
 The hunter then sounds out his horn,
 and rangeth straight through wood and corn.
 On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
 and every young one with his dam.
 Then lovers walk and tell their tale
 both of their bliss and of their bale.

Then tune the birds their harmony;
then flock the fowls in company,
then every thing doth pleasure find
in that, that comforts all their kind.

1265

THE BOWER

MILD-breathing Zephyr, Father of the spring,
who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,
who sheltered here shrunk from the wintry day,
and careless slept the stormy hours away,
hath roused himself, and shook his feathers wet
with purple-swelling odours, and hath let
the sweet and fruitful dew fall on this ground,
to force out all the flowers that might be found.
I have not seen the place could more surprise,
more beautiful in nature's varied dyes.
The balmy west wind blows, and every sense
is soothed and courted:—trees have got their heads,
the fields their coats, the dewy shining meads
do boast the pansy lily and the rose,
and every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows.
The seas are now more even than the earth,
or gently swell as curled by Zephyr's breath;
the rivers run as smoothed by his hand;
the wanton heifer through the grassy land
plays wildly free, her horns scarce budding yet;
while in the sunny fields the new-dropt lambs
gambol, rejoicing round their milky dams.
Hark! how each bough a several music yields;
the lusty throstle, early nightingale,
accord in tune, though vary in their tale,
the chirping swallow called forth by the sun,
and crested lark doth her division run,
the yellow bees the air with music fill,
the finches carol and the turtles bill.

B. JONSON

1266

HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID

'Α Κύπρις τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν νιέα μακρὸν ἐβώστρει,
εἴ τις ἐνὶ τριόδοισι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα—
δραπετίδας ἐμός ἐστιν—ὁ μανυτὰς γέρας ἐξείς
μισθόν τοι, τὸ φίλημα τὸ Κύπριδος· ἣν δ' ἀγάγῃς νιν,

οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὶ δ', ὦ ξένε, καὶ πλέον ἐξείης.
 ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς περίσματος· ἐν εἴκοσι πᾶσι μαθησῇ.
 χρῶτα μὲν οὐ λευκός, πυρὶ δ' εἵκελος· ὄμματα δ' αὐτῷ
 δριμύλα καὶ φλογόεντα· κακαὶ φρένες, ἀδὺ λάλημα·
 οὐ γὰρ ἴσον νοέει καὶ φθέγγεται· ὥς μέλι φωνά·
 ἐν δὲ χολὰ νόος ἐστὶν ἀνάμερος· ἡπεροπευτάς,
 οὐδὲν ἀλαθεύων, δόλιον βρέφος, ἄγρια παίσδων.
 εὐπλόκαμον τὸ κάρανον, ἔχει δ' ἱταμὸν τὸ μέτωπον·
 μικκύλα μὲν τήνῳ τὰ χερνύδρια, μακρὰ δὲ βάλλει,
 βάλλει κεῖς Ἀχέροντα καὶ εἰς Ἀΐδεω βασιλῆα.
 γυμνὸς ὅλος τό γε σῶμα, νόος δέ οἱ εὖ πεπύκασται·
 καὶ πτερόεις ὥς ὄρνις ἐφίπταται ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
 ἀνέρας ἢ δὲ γυναῖκας, ἐπὶ σπλάγχνοις δὲ κάθηται.
 τόξον ἔχει μάλα βαιόν, ὑπὲρ τόξῳ δὲ βέλεμνον·
 τυτθὸν μὲν τὸ βέλεμνον, ἐς αἰθέρα δ' ἄχρι φορεῖται·
 καὶ χρύσεον περὶ νῶτα φαρέτριον, ἔνδοθι δ' ἐντὶ
 τοῖς πικροῖς κάλαμοι, τοῖς πολλάκι καμὲ τιτρώσκει.
 πάντα μὲν ἄγρια ταῦτα· πολὺ πλεῖον δέ οἱ αὐτῷ
 βαιὰ λαμπὰς ἐοῖσα τὸν ἄλιον αὐτὸν ἀναίθει.
 ἦν τις ἔλη τήνον, δήσας ἄγε μῆδ' ἐλεήσης·
 κῆν ποτίδης κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μὴ σε πλανήσῃ·
 κῆν γελάῃ, τύ νιν ἔλκε· καὶ ἦν ἐθέλῃ σε φιλήσῃ,
 φεῦγε· κακὸν τὸ φίλημα, τὰ χεῖλεα φάρμακον ἐντί,
 ἦν δὲ λέγῃ· λάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσσα μοι ὄπλα·
 μὴ τι θίγῃς, πλάνα δῶρα· τὰ γὰρ πυρὶ πάντα βέβαπται.

MOSCHVS

1267 *SPEECH OF THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD*

FOR know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
 of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower
 to nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 with ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;
 and all my plants I save from nightly ill
 of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill,
 and from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 and heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 or what the cross, dire-looking planet smites,
 or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.

When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
over the mount and all this hallowed ground;
and early ere the odorous breath of morn
awakes the slumbering leaves or tasselled horn
shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
number my ranks, and visit every sprout
with puissant words and murmurs made to bless.
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
to the celestial Sirens' harmony,
that sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
and sing to those that hold the vital shears,
and turn the adamantine spindle round
on which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
to lull the daughters of Necessity,
and keep unsteady Nature to her law,
and the low world in measured motion draw
after the heavenly tune, which none can hear
of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

J. MILTON

1268

THE FIFTH DAY'S CREATION

MEAN while the tepid caves and fens and shores
their brood as numerous hatch from the egg,
that soon,
bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
their callow young; but feathered soon and fledge
they summed their pens, and soaring the air sublime
with clang despised the ground, under a cloud
in prospect. There the eagle and the stork
on cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build.
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
in common, ranged in figure, wedge their way
intelligent of seasons, and set forth
their aery caravan, high over seas
flying and over lands, with mutual wing
easing their flight—so steers the prudent crane
her annual voyage, borne on winds—the air
floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
till even; nor then the solemn nightingale

ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.
 Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
 their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
 between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
 her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
 the dank, and rising on stiff pinions tower
 the mid aerial sky: others on ground
 walked firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
 the silent hours, and the other whose gay train
 adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
 of rainbows and starry eyes.

J. MILTON

1269 *A GRAND SPECTACLE UPON THE MOUNTAINS*

A SINGLE step, that freed me from the skirts
 of the blind vapour, opened to my view
 glory beyond all glory ever seen
 by waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
 the appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
 was of a mighty city—boldly say
 a wilderness of building, sinking far
 and self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
 far sinking into splendor—without end!
 Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
 with alabaster domes and silver spires,
 and blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
 in avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
 with battlements that on their restless fronts
 bore stars—illumination of all gems!
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 upon the dark materials of the storm
 now pacified; on them, and on the coves
 and mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 the vapours had receded, taking there
 their station under a cerulean sky.
 O, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
 clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf—
 clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
 confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
 molten together, and composing thus,
 each lost in each, that marvellous array

of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
fantastic pomp of structure without name,
into fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.

W. WORDSWORTH

1270 *PARTRIDGE AND PHEASANT SHOOTING*

YE vigorous swains! while youth ferments your
blood,
and purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
and in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
panting with hope, he tries the furrowed grounds:
but when the tainted gales the game betray,
couched close he lies and meditates the prey;
secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
when Albion sends her eager sons to war,
some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
near and more near, the closing lines invest;
sudden they seize the amazed, defenceless prize,
and high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs
and mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
flutters in blood and panting beats the ground.
Ah, what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
his purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes,
the vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
the painted wings and breast that flames with gold!

A. POPE

1271

RURAL LIFE

IN this retreat how circling days I spend,
what recreation with what study blend,
thou haply wouldst enquire; and on the view
award of praise or blame the impartial due.

The dawn appears: enchanted I survey
 in the broad East the kindling wheels of day
 that in no clime with state more radiant rise,
 and woods and rocks and many-coloured skies;
 then turn to clear Benacus' brimming lake,
 towards whose ample breast their progress take
 a hundred streams, which green-haired Naiads pour
 to swell the mighty father's crystal store.
 Next from the breezy height I pleased discern
 up to the woods the lowing oxen turn,
 and scattered o'er their pasture range the goats:
 the master of the flock his beard denotes,
 shagged and crisp, and locks depending low,
 stalking before the rest with measured pace and slow;
 the goatherd damsel waves her wand behind,
 a bunch of flax about her girdle twined,
 that streams and flutters in the passing wind.
 Meanwhile my sons, whom diligent I train
 to venerate the powers that rule the plain,
 I beckon to the shade; they straight obey
 the call, with books to charm an hour away:
 there on the grassy couch at random thrown
 studious we con; or seated on a stone,
 where his rough arms the broad-leaved chestnut bends,
 and charged with oily mast the beech impends:
 the boughs on every side and thickets round
 with sport and song of feathered warblers sound.

1272

CASWALLON

EVEN as a flower,
 poppy or hyacinth, on its broken stem,
 languidly raises its encumbered head,
 and turns it to the gentle evening sun,
 so feebly rose, so turned that Boy his face
 unto the well-known voice: twice raised his head,
 twice it fell back in powerless heaviness;
 even at that moment from the dark wood came
 his chariot coursers, heavily behind
 dragging the vacant car. Caswallon knew,
 and he leaped up; the Boy his bloodless lips
 with a long effort opened. Was it well,
 father, at this my first, my earliest fight,

to mock me with a baffled hope of fame?
Well was it, to defraud me of my right
to noble death?—and speaking thus he died.
—Awhile above him leaned the Father, then
leaped up, within the chariot placed the corpse,
and with his lash fierce rent the steeds: swift on
as with their master's ire instinct they flew,
making a wide road through the hurtling fray.
Kinsman or stranger, friend or foe alike,
one undistinguishing lust of carnage filled
the Master and the Horses; so wild groans
followed where'er he moved, 'twas all to him,
slaughter dripped and reeked from the chok'd scythes.—
I' the Eastern wars as under his broad tower
moves stately the huge Elephant, a shaft
haply casts down his friendly rider, wont
to lead him to the tank: awhile he droops
affectionate his loose and moaning trunk:
then in his grief and vengeance bursts, and bears
in his feet's trampling rout and disarray
to either host, and shakes the sandy plain.

H. H. MILMAN

1273

PLEA FOR SATIRE

S SHALL I not strip the gilding off a knave,
unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
the world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There my retreat the best companions grace,
chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
or tames the genius of the stubborn plain
almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

A. POPE

1274 *THE INFANCY OF THE KING OF THE GIANTS*

NURST by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
 midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
 among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
 nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
 till baby-curles his broader temples crowned,
 and torrid suns his flexile limbs embrowned:
 then as he sprang from green to florid age,
 and rose to giant-stature stage by stage,
 he roamed the valleys with his browsing flock,
 and leapt in joy of youth from rock to rock;
 climbed the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
 to seize the eagle brooding on her nest,
 and rent his way through matted woods, to tear
 the skulking panther from his hidden lair.

With hardy exercise and cruel art,
 to nerve the frame and petrify the heart,
 the wizard trained his pupil, from a span,
 to thrice the bulk and majesty of man.

His limbs were sinewy strength; commanding grace
 and dauntless spirit sparkled in his face:
 his arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
 and hold the horned rhinoceros at bay;
 his feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
 or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

Yet 'twas the stripling's chief delight to brave
 the river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave:
 when torrent rains had swoln the furious tide,
 light on the foamy surge he loved to ride;
 when calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
 fearless he dived to search the caves below.

J. MONTGOMERY

1275 *THE FIRST EXISTENCE OF EVE*

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 and what I was, whence thither brought and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved

pure as th' expanse of heaven. I thither went
with unexperienced thought, and laid me down
on the green bank, to look into the clear
smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
a shape within the watery gleam appeared,
bending to look on me: I started back,
it started back; but pleased I soon returned,
pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
of sympathy and love. There I had fixed
mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
had not a voice thus warned me; 'What thou seest,
what there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
with thee it came and goes. But follow me,
and I will bring thee where no shadow stays
thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
mother of human race.' What could I do,
but follow straight, invisibly thus led?
till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
under a platane; yet methought less fair,
less winning soft, less amiably mild,
than that smooth watery image.

J. MILTON

1276 *RAPHAEL'S DESCENT TO PARADISE*

DOWN thither prone in flight
he speeds, and, through the vast ethereal sky,
sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
a phoenix gazed by all, as that sole bird
when, to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
he lights, and to his proper shape returns
a Seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to shade
his lineaments divine; the pair that clad
each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
with regal ornament; the middle pair

girt like a starry zone his waist, and round skirted his loins and thighs, with downy gold and colours dipped in heaven; the third his feet shadowed from either heel with feathered mail, sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood, and shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled the circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands of Angels under watch; and to his state and to his message high in honour rise; for on some message high they guessed him bound. Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh, and flowering odours, cassia nard and balm, a wilderness of sweets; for Nature here wantoned as in her prime, and played at will her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet, wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

1277 Him through the spicy forest downward come Adam discerned, as in the door he sat of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs; and Eve within, due at her hour, prepared for dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please true appetite and not disrelish thirst of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream, berry or grape: to whom thus Adam called; 'Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold eastward among those trees what glorious shape comes this way moving; seems another morn risen on mid-noon. Some great behest from Heaven to us perhaps he brings and will vouchsafe this day to be our guest. But go with speed, and what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour abundance, fit to honour and receive our heavenly stranger. Well may we afford our givers their own gifts, and large bestow from large bestowed, where Nature multiplies her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows more fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

J. MILTON

1278

FONTIVM ORIGINES

NOW come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead;
 now let me wander through your gelid reign:
 I burn to view the enthusiastic wilds
 by mortal else untrod. I hear the din
 of waters thundering o'er the ruined cliffs:
 with holy reverence I approach the rocks
 whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song:
 here from the desert down the rumbling steep
 first springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
 in angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
 a mighty flood to water half the East;
 and there, in Gothic solitude reclined,
 the cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
 What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades,
 enwrap these infant floods! through every nerve
 a sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
 and more gigantic still the impending trees
 stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world,
 a land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
 what unknown nations,—if indeed beyond
 aught habitable lies? and whither leads,
 to what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 that subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
 conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 this trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 your gifts (so Pæon, so the powers of health
 command) to praise your crystal element:
 the chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;
 whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
 grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
 the vehicle, the source of nutriment
 and life to all that vegetate or live.

J. ARMSTRONG

1279

RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

THUS they pursued
 their journey, each from other gathering store
 for thought, with many a silent interval
 of mournful meditation, till they saw

the temples and the towers of Cordoba
 shining majestic in the light of eve.
 Before them Betis roll'd his glittering stream,
 in many a silvery winding traced afar
 amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
 and stately piles which crown'd its margin, rich
 with olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
 and many a lovely hamlet interspersed
 whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace:
 height above height, receding hills were seen
 imbued with evening hues; and over all
 the summits of the dark sierra rose
 lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
 The traveller who with a heart at ease
 had seen the goodly vision, would have loved
 to linger, seeking with insatiate sight
 to treasure up its image, deep impressed,
 a joy for years to come. 'O Cordoba'
 exclaim'd the old man 'how princely are thy towers,
 how fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
 the sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
 sees not in all his wide career a scene
 lovelier nor more exuberantly blest
 by bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
 of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
 odours to sense more exquisite, than these
 which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
 recal in me such thoughts of bitterness.
 The time has been, when happy was their lot
 who had their birthright here; but happy now
 are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
 because they feel not in their graves the feet
 that trample upon Spain.'

R. SOUTHEY

THESE are the forgeries of jealousy;
 and never, since the middle summer's spring,
 met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 by pavéd fountain or by rushy brook,
 or in the beachéd margent of the sea,
 to dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

but with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 as in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
 contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
 have every pelting river made so proud,
 that they have overborne their continents:
 the ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
 the ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard:
 the fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 and crows are fattened with the murrion flock;
 the nine men's morris is filled up with mud;
 and the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 for lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
 the human mortals want their winter here;
 no night is now with hymn or carol blest:
 therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 that rheumatic diseases do abound:
 and thorough this distemperature we see
 the seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 and on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 an odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
 the chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
 by their increase, now knows not which is which:
 and this same progeny of evils comes
 from our debate, from our dissension;
 we are their parents and original.

W. SHAKESPEARE

IN *Ida vale* (who knows not *Ida vale*?)
 when harmlesse Troy yet felt not Graecian spite,
 an hundred shepherds wonned, and in the dale,
 while their faire flockes the thin-leaved pastures bite,
 the shepherds boyes with hundred sportings light,
 gave winges unto the times too speedy hast;
 ah! foolish lads! that strove with lavish wast
 so fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

Emong the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
 a dainty boy there wonned, whose harmlesse yeares
 now in their freshest budding gently sweld;
 his nimph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
 youth's downy blossome through his cheeke appeares;
 his lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
 were made for play (but he no play regarded)
 and fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

His ioy was not in musiques sweet delight,
 (though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte,)
 or dainty songs to daintier eares indite
 but through the plaines to chace the nible hart
 with well-tuned hounds; or with his certaine dart
 the tusked boare or savage beare to wound;
 meantime his heart with monsters doth abound;
 ah, foole! to seeke so farre what neerer might be
 found.

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
 where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,)
 Anchises was: Anchises oft the glades
 and mountains heard, Anchises had disdained them;
 not all their love one gentle looke had gained them,
 that rocky hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,
 Anchisis plained; but he no whit relenting,
 harder then rocky hils, laught at their vaine lamenting.

ALL night he worked in the serene moonshine—
 but when the light of day was spread abroad
 he sought again Cyllene's peaks divine.

On his long wandering neither man nor god
 had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
 nor housedog had barked at him on his road:
 now he obliquely through the keyhole passed,
 like a thin mist or an autumnal blast.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave
 he went with soft light feet—as if his tread
 fell not on earth; no sound their falling gave;
 then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
 the swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
 lay playing with the covering of the bed,

with his left hand about his knees—the right
held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.—

The goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled
knew all that he had done, being abroad;
‘Whence come you and from what adventure wild,
you cunning rogue, and where have you abode
all the long night, clothed in your impudence?
what have you done since you departed hence?’

Apollo soon will pass within this gate,
and bind your tender body in a chain
inextricably tight, and fast as fate,
unless you can elude the God again,
even when within his arms—ah, runagate!
a pretty torment both for gods and men
your father made when he made you!’ ‘Dear Mother,’
replied sly Hermes ‘wherefore scold and bother?’

P. B. SHELLEY

1283

THE SHEPHERD BOY

FROM his sixth year the boy, of whom I speak,
in summer tended cattle on the hills;
but through the inclement and the perilous days
of long-continuing winter he repaired,
equipped with satchel, to a school, that stood
sole building on a mountain’s dreary edge,
remote from view of city spire or sound
of minster clock! From that bleak tenement
he, many an evening, to his distant home
in solitude returning, saw the hills
grow larger in the darkness; all alone
beheld the stars come out above his head,
and travelled through the wood, with no one near
to whom he might confess the things he saw.

W. WORDSWORTH

1284

THE village, where he dwelt a husbandman,
by sudden inroad had been seized and fired
late on the yester-evening. With his wife
and little ones he hurried his escape.
They saw the neighbouring hamlets flame, they heard
uproar and shrieks, and terror-struck drove on

through unfrequented roads, a weary way;
 but saw nor house nor cottage. All had quenched
 their evening hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread
 the air clipped keen, the night was fanged with frost,
 and they provisionless! The weeping wife
 ill hushed her children's moans; and still they moaned
 till fright and cold and hunger drank their life.
 They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas death.
 He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,
 gained a sad respite, till beside the base
 of the high hill his foremost horse dropped dead.
 Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
 he crept beneath the coverture, entranced,
 till wakened by the Maiden.—Such his tale.

S. T. COLERIDGE

1285

VIVE HODIE

TO-MORROW'S action? can that hoary wisdom,
 borne down with years, still dote upon To-morrow?
 that fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
 the coward and the fool, condemn'd to lose
 a useless life in waiting for To-morrow,
 to gaze with longing eyes upon To-morrow,
 till interposing death destroys the prospect!
 Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
 should fill the world with wretches undetected:
 the soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
 still sees To-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;
 still to the lover's long-expecting arms
 To-morrow brings the visionary bride;
 but thou, too old to bear another cheat,
 learn that the present hour alone is man's.

S. JOHNSON

1286

THE DEATH OF ELAINE

BUT when the next sun brake from underground,
 then those two brethren slowly with bent brows
 accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
 past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
 full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
 pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
 There sat the life-long creature of the house,
 loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,

winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
 So those two brethren from the chariot took
 and on the black decks laid her in her bed,
 set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
 the silken case with braided blazonings,
 and kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her
 'sister, farewell for ever,' and again
 'farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
 Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
 steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—
 in her right-hand the lily, in her left
 the letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
 and all the coverlid was cloth of gold
 drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
 all but her face, and that clear-featured face
 was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
 but fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

A. TENNYSON

1287

HERMOD

HE spoke and waved farewell and gave his hand
 to Nanna; and she gave their brother blind
 her hand in turn for guidance; and the three
 departed o'er the cloudy plain, and soon
 faded from sight into the interior gloom.
 But Hermod stood besides his drooping horse,
 mute, gazing after them in tears: and fain,
 fain had he followed their receding steps,
 though they to Death were bound, and he to Heaven,
 then; but a Power he could not break withheld.
 And as a stork, which idle boys have trapped
 and tied him in a yard, at autumn sees
 flocks of his kind pass flying o'er his head
 to warmer lands and coasts that keep the sun;
 he strains to join their flight, and from his shed
 follows them with a long complaining cry:
 so Hermod gazed, and yearned to join his kin.

M. ARNOLD

1288

ZEMBLA

FAR in the horrid realms of winter, where
 th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
 there lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants

relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
 regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave;
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
 who tends the garden. In this frozen world
 such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
 is earn'd with ease: for here the fruitful spawn
 of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 with generous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know;
 these, and, their willing slave, the deer that crops
 the shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.

J. ARMSTRONG

1289

ANTONIUS AND CLEOPATRA

ANTONIUS, that was war and wol nat fayle
 to meten with thise Romaines yf he may,
 toke eke his rede; and booth upon a day
 his wyf and he and al hys oost forthe went
 to shippe anoon, no lenger they ne stent,
 and in the see it happed hem to mete.
 Up goeth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
 and paynen hem to sette on with the sonne,
 with grisly soun out gooth the grete gonne,
 and hertely they hurtelen al attones,
 and fro' the toppe doune cometh the grete stones.
 In gooth the grapenel so ful of crokes,
 amonge the ropes and the sheryng hokes;
 in with the polax preseth he and he;
 byhynde the maste begynneth he to fle,
 and out agayne and dryveth hym over borde,
 he styngeth hym upon hys speres orde,
 he rent the sayle with hokes lyke a sithe,
 he bryngeth the cuppe and biddeth hem be blithe;
 he poureth pesen upon the hacches slidre,
 with pottes ful of lyme, they goon togedre.
 And thus the longe day in fight they spende.

G. CHAUCER

1290

THE NECESSITY AND BENEFIT OF EXERCISE

BY ceaseless action all that is subsists.
 Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
 that Nature rides upon, maintains her health
 her beauty her fertility. She dreads

an instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
and fit the limpid element for use,
else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes and streams,
all feel the fresh'ning impulse and are cleans'd
by restless undulation. Even the oak
thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
he seems indeed indignant, and to feel
th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
frowning as if in his unconscious arm
he held the thunder: but the monarch owes
his firm stability to what he scorns,
more fixt below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
binds man the lord of all. Himself derives
no mean advantage from a kindred cause,
from strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.

W. COWPER

1291

THE ANGLER

BUT should you lure
from his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he following cautious scans the fly,
and oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
the dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
with sullen plunge: at once he darts along
deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
the caverned bank, his old secure abode;
and flies aloft and flounces round the pool
indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
that feels him still yet to his furious course
gives way, you, now retiring, following now
across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
till, floating broad upon his breathless side
and to his fate abandoned, to the shore
you gaily drag your unresisting prize.

J. THOMSON

1292

THE POET'S BOYHOOD

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
 was set, and visible for many a mile
 the cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
 I heeded not their summons: happy time
 it was indeed for all of us—for me
 it was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
 the village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
 proud and exulting like an untired horse
 that cares not for his home. All shod with steel
 we hissed along the polished ice in games
 confederate, imitative of the chase
 and woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
 the pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
 and not a voice was idle: with the din
 smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
 the leafless trees and every icy crag
 tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
 into the tumult sent an alien sound
 of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
 eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
 the orange sky of evening died away.

1293 Not seldom from the uproar I retired
 into a silent bay, or sportively
 glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
 to cut across the reflex of a star
 that fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
 upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
 when we had given our bodies to the wind,
 and all the shadowy banks on either side
 came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
 the rapid line of motion, then at once
 have I, reclining back upon my heels,
 stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
 wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
 with visible motion her diurnal round!
 Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
 feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
 till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

W. WORDSWORTH



NOTES



NOTES

SECTION

- 4 a translation from the Arabic. Compare CARLYLE, *Specimens of Arabian poetry* p. 80.
- 7 wrongly ascribed to WALLER in *Museum Criticum*, i. p. 266: it is taken from a poem by COWLEY, called '*The Waiting-Maid.*'
- 12 from *Rokeby* Cant. IV. 11.
- 14 from *the Country Justice*, Part I. SIR WALTER SCOTT had once only an interview with the poet BURNS, whom he found wiping his eyes, having just read these lines.
- 15 These lines form also the conclusion of the *Fifth Moral Essay*, where the last line is altered to
 'and praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved.'
 CRAGGS succeeded ADDISON as Secretary-at-War in 1717, and died soon after him. Hence TICKELL thus speaks of them:
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 in future tongues: each other's boast, farewell,
 farewell! whom, joined in fame, in friendship tried,
 no chance could sever nor the grave divide.
- 16 l. 1, *herse*, tomb: properly an empty tomb set up at the month's or year's end for the honourable memory of the dead. Comp. MILTON, *Epitaph on Marchioness of Winchester*:
 Here bē flowers and some bays
 for thy *hearse* to strew the ways,
 sent thee from the lands of Came.
- 23 translated from an epigram in the Greek Anthology.
- 28 l. 5, αἱ τέλαι ἀηδόνες, i.e. 'your poetical writings.' The word ἀηδὼν seems to have been used in later Greek to signify 'a musical strain' or even 'a musical instrument:' see *Museum Criticum* i. p. 270. l. 3, λέσχη here means '*ipsa confabulatio*' not '*locus ubi confabulabantur.*' BENTLEY compares Virgil *Ecl.* IX. 51: F. JACOBS reads ἥλιον ἐν λέσχη and τετραπάλαι σποδίη.
- 29 The story is told of PLATO by PAUSANIAS, IX. 23, μελίσσαι αὐτῷ καθεύδοντι προσεπέτοντό τε καὶ ἐπλασσον πρὸς τὰ χεῖλη τοῦ κηροῦ: l. 1, ἀνελείψαντο, *abstulerunt*: l. 4, εὐτυχίην στωμύλον, *ingenii solertiam cum suavi facundia junctam*: l. 5, *junge τὸ δὲ κλέος* 'Ἀθῆναις ἀπτόμενόν ἐστιν (ᾄπτεται) νεφέων ἐκ σέθεν, i.e. *tuo ingenio Athenarum gloria usque ad nubes effertur.* JACOBS

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- 30 l. 1, ἀνθοδίατε, *qua floribus vesceris.*
- 32 Jacobs compares SENECA *Epist.* 24: *Moriar: hoc dūcis: desinam aegrotare posse: desinam mori posse.*
- 35 l. 3, ἐμύησ' ἐλικωνίδα, *me Musarum initiavit mysteriis:* l. 5, ἐνθεος οἶα, *tanquam divino spiritu percita.* JACOBS
- 36 l. 7, κηροχυτοῦσ' i.e. κηροχυτοῦσαι: Meineke conj. κηροχύτευν ἐπὶ τοῖς λαροῖς δ' ἐπὶ κ.τ.λ.
- 42 l. 2, τέκνοις, h.e. τῇ τῶν τέκνων στοργῇ: l. 8, Μηδεῖα barbarae mulieri, Τιμομάχου artificis et σροφῶ.
- 44 locustam poeta rogat ut curas quibus crucietur cantu leniat, mercede pro illo beneficio promissa. l. 1, ἀπάτημα πόθων: qui cantus sui dulcedine desiderii vim fallit, (παραμυθεῖται). παραμύθιον ὕπνου: ὕπνος pro absentia somni (ἀγρυπνία) quam cantus solatur. Conf. Theocr. *Idyll.* xxiii. 7. l. 3: αὐτοφνὲς μίμημα λύρας: sponte, ipsa natura docente, ut chordis lyrae sonos plectrum elicit, sic locusta pedibus alas impellens stridet. De hac re vide, *Plin. N. H.* xi. 5. 1, *locustas pennarum et feminum attritu sonare creditur.* Pergitur in comparatione cum lyra verbo μιτωσαμένη, quasi de chordis (μύτροις) agatur, quibus impulsis cantus provocatur ἐρωτοπλάνος, amoris cruciatus avertens: l. 7, γήτειον, porri genus quo locustas delectatas fuisse ex hoc loco solo constat: l. 8, σχιζομένης quo sensu dictum sit non apparet, στόμασι σχαζομένοις Brunckius in textum invexit. Mihi ψιχομένης in mentem venit, roris guttas destillantes στόμασι cicadae ori ut eam nutriant. Hesychius ψιάζειν, ψακάζειν: ib. ψιζομένη, κλαίουσα, quod de lacrimis destillantibus dictum fuit. Ad eandem verborum familiam pertinet ψιάδες i.e. ρανίδες, σταγόνες, ψεκάδες. F. JACOBS
- 45 l. 2, ἱκεσία δλισθηρὰ aut de supplicis gestu accipiendum τοῦ εἰς τὰ γόνατα δλισθαίνοντος, aut est supplicatio et preces in animum alterius delabentes et se insinuant: l. 3, στεγανὸς animus opponitur τῷ μαλακῷ, gravis solidus (*close, reserved*) levi: l. 8, οἶκτον quod misericordiam movet, τὸ εἰς οἶκτον ἄγον. F. JACOBS
- 47 a translation from the German, which appeared in a volume of poems publisht 1821.
- 53 in Brading Churchyard, Isle of Wight, on Mrs Anne Bury.
- 56 These lines form the conclusion of a poem on the death of DR AIKMAN: l. 3, *for* 'no more than' some editions have 'at last but:' l. 7, *for* 'still,' 'dragged.'
- 58 l. 5, ἐν ψήφοις, *'divitias computans, quod fit ope calculorum in abaco.'* JACOBS
- 59 Compare Capulet's relation of the death of Juliet: and the following lines of R. HERRICK:

That morne which saw me made a Bride,
the ev'ning witnest that I dy'd:
those holy lights, wherewith they guide
unto the bed the bashful Bride,
served but as tapers for to burne
and light my Reliques to their Urne.
This Epitaph, which here you see,
supply'd the Epithalamie.

- 63 The following lines *de Stultitia et Cupidine* by JOSEPHUS FARSETIUS, a Venetian nobleman, are probably the original of this graceful poem:

Stultitia atque Cupido una lussisse feruntur,
ludicer ad risum et pronus uterque deus:
qui cum inter se consererent puerilia bella,
alter forte manus alteri et injiceret;
evenit, ut digitis et acuto comminus ungui
sint effossa tibi lumina, mollis Amor.
quod Cytheraea dolens caelestia questibus implet
limina, nec lacrimis ponit inulta modum:
Juppiter at 'caeco' dixit 'parēbis Amori,
Stultitia, et semper tu comes huius eris.'

- 68 and 69 are imitated from the Italian of METASTASIO. Compare the following Greek Epigram: *Anthol.* Tom. II. p. 44 *ed. Jacobs*:

οὔρεσιν ἐν δολιχοῖς βλωθρὴν πίτυν ὑέτιός με
πρόρριζον γαίης ἐξεκύλισε Νότος·
ἔνθεν ναῦς γενόμεν, ἀνέμοις πάλιν ὄφρα μάχωμαι.
ἄνθρωποι τόλμης οὐποτε φειδόμενοι.

- 75 Compare HESIOD *Opp. et Dies*: τῆς ἀρετῆς ἰδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθε ἔθηκαν, and a fragment of SIMONIDES preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus *Stromata* IV. § 48 p. 525

ἔστι τις λόγος
τὰν ἀρετὰν ναλεῖν δυσαμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτραις,
νῦν δέ μιν θοὰν χώρον ἀγνὸν ἀμφέπειν,
οὐδὲ πάντων βλεφάροις θνατῶν ἔσοπτος,
ᾧ μὴ δακέθυμος ἰδρῶς
ἔνδοθεν μόλη, ἱκηταί τ' ἐς ἀκρὸν
ἀνδρείας.

- 77 from *the Queen of Corinth*, Act iii. sc. 2: l. 12, *mo*, more.
78 from *Moral Essays*, IV. 2.

- 81 (V) l. 1, ἱμάντα *lorum quo pueri castigantur in scholis*: l. 3, εὐστολπνον *coni. F. JACOBS*, h. e. *splendentem*, aeneum *puta multoque usu attritum*.

- 85 l. 2, *comp. § 104, l. 8: v. 7, κῆρ χθονὶ πεπτηώς*, i. e. *κεκλιμένος*, ἐν χθονὶ τεθαμμένος: v. 10, ἔπνεε, *cantum vino dulciorem edidit*.
JACOBS

- 92 from *Palamon and Arcite* II. l. 665.

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- 102 from Athenaeus, *Deipnosoph.* VII. 106. 'It was a general custom among the ancients' says Bland 'for girls, when arrived at a marriageable age, to consecrate to Venus the favourite toys of their childish years. To form collections of shells and marine curiosities was a fashionable pursuit of the Grecian ladies, and some rare and valuable specimens of the treasures of their cabinet was considered as the most acceptable offering to be made on so important an occasion.' So Persius, *Sat.* II. v. 70, speaks of *Veneri donatae a virgine pupae*. The '*Venus Zephyritis*, to whom the Epigram is inscribed upon the votive gift, was Arsinoe, the deified wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, to whom the Egyptians built a fane on the promontory of Zephyrium in Africa, see CATULLUS LXVI, 57: v. 1, παλαιτερος for πάλαι: v. 2, ἀνθεμα i.q. ἀνάθεμα: v. 4, οἰκείοι πρότοννοι sc. *brachia funium in navi vice fungentia*: v. 5, οὔλος i.e. πυκνοῖς ποσίν: v. 6, νυν sc. τὴν γαλήνην, τὸ πέλαγος, *ib.* 'thus my name (*Nautilus*, 'the sailor') suits me well:' v. 7, ἐκ τ' ἔπεσον 'I was stranded:' v. 8, περίσκεπτον, in tuto jam procul a fluctibus, quippe in templo consecratum, *Odyss.* I. 426, JACOBS: v. 9, μηδὲ τίκτεται sc. ὄφρα; the nautilus is made to say that it does not mind about the halcyon's period of incubation—seven days of calm. 'No longer *for me* does the brooding Halcyon calm the wintry seas. She calms them still, but not *for me*, for I am dead, and no longer ἐν θαλάμῳ 'in my chamber'.'
- 103 Compare SPENSER's description of 'Occasion,' *Faerie Queene* II. iv. 4: also PHAEDRUS *Fab.* v. 8, and AUSONIUS *Epigram.* XII. v. 3, ἐπ' ἄκρα 'on tip-toe:' v. 11, τοῦνεχα, i.q. τοῦ (τίνος) ἔνεκα: v. 12, ἐν προθύροις 'in the vestibule of the temple,' διδασκαλίην, i.q. διδασκαλίας ἔνεκα.
- 118 Under the name of 'Lucasta' LOVELACE compliments a Miss Lucy Sacheverel, a lady of great beauty and fortune, whom he used, during his intimacy, to call *Lux Casta*. Lovelace was confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, for carrying a petition from the county of Kent to the House of Commons, for the purpose of restoring the King to his rights and settling the government. See § 782.
- 124 *Astrophel*, Sir Philip Sidney.
- 132, 133 from the grand lyrical ballad of 'Sir Eustace Grey.'
- 136 v. 4, The original of this simile is to be found in a fragment of the *Myrmidones* of Aeschylus;
- ὥς δ' ἐστὶ μύθων τῶν λιβυστικῶν λόγος,
πληγέντ' ἀτράκτω τοξικῷ τὸν αἰετὸν
εἰπεῖν ἰδόντα μηχανὴν πτερώματος
'τάδ' οὐχ ὑπ' ἔλλων, ἀλλὰ τοῖς αὐτῶν πτεροῖς
ἀλισκόμεσθα.'

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- 140 from the 'Arraignment of Paris,' Act iii. sc. 4: l. 3, *silly*, innocent.
- 147 from *Palamon and Arcite*, Book II.
- 149 Compare the *Hue and Cry after Cupid*, § 1266.
- 152 v. 1, 'nuntium tibi finge ex Cithaerone venientem, ubi Phoebus pueros venantes occiderat, sed dum matri tristem enarrat casum, puellae Dianae sagittis conficiuntur: v. 3, *λθε*, quod in luctu sollemne: v. 6, *πλημμυρεῖ κ.τ.λ.*, *jam in puellas redundat caedes*. JACOBS
- 176, 177 SIR ROBERT AYTON, to whom this poem is generally assigned, was private secretary to ANNE the queen of JAMES I. of Scotland and a friend of BEN JONSON: l. 8, *sweets*, sweetness.
- 178 l. 3, *bright*, brightness; see note on § 177, l. 8.
- 184 l. 2, *αἰθυλῆς* 'a diver:' l. 3, *χηραμοδύτην*, *piscium latebras perscrutantem*: l. 4, *οὐχὶ πολυσκάλμου ναυτικῆς*, *navigii non multis remis instructi*. JACOBS
- 185 l. 2, Bergk reads *μελπόμενος*. The reading *οὔτε πότοις* is a conjectural one of Scaliger for *οὐδὲ πόλις* which is retained by Bergk.
- 186 l. 4, *ἀρτίπρος* i. q. *ἄρτιος*: l. 6, *βότρυν κόμης*, *cincinnos artificiose in uvae speciem compositos*: l. 9, *τὸ γὰρ* i. q. *ὁ γὰρ*: *πάντων*, sub. *μᾶλλον*. JACOBS
- 188 l. 2, *ἐμβατέοντες*: Jacobs explains '*qui oves ad pascua ducentes in hos colles erigitis*.' Meineke observes that *ἐμβατέων* cannot be used in a transitive sense and reads *εὐβοτέοντες*: l. 9, *καταχραινοιτο*, *irriget*.
- 189 l. 3, *ἐξερέειν*, i. q. *λέγειν*: l. 5, *πίναξ*, *abacus*, *ψηφίδες*, *calculi*: l. 8, *ὕλαιν ἀνθουσύνην*, *herbas inutiles*: l. 12, *ὀψεται* sc. *τὰ λήια*. JACOBS
- 190 l. 2, *ἐν τὸ κάλλιστον* sc. *πάντων ὧν ἔλεξεν*: *Χίος ἀνὴρ*, sc. HOMER *Il.* VI. 146: l. 5, *στέμνοις ἐγκατέθεντο*, *in pectora amictusque demittunt*, Liv. XXXIV. 50: l. 14 *τλήθι χαριζόμενος*, *ne genio sive amico animo* (Hor. *Od.* IV. 7. 19) *indulgere dubites*.
- 196 from 'Ivanhoe.'
- 203 l. 10, *that fair thou owest*, that beauty thou ownest: comp. § 178 l. 3.
- 208 Mitford *ad l.* compares Solon's reply to one who observed to him, *οὐδὲν ἀνύττεις δακρύων*, viz., *δι' αὐτὸ τοῦτο δακρύω ὅτι οὐδὲν ἀνύττω*. Diog. Laert. *Vit. Solon.* § 63.
- 210 This graceful Poem is generally ascribed to WILLIAM HERBERT, Earl of Pembroke, whose character is so beautifully drawn by Clarendon, *Hist. of Rebellion*, Vol. I. p. 120 (*Fol. Centuriae*, § 54).
- 219 l. 8, *cristall*, fairness.

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- 232 l. 1, *soote*, sweet: l. 2, *and eke*, and also: the verb *eke* is used in Spenser for 'to increase,' from A. S. *eachan*, Lat. *augere*: l. 4, *make*, i.e. mate, as in § 238 l. 11: l. 5, *springs*, shoots: l. 11, *mings*, mingles: l. 12, *bale*, poison, destruction.
- 233 l. 4, *in presence prest*. The word *prest* from French *preste* or *prêt*, Lat. *praesto* is to be met with frequently in SPENSER and most of our old English poets: in some places it signifies *ready, quick, prepared*, in others it is used adverbially. So *F. Q.* II. 8. 28, *the vengeance prest*, means instant vengeance: IV. 5. 36:
 in which his worke he had six servants *prest*,
 i. e. 'present:' CHAUCER *Assembly of Foules*:
 neither was fowle, that cometh of engendrure,
 that there ne was *prest* in her presence;
 i. e. 'that was not present before her:' l. 11, *thrall*, slave.
 SHAKSP. *Cor.* i. 2: they have *prest* a power: *Merch. of V.* i. 1,
 say to me what I should do and I am *prest* unto it.
- 238 l. 11, *make*, mate: l. 12, *amearst*, amerced.
- 241 l. 11, *content*, happiness: l. 13 *or else this glutton be &c.*; or you will commit the excess of consuming what is due to the world by your oath and your unmarried life. F. T. PALGRAVE
- 245 l. 5, *nativity once in the main of light*: when a star has risen and entered on the full stream of light: l. 7, *crooked eclipses*; as probably coming athwart the sun's apparent course. F. T. PALGRAVE
- 246 l. 8, another astrological idea, the meaning of which is, says the same editor, 'whose stellar influence is unknown, although his angular altitude has been determined.'
- 247 l. 5, *fleets*, i. e. fleetest: l. 7, *sweets*, sweetness, comp. § 177, l. 8.
- 253 l. 12, *spring*, i. e. sprig.
- 255 l. 4, *fatal*, destined by the fates, comp. SPENSER *F. Q.* I. 12. 39:
 driven by *fatal* error,
 i. e. ordained by the fates: IV. 12. 27:
 nor less she feared that same *fatal* rede,
 i. e. that same decree of the fates.
 Virgil *Aen.* XI. 232; v. 82:
 non licuit fines Italos *fataliaque arva*,
 non tecum Ausonium quicumque es quaerere Tybrim:
 HEADLEY justly remarks of DRUMMOND'S sonnets that many of them resemble the best Greek Epigrams in their best taste, in that exquisite delicacy of sentiment and simplicity of expression for which our language has no single term, but which is known best by the Greek word ἀφέλεια.
- 256 l. 10, *merle*, blackbird: l. 13, *sith*, since.
- 257 l. 8, *stain*, disgrace.
- 260 l. 14, compare the following lines by THOMAS WARTON, intended

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to have been placed under a statue of *Somnus* in the gardens of JAMES HARRIS of Salisbury :

Somne veni, et quamquam certissima mortis imago es
consortem cupio te tamen esse tori:

huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vita
vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori!

- 261 l. 5, *cyprus*, crape, sometimes spelt *cypress*, as in Shakespeare *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 4:

Come away, come away, death,
and in sad *cypress* let me be laid:

compare Autolycus' song, *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 4:

lawn as white as driven snow,
cyprus black as e'er was crow.

Milton speaks of 'sable stole of *cypres*-lawn,' *Il Pens.* v. 35, but lawn is here used of the material qualified by *cyprus*: see also a passage from Spenser § 523 : l. 7, *whiles*, sometimes.

- 262 l. 4, *ramage* (from Latin *ramus*), wood or wild song: l. 5, *sith*, since.

265 l. 2, *tickle*, unsteady.

287 l. 13, conf. Soph. *Philoct.* 1429:

οὐ γὰρ εὐσέβεια συνθνήσκει βροτοῖς
κἄν ζῶσι κἄν θάνωσω οὐκ ἀπόλλυται.

- 290 this charming little poem is perhaps surpassed for exquisite grace and elegance by the fanciful epigram of EUENUS:

Ἀτθὶ κόρα, μελίθρεπτε, λάλος λάλον ἀρπάξασα
τέττιγα πιανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν,
τὸν λάλον ἃ λαλόεσσα, τὸν εὐπτερον ἃ πτερόεσσα,
τὸν ξένον ἃ ξέλνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά;
οὐχὶ τάχος ῥίψεις; οὐ γὰρ θέμις οὐδὲ δίκαιον
ἔλλυσθ' ὕμνοπόλους ὕμνοπόλοις στόμασιν:

thus happily rendered by GROTIUS:

*Cecropi dulce sonans resonantem dulce cicadam
abripis et pullis fers alimenta tuis:
quid facis? a! capta quid avi, precor, hospite gaudes
hospes avis, verna verna, loquace loquax?
quin cito demittis? vates ut vatibus esca
fiat, id haudquaquam jura piumque sinunt.*

- 297 the author of this poem is uncertain: it is one of those sub-joined to Lord SURREY's poems, and printed in ELLIS's *Specimens*: l. 8, *all to-fret*, comp. Milton *Comus*, l. 380, '*all to-ruffled*,' *Judges* ix. 53: '*all to-brake his skull*:' the prefix *to* is intensive: comp. § 917 l. 5.

298 a translation from the Portuguese of CAMOENS

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- 304 l. 3, *breckan*, fern: l. 6, *gowan*, the daisy: l. 7, *amang*, among.
- 313 SIR ALBERTUS MORTON was Secretary to SIR H. WOTTON on his first going as Ambassador to Italy, afterwards Secretary to King James I.
- 316 l. 9, *wimpling*, meandering.
- 317 l. 9, *laverock*, lark.
- 318 l. 7, *nocht*, nothing: l. 11, *merle*, blackbird: l. 15, *mavis*, thrush.
- 319 l. 2, *brae*, hillock: l. 4, *slae*, sloe: l. 8, *maun*, must: l. 12, *wad blink*, would look kindly: l. 13, *frae*, from: *faes*, foes.
- 323 from 'the tears of old May-day,' written on the reformation of the Calendar.
- 326 the sacred bard, Jeremiah. For a description of the instrument called 'Æolus' harp,' see a passage in the *Castle of Indolence*, CANTO I. STAN. 40.
- 336 a translation of a song in SCHEFFER'S *History of Lapland* from the *Spectator*, No. 406.
- 343 a free version of part of a chorus in the *Medea* of EURIPIDES v. 187 foll.
- 348 l. 10, *trental*, a service of thirty masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days for the dead.
- 363 l. 10, *cark*, care, anxiety.
- 365 *Endermay*. The correct reading is said to be *Invermay*, a place in Perthshire, near the mouth of the May, where the *birk* or birch-tree grows abundantly.
- 377 supposed to have been written by ROBERT EMMETT, after he was sentenced to death, A.D. 1803.
- 386 l. 5, *wad*, would: l. 9, *gin*, if: l. 10, *wa'*, wall: l. 11, *drap*, drop: l. 12, *fa'*, fall: l. 16, *fleyed*, scared.
- 390 l. 4, *justments*, Lat. *justa*, 'funeral offerings,' 'obsequies:' the word is not given in either Johnson or Richardson's Dictionary.
- 405 See the observations of ADDISON, *Spectator*, No. 327.
- 448 l. 1, *braes*, hillocks: l. 4, *shaw*, wood in a hollow place: l. 6, *mavis*, thrush: l. 9, *ilk*, every: l. 10, *braw*, fine: l. 13, *dowie*, melancholy: l. 14, *drift*, snow: l. 15, *wae*, woe: *wi'*, with.
- 455 l. 8, *drumlie*, muddy: l. 11, *or*, ere.
- 457 l. 6, *rathe*, early, precocious, whence *rather*, sooner: so MILTON *Lycidas*, v. 142:
bring the *rathe* primrose that forsaken dies:
- HALL *Satire* iv. 4:
'oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
that all so *rath* thy warlike life began!
- 459 The second stanza is omitted in the later editions of WORDSWORTH'S Poems, possibly in consequence of a criticism in the *Guesses at Truth*, 2nd series p. 129, ed. 2.

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- 464 l. 1, *airts*, points from which the wind blows: l. 5, *row*, roll:
l. 14, *shaw*, a woody dell, as § 448, l. 4.
465 from '*Don Quixote*,' a comedy, A.D. 1694.
469 from the *Legend of Montrose*, where we are informed by the
author that it is 'a translation, by the ingenious and unhappy
ALEXANDER MACDONALD, of a little Gaelic song.'
470 from *Rokeby*, Canto III. 28.
473 The Indians of Bengal and of the coast of Malabar bring cages
filled with birds to the graves of their friends, over which they
set the birds at liberty. This custom is alluded to in the de-
scription of Virginia's funeral.
474 This is the song to which Shakespeare refers in his *Othello*,
Act iv. Sc. 3, as *the song of the willow*, the burden of it (here
omitted) being:

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland.

- 509 St Kilda is one of the Hebrides islands.
512 These stanzas are freely imitated from a passage cited by
Archbishop Potter, *Antiquities* Vol. II. p. 186, as the fragment
of an old Poet preserved by STOBÆUS:

οὐ μὲν γὰρ οὕτως ἂν ποτ' ἔστεφανωμένοι
προὔκειμεθ' ἄνθος οὐδὲ κατακεχρισμένοι,
εἰ μὴ καταβάντας εὐθέως πίνειν ἔδει.
διὰ ταῦτα γὰρ τοι καὶ καλοῦνται μακάριοι,
πᾶς γὰρ λέγει τις 'ὁ μακαρίτης ὄχεται.'

R. BLAND.

- 523 *Astrophel*, a name which SIR PHILIP SIDNEY gave to himself.
Although the poem from which the extract is taken is printed
with SPENSER'S Works, it is said to have been written by Sir
Philip's sister, the accomplished MARY COUNTESS OF PEM-
BROKE: l. 17, *cypres*, see note on § 261, l. 5.
530 l. 7, 'notanda est' says Gaisford 'hypallage πνευμόνων σοῖς pro
πνεύμοσιν ὄσων. Sic enim ordinanda est et supplenda haec
phrasis: ὄσων γὰρ ἐν πνεύμοσιν ἐντῆκεται ἡ Κύπρις, τούτων τίς
ψυχὴ οὐ γίνεταί τῆςδε τῆς θεοῦ βορά;'
540 from *Marmion*, Canto II. 3.
548 'JOHN HARINGTON' says Ellis 'the author of this poem, was
the father of SIR JOHN HARINGTON. It is entitled 'a sonnet
made on ISABELLA MARKHAM, when I first thought her fair, as
she stood at the Princess's window in goodly attire, and talked
to divers in the courtyard.'" l. 13, *so kind bespeak* G. Ellis reads;
and l. 17, *make naught so fair*: in the text *so fair* must mean
'such beauty.'
568 l. 4, *yse*, ice: l. 5, *brand*, weapon, see on § 1052, l. 12: l. 7, *no*

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force: a phrase of common occurrence in CHAUCER and our old writers, as in *The Sompnoures tale*, v. 7771:

no force, quod he, but tell me all your grefe,

i. e. no matter: and in the *Freres tale*, v. 7094:

I do no force of your divinitee,

i. e. I do not care for; again, *Clerkes tale*, v. 8968:

no force of death ne whan my spirit pace—

i. e. no matter of death; and in *Mirror for Magistrates*, § 1088, l. 10:

what though some frowne, *thereof he may not force*.

This usage of the word is said by JAMESON, quoted by C. RICHARDSON, to be derived from the French phrase *je ne fais point force de cela* 'I care not for that,' 'I lay no stress on that,' 'I allow no force to:' l. 21, *to death himself hath donne*: the phrase is used by Shakespeare in *Much Ado about nothing*, Act v. sc. 3:

done to death by slanderous tongues
was the Hero that here lies:

and 2 *Henry VI*. Act III. sc. 2:

why, Warwick, who should *do* the duke *to death*?

i. e. put to death. See Philol. Society's *Transactions* for 1856, p. 155, where MR J. J. S. PEROWNE adduces instances of similar obsolete usages of the verb *do*.

579 the authorship is doubtful: it is usually printed amongst the *Hesperides* of R. HERRICK.

582 translated from GOETHE: MIGNON has been stolen away in early childhood from Italy: her vague recollections of that land and of her early home, with its graceful sculptures and pictured saloons, are perpetually haunting her, and at times break forth into this song.

590 l. 1, *there*, by the ALATAMAH in the United States.

592 translated from the Spanish. See *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XXXIX. p. 426, for another translation of the same poem.

594 l. 5, *ween*, think: l. 6, *atween*, between: l. 7, *prankt*, adorned gaily: l. 8, *sooth*, truth: l. 9, *wight*, man: *ne*, nor: l. 12, *kest*, cast: l. 17, *bickered*, see on § 1053, l. 10.

595 l. 9, *yblest*, mingled: l. 13, *idlesse*, idleness.

598 *Elizabeth of Bohemia* was daughter to KING JAMES I. of England and ancestor to SOPHIA of Hanover.

599 l. 9, *brave*, beautiful: l. 11, *orient*, bright.

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606 paraphrased from an ode of CASIMIR SORBIEWSKY (SARBIEVIUS), the Polish HORACE:

Sonora buxi filia sutilis,
pendebis alta, barbite, populo:
dum ridet aer et supinas
solicitat levis aura frondes.

Te sibilantis lenior halitus
perflabit Euri: me juvet interim
collum reclinasse et virenti
sic temere jacuisse ripa.

Eheu! serenum quae nebulae tegunt
repente caelum? quis sonus imbrium?
Surgamus. Heu semper fugaci
gaudia praeteritura passu!

620 an elegy written at a time when the rites of sepulture were so frequently violated.

623 from the *Lady of the Lake*, Cant. III. 5.

637 To this imaginary JULIA ALPINULA, a young Aventian priestess, supposed to have died soon after a vain effort to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Caecina (TACITUS *Hist.* I. 68), BYRON has devoted a beautiful stanza in *Childe Harold*, Canto III. 66, and in his note quotes the celebrated Latin epitaph from Avenches:

IVLIA . ALPINVLA . HEIC . IACEO
INFELICIS . PATRIS . INFELIX . PROLES
DEAE . AVENT . SACERDOS
EXORARE . PATRIS . NECEM . NON . POTVI
MALE . MORI . IN . FATIS . ILLI . ERAT
VIXI . ANNOS . XXIII

adding 'I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness.' It is now well known that the inscription is a forgery of one Paul Wilhelm, and was fabricated from a passage in TACITUS, where the Historian relates that Caecina on coming to Avenches put to death Julius Alpinus one of the principal citizens and the stirrer up of a recent war, *Hist.* I. c. 68. See LORD MAHON'S Essay in the *Quarterly Review*, No. CLV. 1846.

642 This exquisitely beautiful fragment is preserved by DIONYSIUS of Halicarnassus, who quotes it as an apposite example of the species of composition in which poetry approaches to the freedom of prose: l. 1, *τέ μιν* is a conjectural reading of Schneide-
win for the vulgar *βρέμε πνέων*: l. 6, *ἀντρεῖς*, i. q. *κοιμᾷ* is

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- Casaubon's correction of the MS. οὐ δ' αὐταῖς: l. 8, *τανυσθεις* is Bergk's conjecture for the MS. τὰν δ' εἰς, or τὰδε εἰς; Gaisford reads τὸ δ' ἀναλέαν: l. 17, μεταβολία, so Bergk for the MS. reading ματαιοβουλία, or μεταβουλία.
- 664 from the *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v. 9.
- 669 from *Orchestra*, an unfinished poem expressing the antiquity and excellency of dancing, in a dialogue between PENELOPE and one of her wooers.
- 678 from an elegy on the death of DOUGLAS HOWARD, daughter of HENRY LORD HOWARD and wife of ARTHUR GORGES, Esq.: l. 9, *virelayes*, spring-songs: often mentioned by CHAUCER and our old poets. SPENSER, *F. Q.* III. 10. 8:
 now making layes of love and lovers paine,
 bransles, ballads, *virelayes*, and verses vaine.
- l. 10, *dight*, decorate: l. 22, *silly*, see on § 140, l. 3.
- 683 l. 4, *fain*, glad, happy; comp. § 1015, l. 17.
- 686 l. 4, *whereas*, where.
- 687 l. 14, comp. Aeschylus *Sept. c. Th.* l. 464, *μυκτηροκόμποις πνεύμασι*.
- 688 l. 3, *sorest*: another reading is, *sorriest*: l. 9, *her time hath*, another reading is, 'her tides have:' l. 20, *well*, another reading is, *net*.
- 689 from '*Stuart of Dunleath*.'
- 695 from P. B. SHELLEY's *Epipsychidion*.
- 700 SIR W. JONES, *Poes. Asiat.* p. 411, says of this Idyll '*vix quidquam inveniri potest luculentius*.'
- 707 l. 11, *the name*, sc. the river Loddon.
- 710 supposed to be sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS over the grave of IMOGEN, thought to be dead.
- 718 It was objected to SCHILLER's *Wallenstein*, that he had suffered THEKLA to disappear from the play without any clear intimation of her fate. These stanzas are his answer to the objection: l. 15, *my father*, WALLENSTEIN.
- 719 from the French. The note adds: 'all wept, but particularly SAVARY, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by BUONOPARTE. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to LORD KEITH, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted.'
- 723 from SIR W. SCOTT's *Border Minstrelsy*: l. 2, *corbies*, ravens: l. 5, *fail*, turf, sod: l. 13, *hause-bane*, neck-bone: l. 16, *theek*, thatch.
- 727 the elegy of which these lines are a part is said to be by MATTHEW ROYDON: it is printed amongst SPENSER's works, but it is certainly not his production.
- 730 from '*The Art of Poetry*,' Canto IV. l. 1001.

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- 735 l. 20, *Gadite wave*; *Gades*, 'Cadiz,' formerly called Tartessus, gave its name to the *Sinus Gaditanus*, 'bay of Cadiz,' and to the *Gaditanum fretum*, or 'Strait of Gibraltar.' Cape Trafalgar, the scene of the battle fought A.D. 1805 between the British fleet under NELSON, and the fleets of France and Spain under VILLENEUVE, is about 25 miles south of *Gades*.
- 736 l. 12, *Thessalian cave*: Thessalian witches, drugs, and charms were proverbial; JUVENAL *Sat.* VI. 610 *Thessala philtrea*; HORACE *Od.* I. 27. 21 *Thessala venena*, and *Epod.* V. 45 *sidera excantata voce Thessala*.
- 743 l. 2, *diaper*, variety, properly, 'figured linen:' the word occurs both as a verb and as a substantive: FORD *The Sun's Darling*, IV. 1:

whate'er the wanton spring,
when she doth *diaper* the ground with beauties,
toils for, comes home to Autumn:

SPENSER, *Epithal.* v. 51:

diapered like the discoloured mead:

- l. 7, *the Daulian minstrel*, 'the nightingale,' so called because TEREUS, the father of PROGNE (who according to the older myth was changed into that bird), was king of *Daulis*, THUCYD. II. 29: compare CATULLUS LXVI. 13: l. 10, *the northern plunderer*, BOREAS: l. 19, *temper*, moderation.
- 748 from an Epistle sent to the Earl of OXFORD with an edition of PARNELL'S poems, published by POPE, after the Earl's imprisonment in the Tower and retreat into the country, A.D. 1721.
- 752 l. 20, *greatness itself doth in itself inter*, i.e. greatness is the cause of its own ruin.
- 753 l. 5, *laverock*, lark: l. 12, *birken shaw*, birch wood in a hollow place: l. 21, *pu'd*, pulled.
- 755 from H. W. LONGFELLOW'S *Hyperion*.
- 756 *coronach*, a Highland dirge: l. 17, *correi*, covert on a hillside: l. 18, *cumber*, trouble, see § 835, l. 5.
- 760 l. 10, *Parian floor*, floor of marble from *Paros*.
- 769 This poem appears to refer to a boy of LORD BYRON'S own age, son of one of his tenants at Newstead, for whom he had formed a romantic attachment.
- 776 BENTLEY had drawn a set of designs for GRAY'S poems, the original drawings of which were in the library at Strawberry Hill.
- 778 l. 26, *Benacus' lake*, the modern *Lago di Garda*, the nearest lake to Verona: see VIGIL *Georg.* II. v. 160.
- 781 'this beautiful address to conjugal love is said to be a translation' says Percy 'from the ancient British language.' It is usually but erroneously ascribed to JOHN GILBERT COOPER.

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- 782 LOVELACE wrote this song when confined in the gate house at Westminster for presenting a petition 'from the whole body of the County of Kent to the House of Commons for restoring CHARLES I. to his rights: see § 118: l. 10, *with no allaying Thames*, with no drop of water; so VIRGIL *Georg.* I. v. 9:
poculaque inventis Achelœia miscuit undis:
 SHAKESPEARE *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. 1, one that loves a cup of wine with not a drop of *allaying Tiber* in it: ARISTOPH. *Κώκαλος* fr. VI, οἶνος μὴ συμμιχθεὶς ἀχελύῳ; EUR. *Bacch.* v. 615, δμῶσιν Ἀχελῶον φέρειν ἐννέπων: l. 17, BISHOP PERCY changed this line from the original 'when like committed linnets I.'
- 784 from '*Waverley*.' Captain WOGAN's character has been drawn by CLARENDON, *Hist. of the Rebellion*, XIV. 58 *fol.* He was, when a youth, engaged by the corruption of some of his nearest friends, in the parliament service, but, upon the execution of CHARLES I., he had abjured that party: and on hearing that the royal standard was set up by the EARL OF GLENCAIRN, and GENERAL MIDDLETON in Scotland, left CHARLES II. at Paris, and joined them, and after gaining the highest reputation by his skill and courage, died in consequence of a wound.
- 787 by MISS CRANSTOUN, afterwards wife of Professor DUGALD STEWART. The first two stanzas are quoted with slight alterations as a motto to Ch. 26 of SIR W. SCOTT's *Talisman*.
- 804 l. 2, *ἀνεχε*: so GROTIUS for vulgate *ἀνάδευ*, which has no meaning: l. 3, *ἐνδόκοισιν*: so VALCKENAER for the vulgate *ἐν δοκοῖσιν*: BERGK proposes *ἐν δοκῇσιν*.
- 810 see note on § 136, l. 4.
- 816 l. 4, *dropt manna*; comp. HOMER *Il.* I. 249: τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέειν αὐδῇ; l. 5, *to perplex*, i.e. *so as to perplex*.
- 817 I have assigned these lines to their true author, viz. POPE, on the authority of REV. J. MITFORD, *Essay on the Poetry of Gray*, p. xcvi.
- 826 from the *Shepherd's Calender*, November: comp. TIBULLUS I. iv. 31: OVID *Art. Amat.* III. 77: and CATULLUS v. 3: also §§ 292—294.
- 833 l. 4, *rancke*, strong, of coarse growth, hence used by SPENSER elsewhere for 'fierce,' 'violent:' l. 5, *entrayld*, twisted, interwoven.
- 834 l. 2, *dole*, complaint: *sith*, since.
- 835 l. 2, *to welke*, to roll, turn, go down, hence *welkin*, 'the turning sky:' l. 5, *cumbrous*, troublesome, comp. § 756, l. 18.
- 836 from '*Christ's Victory and Triumph*,' stanza 9.
- 864 from *Remorse*, Act v. sc. 1. Compare the remarks of Archbishop TRENCH, *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 47, ed. 1.
- 869 paraphrased from LUCRETII *de rer. nat.* III.

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870 l. 15, *livelier than Meliboean*, i. e. brighter than any purple dyed at *Meliboea* in Thessaly: so VIRGIL *Aen.* v. 251:

quam plurima circum

purpura Maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit:

„ *the grain of Sarra*, i. q. purple of Tyre, named *Sarra* from its name *Sôr*, comp. VIRG. *Georg.* II. 506. The history of the word *grain* in the sense in which it is here employed has been fully investigated by MR G. P. MARSH in his able *Lectures on the English Language*, (Boston, 1861), where he shows that the meaning of ‘dye’ or ‘tincture,’ ordinarily assigned to it, is erroneous. The prepared *coccus* from its form was called in later Latin *granum*, and from this through the Spanish *grana*, or the French *graine*, is derived the particular use of the word in MILTON and writers of the 17th century. It is properly the dye produced by the insect *kermes**, but as this is capable, like the costly dye extracted from the *murex* of Tyre, of assuming a variety of reddish tones or hues, the word is often used by them as equivalent to Tyrian purple, or as here to express a brighter colour approaching to scarlet. Thus in *II Penseroso* ‘a robe of darkest grain’ means ‘a robe of darkest violet-purple:’ in *Comus* v. 748 ‘cheeks of sorry grain’ are ‘cheeks of inferior complexion.’ Compare DRUMMOND’S *Sonnet* part II. § 207, l. 4.

871 l. 3, *orient*, i. e. bright, which is the usual sense of the word in MILTON, as in the *Ode on the Nativity*, v. 231 ‘pillows his chin upon an *orient* wave’: l. 6, MILTON seems to have had in his view the description given by THUCYDIDES v. 70, of the Spartans’ advance at the battle of Mantinea.

873 SPENSER probably had in his mind a passage in CICERO *de Nat. Deor.* II. 35.

877 l. 9, *triform*; HOR. *Od.* III. 22. 4 *Diva triformis*: l. 10, *hence*, i. e. from the sun.

879 This masterly personification of War is from the ‘Induction’ which stands as the chief, the only great poem between the times of CHAUCER and SPENSER. I have followed the readings in CAPELL’S edition of the *Induction*: l. 2, *sterne-looked*, for the vulgate, ‘stern looks:’ ib. for *blackely hued*, the reading in *England’s Parnassus* is ‘gastly hood.’

881 DRYDEN appears to have borrowed from SPENSER, *F. Q.* IV. 10. 44, and both have followed LUCRETIIUS in his well-known invocation of the goddess, *de Rer. Nat.* I. sqq.

886 from the ‘*Guesses at Truth*,’ 1st series p. 33, ed. 3.

888 l. 3, *ammiral*, i. e. admiral; MILTON follows the Italian orthography: l. 8, *nathless* is *na* (not) *the less* i. q. nevertheless: l. 12,

* The Arabic for *coccus*, whence *carmine* and *crimson*, as *vermilion* is from *vermicellus*, and *cochineal* from *coccum*.

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Vallombrosa, the site of a celebrated convent about 20 miles east of Florence.

897 l. 4, *cranks*, bends, winds: l. 5, *musets*, gaps in a hedge.

902—904 from the *Lusiad* of CAMOENS, the Portuguese poet: MICKLE observes *ad l.*, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination stands unsurpassed in human composition: though, he admits, it is infinitely surpassed by two passages of Holy Writ, viz. *Job* iv. 12 foll. and *Rev.* x. 1—6. There is a translation of the passage also by MRS HEMANS, Vol. III. p. 123: l. 3, *the next proud fleet*; on the return of GAMA to Portugal, a fleet of 13 sail, under the command of PEDRO ALVARES CABRAL, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the admiral arrived with only six ships, the rest having been destroyed by a terrible tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted 20 days. Among those who perished was BARTHOLOMEW DIAZ, the first modern discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the 'Cape of Tempests.' l. 10, *Lusus*: M. VARRO (*Plin. Nat. Hist.* III. 1. 3. 8) tells us that LUSUS was a companion of LIBER, and gave his name to *Lusitania*.

911 l. 2, *shoals*, i.e. with shoals: *shoal* and *scull* (l. 4), says MR KEIGHTLEY, are only different forms of the same word: l. 11, *in jointed armour*, i.e. the lobsters: *on smooth*, i.e. on the smooth surface.

914 from the *Flower and the Leaf*, v. 209.

915 l. 6, *adjoined*, i.e. adjacent to the city: l. 7, *tedded grass*, the mown grass which has been shaken out to dry.

916 l. 3, *embowed*, curved, bent: l. 10, *brize*, gadfly: the word occurs in SHAKESPEARE *Troilus and Cressida* 1. 3:

the herd hath more annoyance by the *brize*
than by the tiger.

917 l. 1, *thilke*, this same: l. 5, *all to-sadde*: see note on § 297, l. 8: *bloncket liveries*, gray coats: l. 10, *buskets*, little bushes, *brere*, briar: l. 12, *kirke*, church.

936 *the two sires*, LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS and VIRGINIUS.

939 l. 3, compare VIRGIL *Georg.* II. 332: l. 7, *make the green blood etc.*: comp. OVID *Fasti* 1. 150.

941 l. 8, *flowers of loveliest blue*, those of the *gentiana major*, which grows in abundance there.

942 *Calpe*, Gibraltar rock, said to be the same word as 'Abyla' (Cape Serra), the Carthaginian name for the opposite African promontory. *Gibraltar* is from Arabic *Djibel*, a hill, and *Tarik*, the name of the invading Moorish general who landed there A.D. 710: see GIBBON, *Roman Empire*, ch. LI: l. 16, *scrolls of blasphemy*, verses of the Koran being inscribed on the Mohammedan standards.

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- 943 from a pastoral by MRS E. ROWE (SINGER), printed among the poems of PRIOR.
- 970 'Our churches' says the poet 'invariably, perhaps, stand east and west, but *why* is by few persons *exactly* known: nor, that the degree of deviation from *due* east often noticeable in the ancient ones was determined, in each particular case, by the point in the horizon at which the sun rose upon the day of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. These observances of our ancestors and the causes of them are the subject of the stanzas.'
- 972 l. 6, *Ophiuchus*, i. q. *Anguitenens*, one of the constellations of the northern hemisphere.
- 982 comp. VALERIUS FLACCUS, *Argonautic.* VII. 375.
- 991 from *Dione*, a pastoral tragedy, Act III. sc. 2.
- 996 l. 10, *sweet*, sweetness.
- 997 l. 2, *kindly*, natural, as § 1002, l. 15: l. 3, *faded locks*, dried leaves: l. 4, *sourse*, spring: l. 6, *mantled*, covered with flowers as with a mantle: l. 10, *as*, as if: l. 11, *woode*, mad: l. 13, *hem*, them.
- 1003 from *Madoc in Wales*, c. IV.
- 1006 *my native soil*: W. BROWNE was born at Tavistock in Devonshire.
- 1014 l. 10, *in that aspect*, i. e. of opposition.
- 1015 l. 1, *stynt*, stopped: *strange*, strong: l. 2, *hange*, hung; *clattereden*, made a clatter: l. 4, *agast*, aghast: l. 5, *brenden*, burnt; *auter*, altar: l. 7, *swote*, sweet, § 231, l. 1: l. 8, *haf*, heaved: l. 10, *rightes*, rites: l. 16, *is fare*, is gone: l. 16, *inne*: Spenser frequently uses this word for *habitation home seat* or *recess*. Thus *F. Q.* III. 3. 29:
 he shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly *inne*:
Shepherd's Calender, December, v. 71:
 and where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
 the ghastralie owle her grievous *ynne* doth keepe:
 l. 17, *fayn*, glad, happy: comp. § 683, l. 4.
- 1016 l. 8, *imperial palace*, that built by NERO after the burning of Rome.
- 1017 l. 8, the *via Appia* was the great southern road of Italy, terminating at Brundisium, as the *Aemilia* was the principal road from the north: l. 10, *Syene*, the most southerly town of Egypt and therefore the southern limit of the Roman empire: l. 11, *Meroe*, the southern capital of Aethiopia; 'it is within the tropics, and consequently the sun' says Mr Keightley 'twice a year, after being vertical, passes north of it, so that the shadow falls then to the south at noon, whence it 'both way falls:' l. 12, *the realm of Bocchus*, Mauritania....

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- 1031 from *Adonais*, an elegy on the death of J. KEATS.
 1036 l. 13, *pursuivant*, follower.
 1037 l. 10, *daughter of Thaumantes*, IRIS, the daughter of Thaumias, hence called *Thaumantias* by VIRGIL *Aen.* IX. 5.
 1038 we find a similar description of trees in OVID, *Metam.* X. 90—104; SENECA *Oedip.* 532; LUCAN *Pharsal.* III. 440; STATIUS *Theb.* VI. 98; CLAUDIAN *Rapt. Proserp.* II. 107: SPENSER seems to have followed CHAUCER *Assembly of Fowls* V. 176: l. 4, *much can they praise*: SPENSER uses the word *can* in other places also in a similar manner; thus *F. Q.* I. 50:

wringing her hands, in women's pitteous wise,
 tho *can* she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth:

and v. 8. 14:

so *can* they both themselves full eath persuade
 to fair accordance, and both faults to shade:

and II. 1. 31:

so *can* he turne his earnest unto game:

and II. 12. 15; v. 3. 39; IV. 3. 20:

he *can* let drive at him with all his power:

where commentators understand it for *'gan*, *began*.

- 1039 on the temperance required in the priests of ISIS see PLUTARCH *de Iside* p. 353: ἤρξαντο δὲ πίνειν ἀπὸ Ψαμμητίχου, πρότερον δὲ οὐκ ἔπινον οἶνον, οὐδὲ ἔσπενδον, ὥς φίλιον θεοῖς, ἀλλ' ὡς αἷμα τῶν πολεμησάντων πότε τοῖς θεοῖς, ἐξ ὧν οἴονται πεσόντων καὶ τῇ γῇ συμμιγέντων ἀμπέλους γίγνεσθαι· διὸ καὶ τὸ μεθύειν ἐκφρονας ποιεῖ καὶ παραπλήγας, ἅτε δὴ τῶν προγόνων τοῦ αἵματος ἐμπιμπλαμένους.

- 1040 l. 3, *food*, i. q. feud, hostility: l. 4, *dreriment*, darkness: l. 13, *quight*, release.
 1041 l. 12, *bitive* or *belive*, quickly: in CHAUCER *blive*.
 1042 l. 1, *eftsoones*, soon after: see below § 1044, l. 10.
 1043 l. 9, *sale*, *sallow*: l. 15, *soothe of birds etc.* soothsaying by the flight of birds.
 1044 l. 6, *deemen*, think: l. 7, *tho*, then: l. 10, *eft*, afterwards, again, from the A. S. *æft*, Lat. *postea*: l. 11, *breme*, fierce, violent; *chamfred*, furrowed, channelled: l. 15, *accoied*, daunted, cowed; but in *F. Q.* IV. 8, 59:

and with kind words *accoyd*, vowing great love to me:

it means 'caressed:' l. 17, *surquidrie*, pride.

- 1052 l. 3, *which*, i. e. sword: l. 12, *brand*: Spenser frequently uses this word for *sword*; probably it is so called because in motion it 'flames like burning *brond*' *F. Q.* II. 3. 18: or according to Hickes, because the ancients formed their swords in imitation

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- of a flaming fire: hence the phrase 'to brandish a sword' *gladium strictum vibrando coruscare*.
- 1053 l. 10, *bickering*, moving fast, unsteadily: comp. § 594, l. 17, 1145, l. 21.
- 1055 l. 5, *that charter*, the *Magna Charta*: Runnemedes or Runny Mead, where the conference between the King and the Barons was appointed, lies between Windsor and Staines.
- 1065 from the *Venus and Adonis*. The *Anemone*, fabled to have sprung from the tears of VENUS intermingled with the blood of ADONIS, is the *Pheasant's eye* or *Flos Adonis*.
- 1079 l. 5, *sord*, i.e. sword.
- 1085 l. 16, ALEXANDER the Great, whose desire to be thought the son of JUPITER AMMON caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins.
- 1086 l. 8, TIMOLEON had saved the life of his brother TIMOPHANES in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians: but afterwards killed him, when he aspired to be *ῥύπavvos*: l. 19, *signed the shell*: ARISTIDES signed his own name when a peasant, who could not write, applied to him to sign the name of the person he voted for ostracising.
- 1091 l. 9, *prick forth*, ride, speed, forwards; *couch their spears*, lay them in rest, a strong part of the armour at the breast against which they placed the butt of the spear to give more force to the charge: l. 15, comp. OVID *Metam.* IX. 136 *sqq.*
- 1092 l. 1, *gross*, large.
- 1104 l. 3, *from eastern point*, &c. i.e. he sees an entire hemisphere extending through six signs of the Zodiac, viz. from *Libra* westwards to Aries, *the fleecy star*, which bears *Andromeda off the Atlantic seas*, because Andromeda lies above Aries in the sky, though not immediately over it, being more to the west. KEIGHTLEY: l. 10, *marble*, μαρμαρῆς, lucid.
- 1108 GOLDSMITH has given a free translation of ADDISON's beautiful Latin lines, inserted in the *Spectator*, No. 412.
- 1121 l. 5, *element*, the sky, a frequent use of the word: so SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, I. 1:
 the *element* itself, till seven years' heat,
 shall not behold her face at ample view.
- 1126 See HERODOTUS, II. ch. 133.
- 1135 l. 8, *Sabaeen springs*: Mr Keightley shews that *springs* is here used for 'groves,' 'woods,' the original meaning of the word, being 'shoot,' 'rod,' (whence *sprig*,) as in *Piers Plowman*, v. 2554:
 whoso spareth the *spring* spilleth his children:
 SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, III. 2:
 even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot:

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FLETCHER, *Faithful Shepherdess*, v. 1:

the nightingale among the thick-leaved *spring*.

Comp. § 253, l. 12.

1145 l. 16, *Urim*, lights, brilliancy, i. e. precious stones, in reference to AARON'S breastplate: l. 21, *bickering*, see note on § 1053, l. 10.

1146 l. 9, *νή ἡδὴ τῶν ἐπειτα κ.τ.λ.*, *tum vero gubernatorem jusserunt navem jam appellere*: l. 13, sensus est: duo terricula nautis immisit Bacchus; media in nave assurgebat ursa mortem imitabunda, in transtro ipse stabat truci voltu leo. FRANKE

1147 l. 1, *Tityrus*, i. e. CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by SPENSER: so MILTON *ad Mansum*, v. 34, and MASON in his *Musaeus*:

first sent from Cam's fair banks, like palmer old,

came *Tityrus*, slow, with head all silvered o'er:

l. 2, *to make*, to versify, like Gr. *ποιεῖν*: l. 5, *couth*, could, (which ought to be spelt *coud*, as it is pronounced) from the Saxon root *can*, 'to know,' always in old English written *couth*, *cowthe* or *coude*: l. 20, *poynthe of worthy wile*, pricke of deserved blame.

1149 l. 5, *wons*, dwells, hence *won*, *wonning*, i. e. dwelling-place:

l. 10, *broad herds*, compare HOMER *Il.* XI. 678:

αἰπόλῳ πλάτῃ αἰγῶν:

l. 15, *libbard*, leopard: l. 19, *behemoth*, the elephant.

1151 l. 16, *Comates*: see THEOCRITUS, *Idyll.* VII. 78 *fol.*

1165 l. 2, *whose point now raised*: 'MILTON seems,' says MR KEIGHTLEY *ad l.*, 'to regard the sunbeam as a material, inflexible line, extending from the sun to the gates of Paradise; and as the sun was now sunk beneath the level of the garden, the opposite extremity of the beam was of course elevated.' ADDISON, *Spectator*, No. 321, observes that 'Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the poet's device to make him descend, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of Milton.'

1166 l. 6, *golden architrave*, HORACE, *Od.* II. 18. 2:

non trabes Hymettiae

premunt columnas ultima recisas

Africa,

where *trabes Hymettiae* are, 'architraves of white marble of Hymettus': l. 7, *graven*, embossed, Lat. *caelatus*: l. 8, *fretted*, adorned, so SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, II. 2:

this brave o'erhanging firmament,

this majestical roof, *fretted* with golden fires:

to *fret* is properly, 'to cut or carve into many projecting parts,' from Lat. *frango*, through Ital. *fratto*: hence *fret* as a

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musical term, signifies a 'break in the continuity:' l. 9, *Alcaïro*, Memphis; l. 11, *Serapis*: the worship of this god was brought from Asia Minor in the time of the Ptolemies: l. 15, *folids*: OVID, *Metam.* IV. 761:

reseratis aurea valvis atria tota patent.

- 1167 *meditate*, practise: l. 7, *clear*, distinguished: l. 10, *guerdon*, reward: l. 12, *blind*, because she makes no distinction: l. 13, *but not the praise*, i.e. does not slit or cut off: comp. VIRG. *Ecl.* VI. 3:

Cynthus aurem

vellit et admonuit:

- l. 16, *glistering foil*, glittering leaf of metal.
- 1177 l. 2, *ybare*d, bared, stripped; *treen*, the old form of the plural for *trees*, similar to *oxen*, *kine*, *eyen*, *brethren*, *shoon*: l. 7, *tapets*, foliage: l. 10, *soot*, sweet, comp. § 231, l. 1, § 1015, l. 7: l. 21, *whereas*, where.
- 1185 l. 7, *mote*, might: l. 15, *disloigned*, separated, at a distance from common gaze, cf. the French, *éloigner*: l. 19, *dight*, prepared: l. 21, *pight*, placed.
- 1189 l. 18, *green-kirtled*, with a kirtle or tunic of green; so MILTON, *Comus* l. 254, 'the *flowery-kirtled* Naiades': l. 22, *morris*, morris-dance.
- 1191 from *Don Roderick*, Canto XXI.
- 1195 from the epistle to MR POYNTZ.
- 1198 See the criticism of ADDISON, *Spectator*, No. 351: l. 14, *thy sweet converse &c.*, i.e. the sweet converse and love of thee so dearly joined.
- 1199 l. 12, *hyacinthine locks*: comp. HOMER, *Odys.* VI. 231:
οὔλας ἦκε κύμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἀνθεὶ ὁμοίας.
- 1200 See *Spectator*, No. 357.
- 1201 l. 19, *brear*, briar, the ancient spelling being retained for the sake of the rhyme. The passage is taken from *the Complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham*.
- 1204 See the poem recited by Cardinal BEMBO in the character of Lucretius in STRADA *Prolusion.* VI *Acad.* 2 c. 5, remarkable as containing an anticipation of the electric telegraph.
- 1206 l. 18, *sad*, serious, grave: MILTON appears in this passage to have imitated HOMER, *Il.* II. 382 *fol.*
- 1209 l. 1, *either tropic*, north and south; *ends of heaven*, east and west: l. 5, *in ruin*, in headlong rushing down, the sense of Latin *ruina*, comp. *P. L.* I. 46: *reconciled*, &c., comp. AESCH. *Agam.* v. 650, SIL. ITAL. *Punic.* XVII. l. 258, *consensere ignes nimbique*: l. 7, *hinges*, quarters, so STATIUS, *Theb.* I. v. 157, *Sol emissus Eoo cardine*: l. 12, *only stoodest*, i.e. thou alone,

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while all else yielded to the tempest, stoodest unshaken, see below, § 1221, l. 5.

1210 l. 1, *within his ken*, near enough to be recognised by him: l. 6, *fledge*, fledged, as in § 1268, l. 4: l. 13, *casts*, projects, contrives: compare the next passage with OVID, *Metam.* II. 753.

1214 l. 4, *dight*, decked: *Colin Clout* is the name by which SPENSER is frequently referred to by himself as well as by other poets, as DRAYTON.

1217 l. 10, *tilting*, surging, rising as the waves rise.

1220 l. 13, *Iolee*, i.q. IOLE, daughter of EURYTUS.

1221 l. 2, *orient*, see on § 871, l. 3: l. 5, *which*, sc. sleep: *the only sound*, the sound alone, comp. § 1209, l. 12: l. 8, *so much the more*, as his own sleep had been so calm: l. 21, *prime*, day-break:—it is one of the terms which had remained in the language from the Roman Catholic times; the *prime* was the early morning service in the church: comp. below, § 1226, l. 3.

1222 l. 4, *was took*, was charmed; so *Ode on the Nativity*, l. 98:

all their souls in blissful raptures took;

and *Vacation Exercise*, l. 20:

which takes our late fantastics with delight:

l. 6, *still to be so displaced*, provided she might have continued to have her place supplied by such sounds: l. 11, *harrowed*, conquered, harassed, overpowered; so SPENSER, *Sonnet LXVIII*,

most glorious Lord of lyfe; that on this day
didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
and having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
captivity thence captive, us to win:

where Collier remarks that the '*harrowing of Hell*' is the subject of the oldest known dramatic performance in our language, belonging perhaps to the reign of EDWARD II.

1224 l. 2, *emblazon*, properly, to rush or emit like a *blast*, hence, suddenly, widely; and thus to spread, to display ostentatiously: l. 18, *sticks*, i.q. stickest, comp. § 246, l. 5.

1225 l. 6, *aggrate*, (Lat. *ad, gratus*), to propitiate, gratify: so SPENSER, *F. Q.* III. 6. 50;

pleasure that doth both gods and men *aggrate*:

l. 10, *banks*, sides: l. 12, *depastured*, having been eaten up: l. 15, *to this*, compared to this: l. 17, *embayed*, imbathed, a word not unfrequently found in SPENSER, as *F. Q.* III. 11. 2;

sweet Love that doth his golden wings *embay*
in blessed nectar and pure pleasures well.

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'whilst others did themselves *embay* in liquid joyes:'

l. 24, *to immould*, to fashion in.

1226 l. 3, *prime*, see on § 1221, l. 21.

1231 l. 11, *warping*, moving in an undulating manner: l. 23, *Rhene*, Rhine; *Danaw*, Danube, Germ. *Donau*: l. 25, *beneath*, south of; *the Libyan sands*, the Sahara.

1232 l. 2, *swincke*, labour, cf. MILTON *Com.* v. 293:

and the swinked hedger at his supper sat;

l. 5, *nys* or *nis*, i.e. *ne is*, is not: l. 8, *beare*, bier: l. 14, *betight*, betided, happened: l. 20, *until*, unto: l. 21, *to expert*, to experience.

1237 l. 4, *orient*, bright, see on § 871, l. 3, and comp. § 599, l. 11: l. 8, *in procinct*, i.e. ready: l. 18, *servant of God*, Abdiel.

1239 l. 2, *all to-rathe*, see note on § 296, l. 8: *rathe*, see note on *rathe*, § 457, l. 6; *stoure*, fit: l. 21, *liefe*, dear: l. 23, *breme*, see note on § 1044, l. 11.

1240 l. 9, *corny reed*, the stalk that bears the corn: l. 11, *implicit*, entangled: l. 13, *gemmed*, formed into round knots: l. 15, *tufts*, clumps, Lat. *tori*: l. 17, *that*, so that.

1241 l. 12, *yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove*, i.e. while yet a virgin, before she had brought forth Proserpina to Jove: l. 18, *all things in best order*, she engaged (*praestitit*) that all things should be in best order.

1243 l. 4, *the Four*, sc. Cherubim under the chariot: l. 9, comp. HOM. *Il.* I. 47; XII. 462; HESIOD, *Theogon.* 841.

1244 l. 16, *ruining*, falling precipitately, as in § 210, l. 5.

1250 l. 3, *whereas*, where, § 235, l. 3, 1106, l. 21: l. 7, *bedight*, dressed: l. 14, *entayle*, carving, sculpture: l. 15, *antics*, antique work: l. 16, *told*, counted: l. 23, *of*, by: l. 25, *ingowes*, ingots: l. 26, *moniment*, image, superscription: l. 27, *kings and Kesars*, a common expression in Spenser.

1251 l. 1, *spersed*, thin: l. 10, *whose double gates etc.*: one is of horn, the other of ivory, says HOMER, *Odys.* I. 563, and VIRGIL, *Aen.* VI. 893: l. 18, *takes keepe*, takes heed: l. 21, *ever-drizzling rain etc.*: compare SOPHOCLES *τυμπανισται*, fr. 562:

φεῦ φεῦ, τί τούτου χάρμα μείζον ἂν λάβοις
τοῦ γῆς ἐπιψάυσαντα κἄθ' ὑπὸ στέγῃ
πυκνῆς ἀκοῦσαι ψακάδος εὐδούσῃ φρενί;

quoted by CICERO, *ad Attic.* II. 7. JORTIN compares the whole passage with OVID, *Metam.* XI. 592 foll. and STATIUS, *Thebaid.* X. 84 foll. OVID makes MORPHEUS one of the *Somnia*, i.e. one of the children of *Somnus*.

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- 1252 l. 1, *daughters of sky-ruling Jove*: from HESIOD, *Theogon.* vi. 907: JORTIN compares also SENECA, *de Benef.* l. 3; MILTON, in *L'Allegro*, v. 14 *fol.* represents them as the daughters of Venus and Bacchus on no better authority than SERVIUS on *Aen.* i. 720: l. 5, *Aecidee*, for *Aeacides*: l. 7, *hight*, is called: l. 9, *cherry*, cheer, cherish: l. 14, *semblaunt*, semblance.
- 1253 l. 10, *a gentle flud*: comp. the description of OVID, *Metam.* iii. 407: l. 22, *about their bases light*: 'he seems' says Upton 'to allude to the country sport called *prison-base*, or *prison bars*': l. 27, *cleeped*, called.
- 1258 from an eclogue addressed to W. BROWNE, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*.
- 1260 from the *Roman Actor*, Act I. sc. 3.
- 1261 l. 1, *from hence*, i.e. from Ludlow Castle in Shropshire, where the *Comus* was performed: l. 22, *helping*, curing: l. 23, *shrewd*, cross, ill-conditioned.
- 1266 This Idyll of MOSCHUS has been frequently imitated by modern poets, as by TASSO in his *Amore fuggitivo*, BEN JONSON in the *Hue and Cry after Cupid* in his *Masque* at the marriage of Lord Viscount HADDINGTON, A.D. 1608. There is also an elegant paraphrase of it in CRASHAW's *Delights of the Muses*, p. 110, ed. 1670: l. 14, βασιλῆα i.q. βασιλεῖα, *regiam*.
- 1267 l. 4, *quaint*, handsome, curious, from the French word *coint*, Lat. *comptus*: l. 18, *else*, at other times.
- 1268 l. 4, *fledge*, fledged, as § 1026, l. 6: l. 9, *summed their pens*, had their wing-feathers full-grown: l. 9, *loosely*, singly; the *region*, sc. of air, *with mutual wing*, because as the bird which forms the apex of the wedge falls back, another takes his place: l. 16, *floats*, fleets, comp. AESCHYLUS, *P. V.* 125: l. 28, *the other sc. cock*, i.e. the pea-cock.
- 1273 l. 14, CHARLES MORDAUNT, Earl of Peterborough, who took Barcelona A.D. 1705 and in the winter following with only two hundred and eighty horse and nine hundred foot accomplished the conquest of Valencia.
- 1276 l. 5, *buxom*, yielding, Germ. *beigsam*; the *buxom air* is a common expression in our old poetry: FAIRFAX has *buxom wave*: l. 7, *phoenix*, see HERODOTUS, ii. 73: l. 12, *six wings*, &c., see ISAIAH c. vi: l. 20, *sky-tinctured grain*: see note on § 870, l. 15.
- 1280 l. 2, *spring*, see note on § 1135, l. 8: l. 11, *pelting*, paltry: l. 12, *overborne their continents*, borne down the banks that contain them: l. 15, *his*, its: l. 17, *murrion*, Warburton reads *murrain* adjectively: l. 25, *that*, so that: l. 29, *thin*, so Tyrwhitt reads

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- for the vulgate *chin*: l. 32, *childing*, pregnant: l. 34, *increase*, produce, as in *Psalm* lxvii. ver. 6.
- 1281 from *Brittain's Ida*, a poem printed in the editions of SPENSER'S Works, but generally believed not to have been written by that poet: l. 3, *wonned*, frequented: see note on § 1149, l. 5.
- 1282 from the Translation of the *Hymn to Mercury* Cantos xxiv, xxv, xxvi, xxvii.
- 1289 from *the Legende of goode women*: l. 20, *peesen*, pease, the usual food of mariners, which the sailor pours upon the hatches to make them slippery, that the enemy might not be able to board the vessel: l. 21, *lyme*, quick lime to set fire to the vessel.





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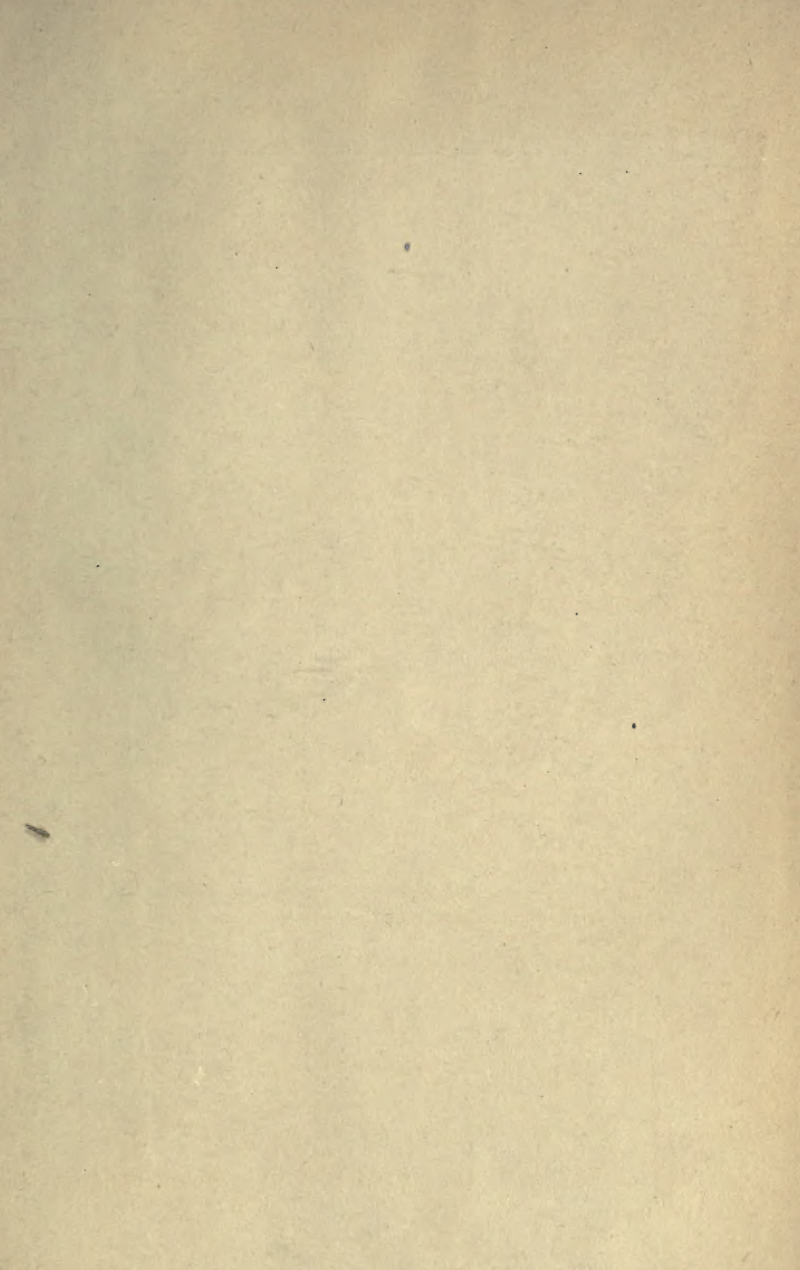
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